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JULY 4, 1931

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Liberty

Weekly for Everybody

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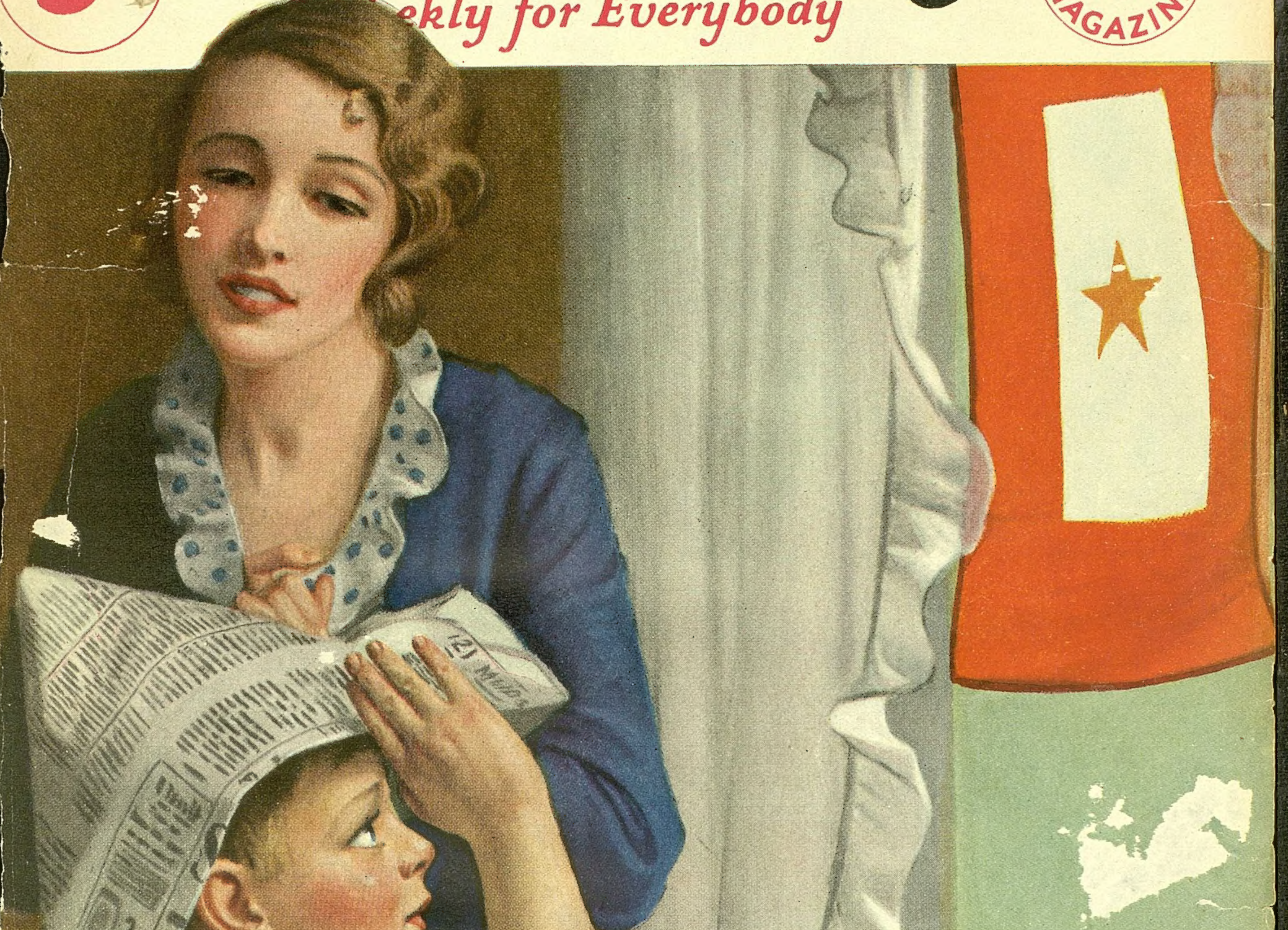
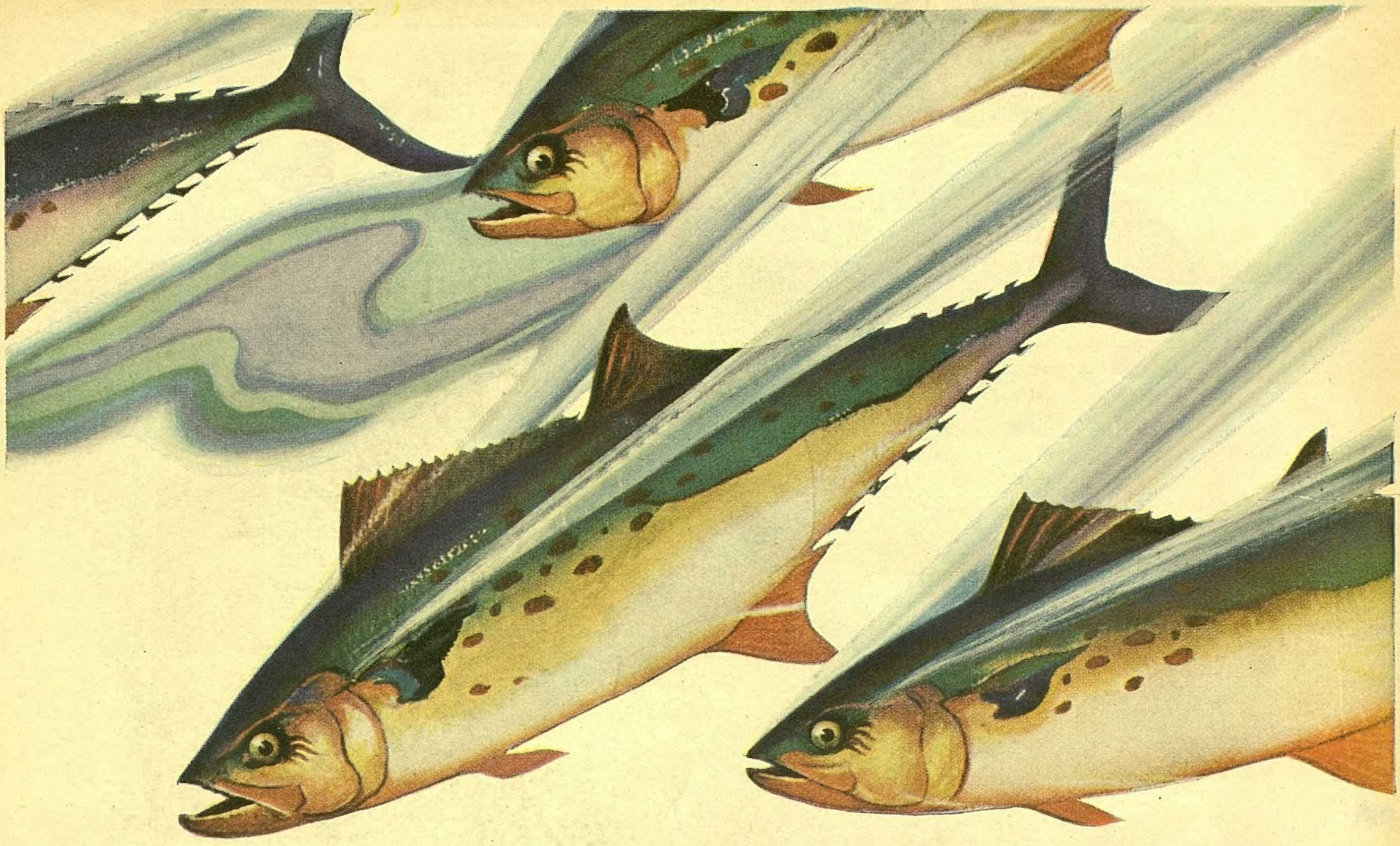

Leslie Thrasher

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS by SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD



Dart Away with **ETHYL**

The mackerel is probably the fastest fish of its size. Every ounce of power in its body and tail is perfectly controlled. To put the power of gasoline under control, leading refiners add Ethyl fluid. This prevents the hurried explosions that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating. It delivers a smoothly increasing pressure to the pistons that sends you darting ahead quickly, easily and quietly. Try Ethyl. It makes *any* car run better. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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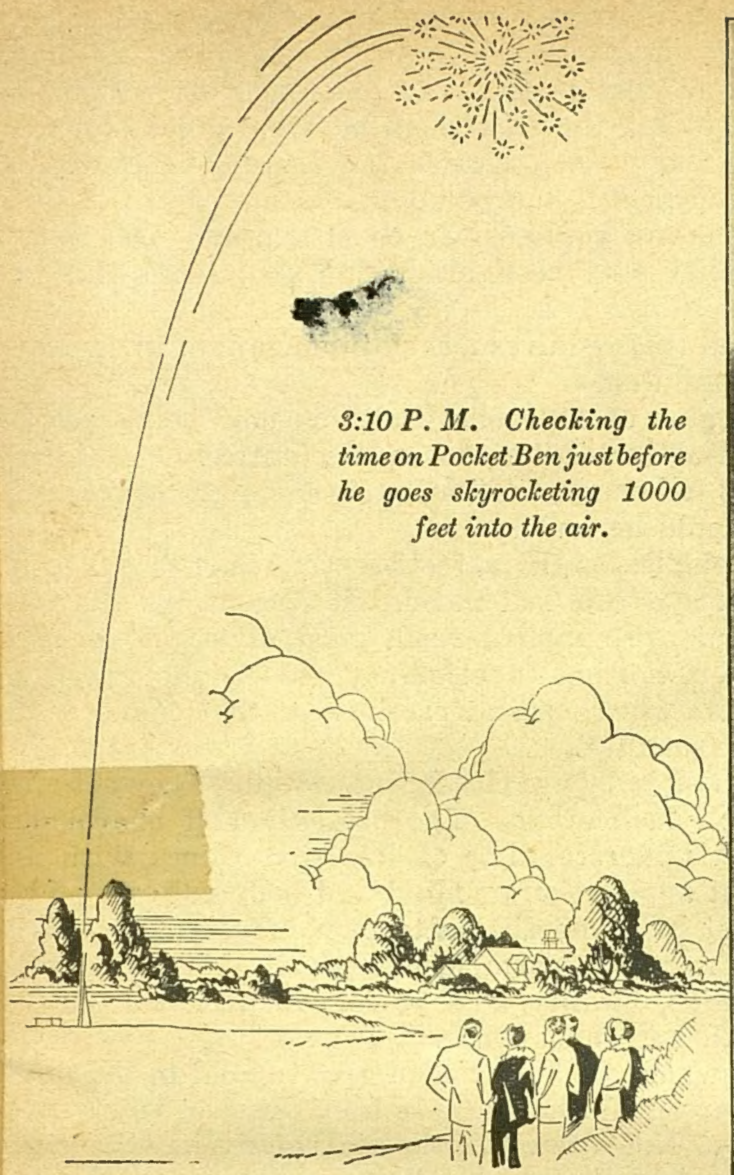
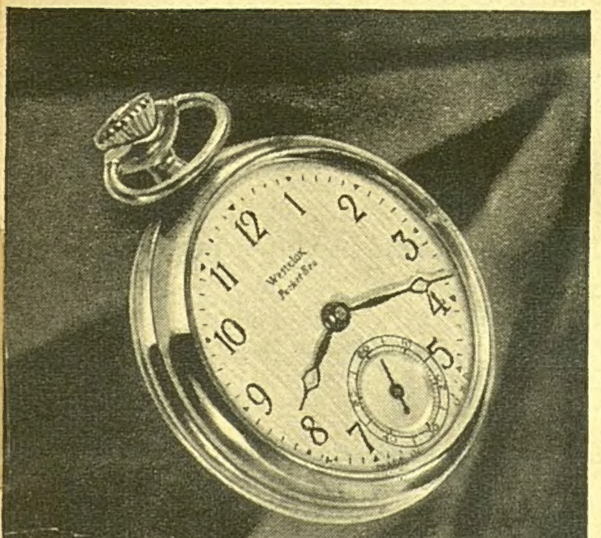
ETHYL GASOLINE



3:10 P. M. Checking the time on Pocket Ben just before he goes skyrocketing 1000 feet into the air.

POCKET BEN *celebrates the 4th* IN A SKYROCKET!

—shoots 1000 feet in the air and still keeps accurate time



Thinner, smaller, and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown, convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of La Salle, Ill.

POCKET BEN $1.50

Made by the makers of Big Ben

POCKET BEN, already known as "the shock-proof watch" because of his many dare-devil stunts, has found a new way to celebrate the Fourth—a skyrocket ride a thousand feet in the air!

His hands pointing to 3:10 p. m., Pocket Ben was strapped to a parachute and sealed into a tiny compartment in a giant skyrocket. At a cry of "Let 'er go", a flaming candle ignited the fuse—and with a deafening roar and a shower of sparks, Pocket Ben shot into space . . . Higher . . . Higher . . . Then at a thousand feet the big rocket wavered in the air.

Here was the dreaded moment! Would Pocket Ben survive the second explosion devised to release him from the sealed compartment? A puff of smoke—a sharp report—and cheers from the crowd below! For now Pocket Ben, freed from the rocket, floated safely down to earth with his parachute. A half mile across the field he was found beside his 'chute—still ticking away in his usual fashion, still keeping accurate time! (3:26 p. m. on the dot.)

There's the watch to stand the knocking about that goes with a strenuous life. Pocket Ben is handsome enough to grace the most polite circles. Yet he's just th sturdy, dependable companion y want for work

Westclox . . . POCKET WATCHES

Liberty VOL. 8 No. 27

A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> *—Abraham Lincoln.*

THE MAD SEARCH FOR BEAUTY

Every woman wants to be beautiful. Every man would like to be handsome. There are few if any exceptions.

And such desires are thoroughly commendable.

Beauty represents an asset of great value. A handsome man with a worth-while personality is welcomed everywhere.

The cost of the various aids to beauty that are sold hroughout this country totals into the hundreds of illions of dollars.

And with all this interest in securing feminine loveess there are but few women who have definite knowledge of the nature of beauty. They know little or nothing about cultivating it.

Cosmetics may be helpful, but they are simply a superficial aid. One must have more than external adornment.

And the captivating charm that every woman craves is not entirely superficial.

Real beauty is more than skin-deep. It depends on an elusive something the witchery of which cannot be appropriately described.

Transfer the fervid animation, the vital aliveness of a healthy schoolgirl to a full-grown young woman, and you have the charm that comes with a wholesome complexion, red lips, and bright, expressive eyes.

A woman may be ever so beautiful, but if she lacks vivacity and aliveness she is sure to be devoid of charm. And without this elusive allurement beauty has but little value.

We might say that a stone statue is beautiful, but it is cold and neutral, while the beauty associated with a charming personality has the enticement of a winsome smile, the allurement of attractive friendliness.

If women everywhere could be made to understand that they may be wholesomely charming without beauty, and that if they can add such attractions to beauty they are indeed rich in personal possessions!

Very few women realize the close connection between vital health and personal charm.

A weakling could never be charming. One must have vitality, aliveness, animation, to possess this attraction.

And all this requires a certain amount of knowledge of body building.

The value of vigorous health is now being recognized. And instead of depending entirely on superficial aids to beauty, the importance of pure blood vital health should be understood.

The complexion, hair, teeth—every part of the body is made from this red blood. If it contains the elements that are supplied from good digestion, proper elimination, normal functioning, one should naturally possess the wholesome attractiveness that comes with a vital personality.

Mind and body are closely interlaced. They act and react upon each other. The possession of charm demands an understanding of life that comes with an intelligent application of mind and body culture. The body must be given that attention necessary to make the flesh firm, the form symmetrically rounded, with the strength, vitality, and poise which enable one to move with ease and grace.

Everywhere we find women growing old in the thirties. They should be at their best between thirty-five and forty. Not a few lose their attractiveness in their twenties. And these devitalizing changes are caused, in practically every instance, by the lack of attention to intelligent health building.

By such measures weaklings have been made strong, dried-up emaciated bodies have often been rounded with symmetrical outlines.

Athletics and physical culture have given beauty and charm to women of all ages.

Cosmetics may have their place, but they cannot supply the alluring witchery of a charming personality. It is due to something deeper, depending upon the combination of clearness of mind and wholesomeness of body.

And to the woman who desires to make herself more attractive, who wishes to acquire a charming personality, the fact that these invaluable possessions can be cultivated and retained to an advanced age is well worth knowing.

The woman who really values the wholesome attractiveness of beauty and charm will spend the time necessary to acquire and maintain these priceless possessions.

Actresses, dancers, moving-picture stars have furnished proof that cannot be questioned of the truth of this statement.

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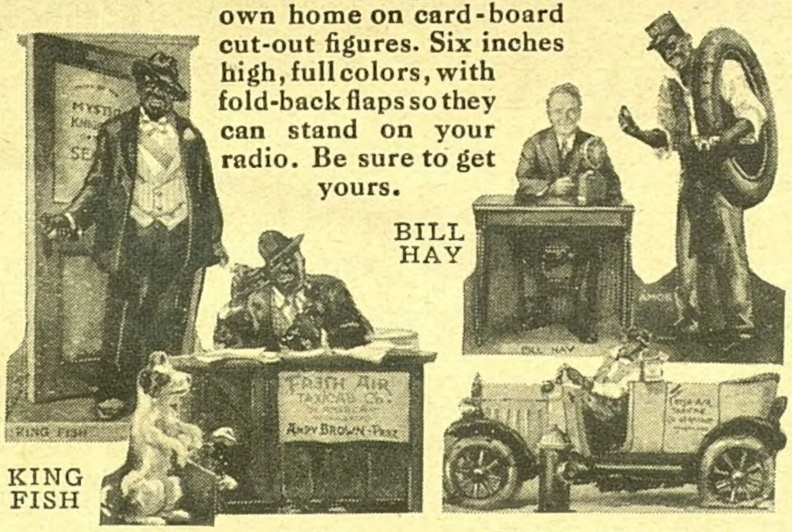
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Take them to the Dentist, *Mother*, before school starts!

Their future health, their school work, may well depend on the condition of young teeth. Make sure they're in good repair.

FREE AMOS 'n' ANDY PRIZE

Have them right in your own home on card-board cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours.



MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Chicago, Ill. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once. Expires October 1st.

IN CHICAGO nine children in every ten need dental care! That is true in Cleveland, New York and other cities. Those are tragic facts brought out by surveys.

Shocking, that such conditions can exist. But don't lay it to parents' carelessness too quickly. Few people realize how rapidly children's teeth decay. Still fewer know it is important to keep first teeth repaired.

It's a wrong but common belief that baby teeth don't matter. First teeth diseased may ruin those to follow. Many systemic troubles of later years are the result. Watch them—guard them under your dentist's supervision.

Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital principle of better teeth. We know that as people go to dentists they become "tooth conscious." They pay more attention to their teeth.

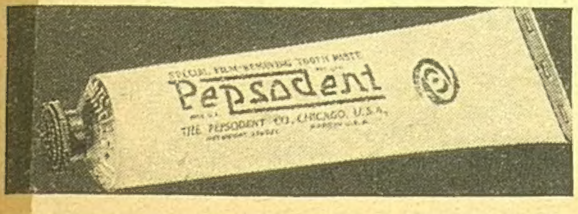
Hence our interest becomes partly selfish, for it's those who are most concerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste

What film does

Your dentist will tell you about film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors destructive germs of tooth decay and other troubles.

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive.

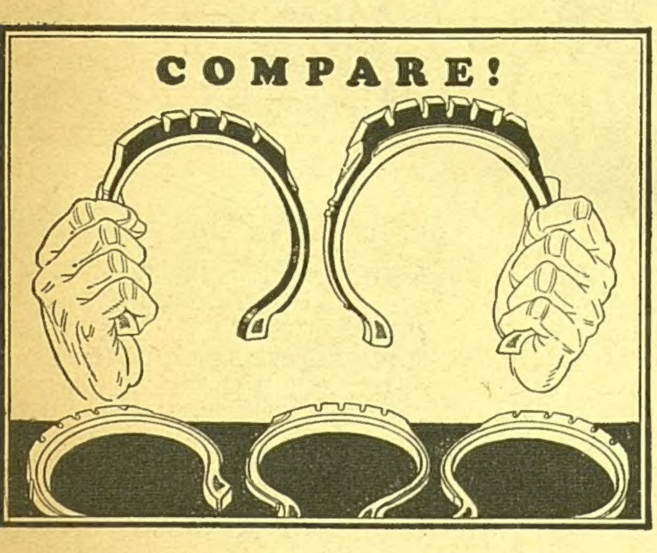
Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe, to the softest children's teeth. Use Pepsodent twice each day. See your dentist twice a year. Get it at your drug store today.



Pepsodent —*Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.*

Over 1,000 NEW DEALERS joined with Fire in 30 DAYS!

NOW *over* 25,000 Firestone Service Dealers in all parts of the country are prepared to give you these EXTRA VALUES *at no extra cost*



1. **Gum-Dipping** *Adds*
   58% Longer Flexing Life *to* every Cord
   25 to 40% Longer Tire Life

2. **Double Cord Breaker** *Gives*
   26% Greater Protection *against* Blowouts
   56% Stronger Union *between* Tread *and* Cord Body

3. **Thick Tough Tread** *Gives*
   25% Longer Non-Skid Wear

TIRE DEALERS do not judge tires by outside appearance alone. Quality and construction, in addition to appearance, determine the kind of service the tire will give.

The inside facts of Firestone construction have convinced these dealers that Firestone gives greatest values. These same inside facts will convince *you*, too—and *you* can *see* them at any Firestone Service Dealer's store. There you will find actual sections cut from Firestone and other tires. *Compare them* and *see* the *extra* width—*extra* thickness—*extra* weight and *extra* plies under the tread that Firestone gives you.

Firestone gives you all these extra values because Firestone saves by purchasing in the primary markets, by economical production in Firestone Factories, the most efficient in the world, and by direct distribution through over 25,000 Service Dealers.

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer TODAY. *Compare cross sections* and judge for yourself.

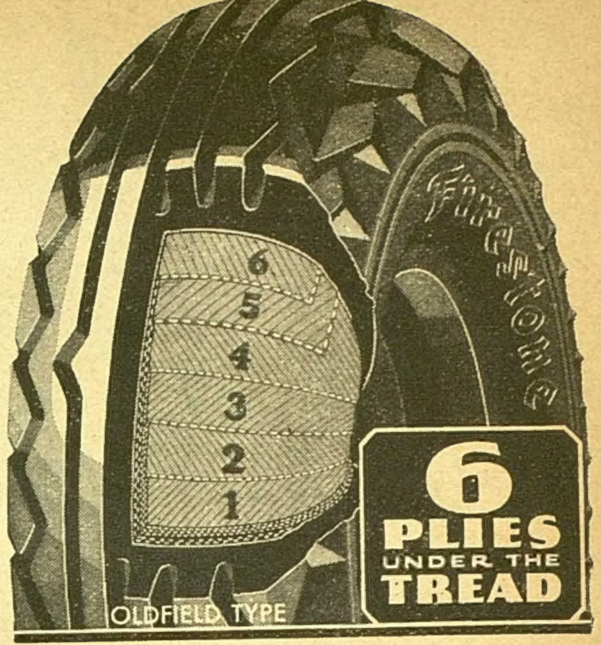
Double Guarantee—Every tire manufactured by Firestone bears the name "FIRESTONE" and carries Firestone's unlimited guarantee and that of our 25,000 Service Dealers and Service Stores. You are doubly protected.

★A "Special Brand" Tire is made by a manufacturer for distributors such as mail order houses, oil companies and others under a name that does not identify the tire manufacturer to the public, usually because he builds his "first line" tires under his own name. Firestone puts his name on *every* tire he makes.

COMPARE

Construction—Quality—Price

4.50-21 [30x4.50]	Our Tire	★A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Vol., cu. in.	172	161
More Weight, pounds	16.99	15.73
More Width, inches . .	4.75	4.74
More Thickness, inches	.627	.578
More Plies at Tread	6	5
Same Price	$5.69	$5.69



stone

COMPARE

THESE PRICES

AUTOMOBILE Manufacturers do not take chances with special brand tires. Why should you take the risk when you can save money by buying Firestone quality Oldfield type from our dealers and in addition get their service.

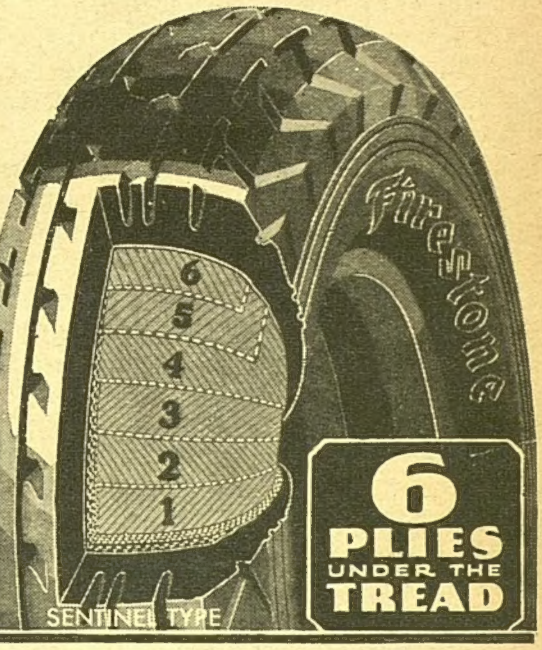
We list below the leading replacement sizes.

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Our Dealers' Cash Price. Each	★A Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Our Dealers' Cash Price, Per Pair
Ford Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.98	$4.98	$ 9.60
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.60	5.60	10.90
Ford	4.50-21	5.69	5.69	11.10
Ford Chevrolet Whippet	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	12.90
Erskine Plymouth	4.75-20	6.75	6.75	13.10
Chandler DeSoto Dodge Durant Graham-P. Pontiac Roosevelt Willys-K.	5.00-19	6.98	6.98	13.60
Essex Nash	5.00-20	7.10	7.10	13.80
Marquette Oldsmobile	5.25-18	7.90	7.90	15.30
Buick	5.25-21	8.57	8.57	16.70
Auburn Jordan Reo	5.50-18	8.75	8.75	17.00
Gardner Marmon Oakland Peerless Studebaker	5.50-19	8.90	8.90	17.30
Chrysler Viking	6.00-18	11.20	11.20	21.70
Franklin Hudson Hupmobile	6.00-19	11.40	11.40	22.10
LaSalle Packard	6.00-20	11.50	11.50	22.30
Pierce-Ar'w	6.00-21	11.65	11.65	22.60
Stutz	6.50-20	13.10	13.10	25.40
Cadillac Lincoln	7.00-20	15.35	15.35	29.80

COMPARE

Construction—Quality—Price

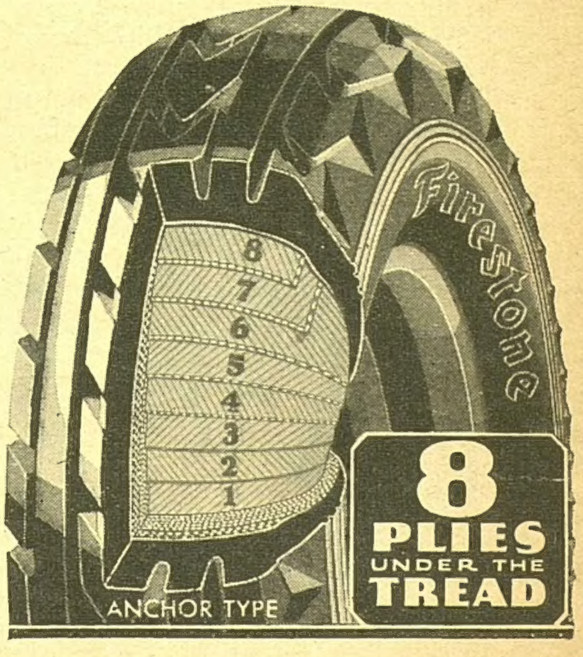
5.00-19 [29x5.00]	Our Tire	★A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Volume, cu.in.	204	183
More Weight, pounds . . .	19.08	17.16
More Width, inches . . .	5.23	5.22
More Thickness, inches . . .	.647	.583
More Plies at tread	6	5
Same Price . .	$6.25	$6.25



COMPARE

Construction—Quality—Price

6.00-19 [31x6.00]	Our Tire	★A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Volume, cu.in.	310	294
More Weight, pounds . . .	29.07	28.08
More Width, inches . . .	6.00	5.98
More Thickness, inches . . .	.91	.90
More Plies at tread	8	7
Lower Price . .	$14.90	$14.95



Call on the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store in Your Community and **See For Yourself** Sections Cut From Various Tires.

☞ *Compare Quality—Construction—and Price!* ☜

A MASSEUSE

An Inside Peek at How the Darlings of the Screen Are Whacked into Shape

By

SYLVIA *of* HOLLYWOOD

As Revealed by an Indiscreet Secretary

(Reading time: 24 minutes 3 seconds.)

PART ONE

JEAN HARLOW is in the back room, where Sylvia is giving her a spanking she'll remember—to judge by the howls. Three more of them are sitting around in the front room waiting their turns. The one who goes in next has already stripped and is sitting with a towel in her lap. Modesty? Modesty my eye! She's trying to hide her misplaced tonnage.

If we could save and market what the actor bunch of Hollywood comes into this massage parlor to have slapped off, we'd put Armour out of business. . . . Well, I've got to turn on the radio—loud. Those are my standing orders. Whenever they begin to howl in the back room, cover up with music. I hunt over the dial until I get something with lots of static. . . . This tenor up in Oregon will do fine. There's jazz for you!

Wham! And listen to that baby howl! Sometimes—even though I've been with Sylvia a long time and I know they never die on the slab—sometimes I get scared and go in to see if the boss isn't getting too enthusiastic. . . .

I looked into the back room just now. I might have saved myself the trip. It's just the usual. Another talkie star (a moon, if you ask me!) is in there now, laid out face down on the slab, and Sylvia is going to take a pound of ham off her in the next fifteen minutes or know the reason why. Sylvia can do it, too. I've got to hand it to her. She's only four feet eight inches high and there isn't much meat on her—but what there is, it's all power.

She stands off about three feet from the target and winds up like a baseball pitcher. No need to take any special aim. This home plate is as big around as a balloon tire. When Sylvia lands it sounds like a pistol shot. That's because of the trick swat, reserved for the tough cases—the cases where the studio executives have gone into conference because the lady is bursting the seams in the gown for the ballroom scene.

That swat is something special. Sylvia cups her hand so that it shapes like a rubber suction pad, and when it lands it sticks for an instant and pulls away like a cork leaving a bottle. That's what fits them to their parts. The fat comes out through the pores like mashed potato through a colander.

Sylvia is working to the music . . . *One* and two and *one* and two . . . The victim goes *oof!* at each sock and cries like a baby in between. When she is through and limps away, she'll stop in the front room and hand over fifteen dollars for having been beaten silly.

I wish Sylvia would let me pinch-hit for her sometimes. On some of these motion-picture stars I'd do the job for nothing.

You gather that I'm not exactly sold on these world-famous beauties of Hollywood who have been hanging their Paris underwear on our parlor lamp for the last four years at an average rate of sixteen a day. When you see sixteen motion-picture stars a day troop in and strip down to sixteen different kinds of physical results of overeating and other forms of self-indulgence, you get sour on the whole lot of them. You wonder how they get that way.

As I figure it, most of them never ate regular until they landed their first Hollywood contracts and now a menu just goes to their heads—their heads and their elsewheres. Eat, drink, and be stuffed, for tomorrow we may be fired.

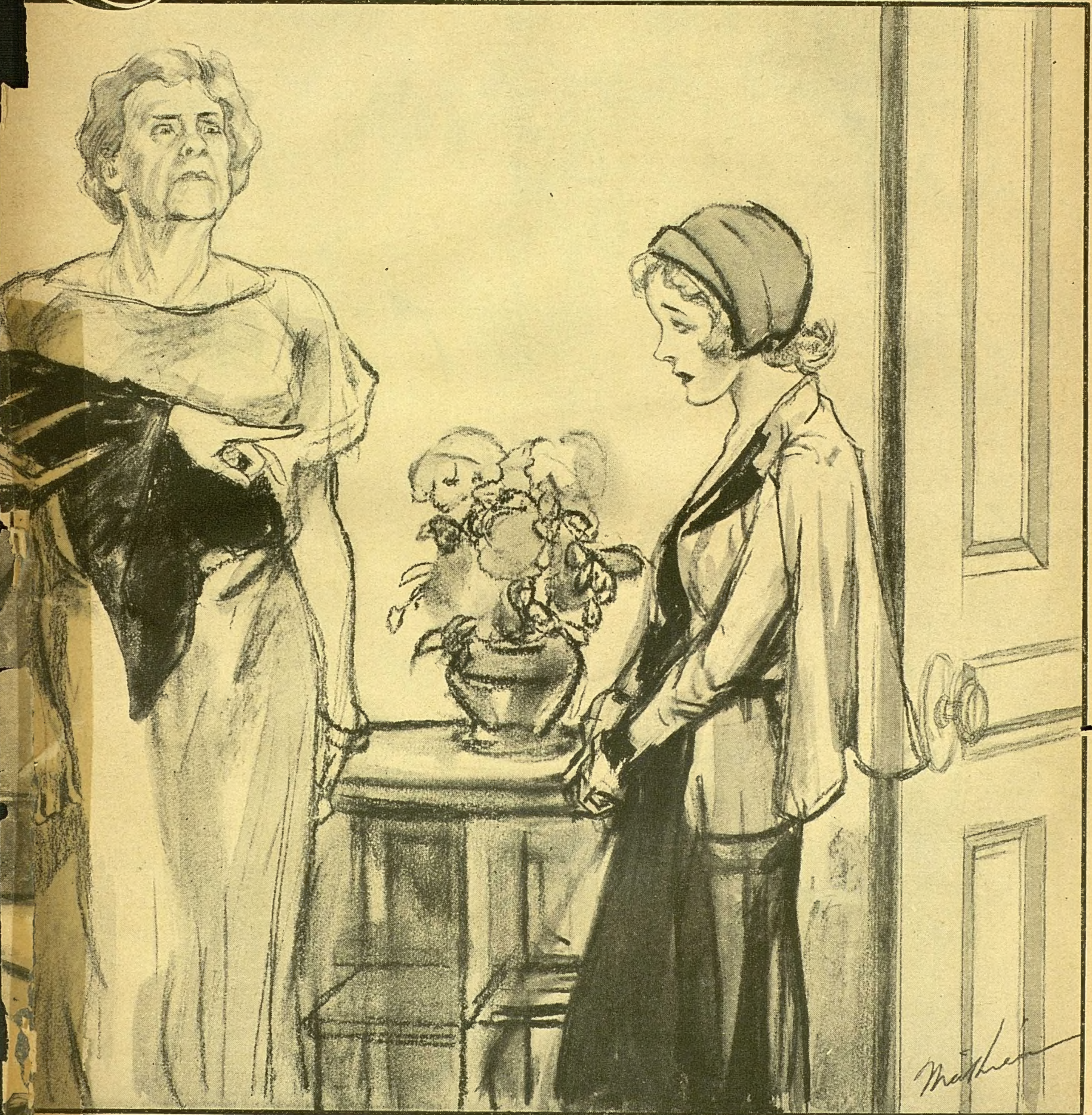
The universal ailment is prosperity. In her date book, Sylvia has over a hundred film people catalogued according to the places on their physiques where their earnings

loving
my dear little
Sylvia
eyes full of
love
Marie Dressler

At the left is Ma
Dressler, from
picture she aut
graphed for Sylv

LOOKS at the STARS

Picture by Hubert Mathieu



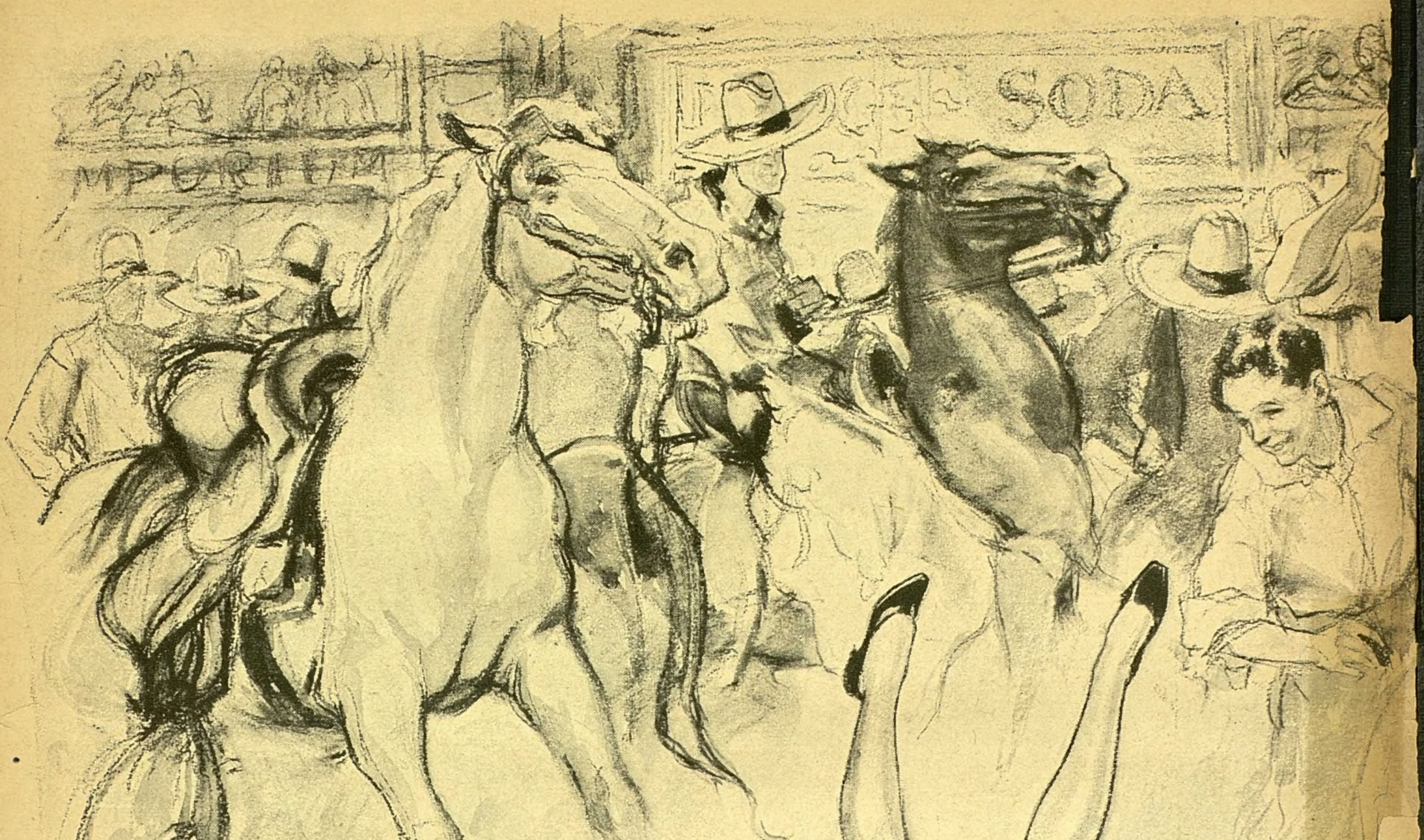
ther woman came rushing from the bedroom, pointed a finger at Sylvia, and challenged: "Did you say April?"

show. They fall into one or more of five classes, one class for each place. There is such a thing as a film star who falls into all five. That's Marie Dressler. No wonder . . . *fourteen quarts of near beer a day!*

Dressler is the one woman whose name is in the date book as far back as 1925 who doesn't give me a pain. I guess everyone likes her. Even these cats that come in here with gastritis every time somebody else makes a hit in a picture can stand the idea that Marie Dressler is knocking them dead with every release. Maybe it's because Marie is nobody's rival for a beauty prize. What really burns them up is having some new cutie breeze into town hunting for a lap to climb on. Nobody got alarmed when Miss Dressler began squeezing through the doors of casting offices. And now it's too late to do anything about it.

The nightly prayer of the Hollywood female is: "Please, Lord, don't send us any more lookers." Heaven heard them once and sent Marie Dressler.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Picture by
Hubert
Mathieu

Mary's pony took a fancy step and sent her somersaulting. A lynx-eyed kid in the crowd set up a yell: "Hey! What a queen!"

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page nine

Sylvia was giving Dressler her daily tumble before Hollywood ever did. Back in 1925, in The Callahans and the Murphys, Dressler was just one of the supporting crowd—an aunt or something. Nevertheless, she was Sylvia's first movie client and her entering wedge into the film colony.

Yes, if Marie Dressler hadn't been loaded up with fourteen quarts of near beer a day back in 1925, Sylvia might have gone back to Chicago. And me? I suppose I'd still be holding the towel for that dentist who couldn't pay my wages. But for Marie Dressler, Sylvia might never have hung on in Hollywood.

The boss told me about that first call to Marie Dressler's suite in the Ambassador Hotel. You see, in those [illegible] being just a squarehead immigrant, Sylvia knew no more about the Hollywood film world than you can find out walking down Vine Street at lunch hour, and reading the press blurbs. And what you see from that angle is all front—the big Hollywood front. It took her a couple of years to work around to the other side of Hollywood.

The call to attend Marie Dressler came quite unexpectedly. I don't need to say I wasn't yet on the scene. An unknown masseuse doesn't need a secretary to handle the appointment book and the collections. One of her patients was a Chicago woman visiting Los Angeles and staying in the Hotel Ambassador. This same woman was getting treatment by the hotel doctor, who was an A-number-one M. D. and was on the level. So when Marie Dressler called the doc to her suite in the same hotel and showed him the symptoms of a gastritis, the doc recommended Sylvia.

And so Mae Murray and Alice White and Bebe Daniels and Mary Duncan and Ramon Novarro and Ronald Colman and Norma Shearer and Ruth Chatterton and Ann Harding and Norma Talmadge and Grace Moore and

To Sylvia
with love
Mary Duncan

ary Duncan and her autograph.

Connie Bennett and Gloria Swanson followed in rapid succession, and today Sylvia stands at the top of her profession and has an electric refrigerator and a hired girl in the kitchen.

Well, meanwhile, before going up to the Dressler suite, Sylvia stopped in to thank the hotel doctor for the boost. And she got to telling him how this was like a dream coming true—

"Because I worked a year in Chicago to save up enough money to come out to Hollywood," she told him. "I doped it out, doctor, that the one thing they want out here is to hang on to their good looks, which they can't do without some professional help. Now, this Marie Dressler—tell me confidentially, doctor. She isn't so sick as she is afraid she's lost her shape or her complexion. Isn't that it?"

You see, Dressler was just a name to the boss, who hadn't been spending much money or time on the movies. The doctor got wise that Sylvia thought she was to go to work on the alabaster surface of a piece of living Beverly Hills statuary. He let it ride.

"The poor girl's a little overweight," is all he said—with a poker face.

"Any bets I can't take it off?" said Sylvia.

"I'm not a betting man," he replied.

So Sylvia went on up to suite A3 to get her first peek at Hollywood beauty languishing lasciviously in its lair.

As Sylvia tells it, she thought the girl's mother let her in. As Marie Dressler tells it, a straw-blonde midget came in through the letter slot, took one look at Marie, and looked ready to cry. Sylvia thought this was a put-up job, the doctor's little joke.

The fact is, both were so surprised they could hardly talk—Sylvia, to see a movie queen over forty and over 160; Dressler, to see this half-size visitor, the popular idea of a masseuse being something like a big sister to a wrestling champ. Dressler got her tongue back first. And Sylvia got her second surprise.

"What's your birthday?" snapped Dressler, looking at Sylvia the way she does—as if she saw where you'd hidden the spoons.

"April sixth," stammered Sylvia.

With that, another woman came rushing from the bedroom, pointed a finger at Sylvia, and challenged:

"Did you say April?"

Sylvia stuck to it, hoping it was a good answer. By now she saw what it was all about. The newcomer was an astrologer, and was already casting up a chart based on the April birth date. Dressler helped in the feverish scribbling. The other woman consulted a book and looked around at Sylvia with a violet-ray stare.

"Oliver Cromwell! Houdini! Nicholas Murray Butler!" She read the names off the page and, with each, gave Dressler a nudge. It seems these were people born under the same sign of the zodiac, or something, as Sylvia, and Dressler's astrologer friend finally gave Sylvia the okay as a masseuse. Personally, I can't see the connection. The only one in the list who would have made good in our line is Houdini. Imagine getting a facial from Nicholas Murray Butler!

It seems Dressler never does much of anything without the okay of her star-gazer pal, who is Nella Webb, from New York. Seems Nella Webb told Dressler she could make good in the movies when Dressler was dying on her feet in New York theatrical agents' offices. Dressler laughed at the idea of selling herself in Hollywood, where anything old enough to sign its own contracts is a hag. But Nella Webb kept at Dressler until, finally, Marie took a last-chance ticket to Hollywood. The way I figure it, there must be something either to astrology or to Marie Dressler. One guess!

The first thing Dressler did when she got a contract was to move into the Ambassador suite. The second was to send for Nella Webb. It seems the astrology business in New York wasn't so strong at the time, and it's just like Dressler to get her hands on a ten-spot and then go hunting for somebody who needs five. Anyway, Nella Webb had just read her own stars, which said she was going to get a surprise. And Dressler is on the side of the stars. All the time Nella Webb was her guest, Marie Dressler spent half her time ballyhooing for her friend.

WELL, Neptune being favorable, Marie Dressler stripped. At that time Sylvia hadn't yet doped out her famous line with the movie stars. Today, when you come into our massaging room and strip for the slab, thinking maybe that, anyhow, your upper leg isn't so bad, Sylvia starts in diagnosing your defects out loud. Sylvia'd find something wrong with the Queen of Sheba. She has several reasons for taking this line with the Hollywood clients. For one thing, they love to be insulted. Then again, they insult you if you don't insult them first. And, anyway, Sylvia tells me she learned all her English from the Sunday comics.

But in 1925 she wasn't riding as high as she is now, and she didn't tell Marie Dressler what she thought of her figure. Maybe she thought something. But she didn't put it in words. Which, in the circumstances, is a good example.

Dressler's trouble was swelling up around that daily three gallons of near beer. In the picture The Callahans and the Murphys she had a scene where she was an old souse showing her capacity. The director was one of these realists and he set up a dozen steins of near beer (stingy!) for Marie to swallow before the camera. Then the lighting was wrong or something and they had to retake. It went on like that for a week—the same twelve steins of slop to be engulfed daily.

"You could wring her out like a wash cloth," Sylvia told me.

In a few days, Sylvia had Dressler so that she fitted around herself more comfortably, and then she went to work in earnest to reduce and beautify her. She began giving her facials—until, one day, Dressler got off the slab and looked at herself in the mirror. She looked back at Sylvia sort of mean.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS

Continued from page eleven

"Look here, are you trying to improve my looks?" she demanded.

"Give me two more weeks," begged Sylvia.

"And I'll be ruined!" said Dressler. "Listen, I tried for years to get rid of this—and these—and these—and couldn't make it. Now, just as I find out that my fat is money in the bank, you come along and want to take it away from me. Scat!"

Since then Sylvia has been seeing Marie Dressler intermittently, the job being technically one of the most interesting she has. The idea is to leave a middle-aged lady in the comfortably cushioned state that nature intended. It's refreshing. All the rest of them want something they didn't get. They want to walk like a boy and throw a man's shadow. It's a novelty to meet a Hollywood female who is reconciled to the facts of life, one of which is that women and geese were made side-wheelers.

Sylvia was treating Dressler at the time of her great gamble. As Hollywood history goes, that was so far back that it's forgotten; but Dressler was out in the cold. After all the lean years that came before her first hit on the screen, it was tough to find herself "at liberty" once again. The studio didn't want to boost her price, and she got herself into a position where it was back down or quit. The old studio game: they sign you up on a sliding-scale contract that starts little and works up to auto-license figures—on paper. And then, when the date for the first raise comes around, they give you a song and dance about hard times, etc., etc. If it works—why not? That's the way they figure. They didn't go into the dance with Dressler. In fact, they were still vamping for the song when she was a block away—through.

In those circumstances, most stars sell the new car and retreat back to New York. But Dressler is smarter than the average. She knew the bunch she was dealing with. What she did always works—in Hollywood. She went out and rented a mansion in Hollywood Hills, got herself a second car (just a little Packard for the servants, my dear!), and laid in a winter's supplies and a high-priced Filipino chef to cook them.

That worried the studio, plenty. Looked like the hold-out had some hidden assets. Both sides settled down to starve each other out. The studio had the money, but Marie had the nerve. She judged the situation to a cety. On the very day when the money boys were standing around the front door, sure that the next car would be Dressler's, carrying a repentant and humble actress, she made the win-all-lose-all move; she hopped on the east-bound express. . . . . They met her at Grand Central, holding contracts and fountain pens. They passed her the pen and said: "Sign here." For twice what she had been holding out for, of course. And it wasn't the hand that held the pen that trembled—no, sir, it was the hand that held out the contract.

An unexpected result of Dressler's retreat to her millionaire fastness in the Hills and the front she put up there was that the idleness, plus the Filipino, began to tell on her mid-section. Sylvia had to put down her foot. One thing that enrages a masseuse is the idea that it's up to her to take off at 8 A. M. every day what the table has put on at 8 the previous evening.

In the long run, Sylvia and Marie Dressler worked out a diet compromise—something to keep a person as-is.

You might call it the "as you were" or

THE MARIE DRESSLER DIET

(A characteristic day)

Breakfast

1 small glass of orange juice
2 thin slices of crisp bacon
1 soft-boiled egg
1 cup of coffee with 1 lump of sugar, little cream

Lunch

1 cup of consommé
1 mixed-fruit salad, no dressing
1 broiled lamb chop
3 heaping tablespoons of carrots
2 heaping tablespoons of fresh peas
1 small glass of fruit jelly
1 cup of tea with lemon

Dinner

1 cup of broth
1 sea-food cocktail
2 thin slices of roast beef
20 stalks of thin green asparagus
fresh fruit (no bananas)
demi-tasse coffee

You're not going to catch me, nor the boss either, recommending the above plot of a day's eating as the final word on eating to keep fit. Neither Marie Dressler nor any other human being who isn't a nut and a food faddist is going to pick out any one of the diet menus listed herein and stick to it. There was a fad a few years ago for doping out a menu and making it do for every day of the week. But anybody who would eat the same food day after day, week after week, is unnatural and probably a chess player.

The fact is, we can't hand out a diet, because that would involve doping out 365 menus per person, to take care of the variations of individual types and of the necessity for variety in anybody's eating. The best we can do is give you a sample diet day in each star's case—and hope that nobody will get the idea, for instance, that during the time Sylvia bossed her eating, Marie Dressler ate 120 consecutive dinners all beginning with "1 cup of broth" and ending with "Fresh fruit (no bananas)."

One thing I can do that will teach 99 per cent of you something you don't know; and that is, tell you how to *cook* the items on your diet list—any diet list.

Strictly between you and me, pretty nearly *all* diets that get published are equally good, the diet doped out by Dr. Whoozis for the morning paper being no better nor worse than the diet figured out for the evening paper by Mehitabel Menu. The factor that licks dietitians and makes them look like saps to the lady that follows all the instructions and still sticks at 300 pounds is that there isn't one person in a thousand who knows how to do so simple a thing as grill a lamb chop without turning it into something I wouldn't feed to the boss's cat.

ABOUT BROILING

(1) To get good meat (as anyone knows) you select the chop or steak that shows the most fat on the butcher's counter.

(2) *But*, before broiling, you cut out said fat with a knife. That's elemental.

(3) Your oven being red-hot, you present the piece of meat to the flame in such a way that the fats which are burned out drip into a receptacle below the meat and several inches away from it—the idea being that the meat must *not* cook in its own juices.

(4) The quicker the cooking, the better. Unless you have an aversion to rare meat, eat your chop or steak blood-red inside and burnt outside.

(5) Do *not* undo all you have done to make the meat digestible and non-fattening by proceeding now to pour back over it the fats which have collected in the catch-pan. If you must have a sauce, serve the meat with a small lump of fresh butter placed on it *as it goes to the table*. This element of timing is important because, whereas fresh melted butter is harmless in small quantities, cooked butter is excluded from all diets.

(6) While we're on the subject of meat, let me add a remark intended as a loud and raucous snort in the direction of all the diet quacks who continually add to the sum of their own and the public's ignorance by handing out hooey about meatless diets. Meat is a necessary part of any reducing diet. Meat does not fatten, if properly

selected and prepared. And when a person is following a reducing diet, meat is *absolutely imperative*, because reducing diets have a tendency to be weakening which can only be combated with good red meat. Broiled, roasted, all cuts of beef and the prime cuts of lamb are first-rate diet items. Meats should *never* be fried and most of them are deteriorated by boiling.

An exception to that last is boiled ham. In refutation of the common assumption that pork is harmful, cold boiled ham stands even above broiled beef at the head of the list of meats which are easily assimilable by the touchiest digestive tracts.

II

WHEN Mary Duncan came along in 1928 and wanted to sign up for Sylvia's exclusive services for a half year, we were all against it—except Sylvia herself. A contract to massage anyone morning, noon, and night is worse than getting married. After all, a woman's husband can get away from her some of the time. But a woman's personal masseuse dresses her, undresses her, spanks her to sleep, spanks her awake, and (if the contract includes dietary work, as with Mary Duncan it did) watches every bite of food down her throat three times a day.

I always figured that the real trouble between Mae Murray and the boss was that everlasting intimacy. They were bound to get sick of the sight of each other. It's bad enough, in this massage business, to have to see the world without shirt and without manners. The only thing that makes it bearable is the variety when the practice is general and consists of a dozen different patients a day.

All of which I said to Sylvia, and much more—but you can't do anything with a Norwegian.

The opposition, which was giving Sylvia the arguments why she should take up Mary Duncan's offer, was represented by Sophie Wachner, the dress designer at Fox Studios, where Miss Duncan was starring. Miss Wachner had her own reasons for wanting Sylvia to go to work on Duncan.

" I can't fit dresses to Mary any more on account of her hips," was the way Miss Wachner put it up to Sylvia. " So, do a fellow a favor, Sylvia, and fit Mary to the gowns."

It was a rush job. They were starting to shoot the silent picture called Our Daily Bread. The great German director Murnau was in charge, and Mary Duncan was doing the rôle of a city girl who marries a farmer and gets all messed up in some labor troubles about farm hands having nothing to look at but miles and miles of Oregon wheatfields—and you can't blame them, not after you've been on location in those same wheatfields for over a month. You never saw the picture? Sure you didn't. It was one of the last silents and it got finished just in time to get tossed into the wastebasket on account of the sound screen coming in.

Sylvia had a small part of the blame for the trouble Fox had with that picture. But that's part of the story.

Well, Sylvia went over to the Fox Studios and, though she promised not to commit herself before she left, we all knew that she was crazy to go on location with Mary Duncan and we weren't surprised when she came home looking sheepish and with an ink stain on her finger, where she had held the pen that signed the contract.

It seems that Sophie Wachner did a job on Sylvia as soon as she got on the Fox lot. Took her into the wardrobe department and showed her the dresses Mary Duncan was wearing in the opening shots, which they had been doing in the studio. Well, Mary Duncan had been putting on an inch a day around the middle, and those dresses had been let out until the waistlines were as full of Vs as a backgammon board. Sophie Wachner was at her wits' ends, and was tearing her hair.

In her dressing room, Mary Duncan was another picture of woe—and a reasonably attractive one. From any average point of view, there was nothing at all the matter with the girl. But the camera's is not the average point of view. Somehow, a lens always adds ten or twenty pounds to the truth. The result is that the movie girls have to be actually underweight—considerably so. On the other hand, they mustn't show bones. So the type that is most readily selected for film work is the small-boned girl, short of stature, on whose underlying skeleton even a small amount of meat looks like a nice job of padding. And the small-boned short girl is the very type most prone to develop along the lines called buxom. Mary Miles Minter, whose misfortunes caused her to let go and become what nature willed, has turned out now a plump and roundish little person—typically the figure that the majority of Hollywood girls would be but for strenuous battling against the tendencies of nature.

So Mary Duncan was in nothing worse than blooming health—and yet the Fox people were frantic.

The arrangement was that Sylvia should accompany Mary immediately t Pendleton, Oregon, where Murnau and the rest of the huge company concerned in the production of Our Daily Bread were already quartered.

THE Mary Duncan party included Sylvia, a Sealyham pup named Topsy Mary's hairdresser and maid, a g of mineral oil (ace-in-the-hole of al ducing diets), and Mary Duncan herse The get-away at the railroad station was just too cu for anything. You know—all innocent flutter and flashlight powders. As was shown next morning, when the party was rushed off the train at an early hour, Mary had hurried her departure so much as to forget one important item of her apparel.

They were met at the train by location executives and a mob of Pendletonians dressed in cowboy outfits and riding their ponies. The town was in the throes of a county fair, and it had occurred to some bright press-agent mind to have Mary named queen of the rodeo. They had a pony with a gilt saddle ready at the station and, when Mary was told that she was expected to ride the beast up Main Street, she was game. A bunch of the leading citizens got to kidding with Sylvia and thought she'd be great for the comedy relief, so they rustled a pony for her, too. As it turned out, Mary was all the comic relief the party needed.

For she had scarcely taken her place at the head of the mounted line and started up the street between the lines of cheering citizens, when her pony took a fancy step and sent her somersaulting earthward. A lynx-eyed kid in the crowd was the first to detect the unfortunate lack in the queen's attire. He set up a loud-speaker yell:

" Hey! What a queen! She ain't got on pants! "

It was too true.

Well, Pendleton's one of those great open spaces where nobility is as common as nickels. The Pendletonians take Womanhood seriously. Any other town I can think of would have taken up the urchin's discovery and added footnotes; but Pendleton, as one man, looked down at its boots and didn't see anything. Though you never can tell, when a man's wearing one of those ten-gallon hats.

Mary took the incident all in the day's work, and pulled the best line: " I don't know what the parade was supposed to boost, but I certainly turned it into an ad for Sylvia."

In next week's installment Sylvia will reveal how the great director Murnau happened to eat a too, too reducing salad from her diet kitchen. She will give the Mary Duncan diet, with directions for roasting meat scientifically, and will describe the grand, triumphal entrance of Ina Claire upon the Hollywood scene.

A COUNT

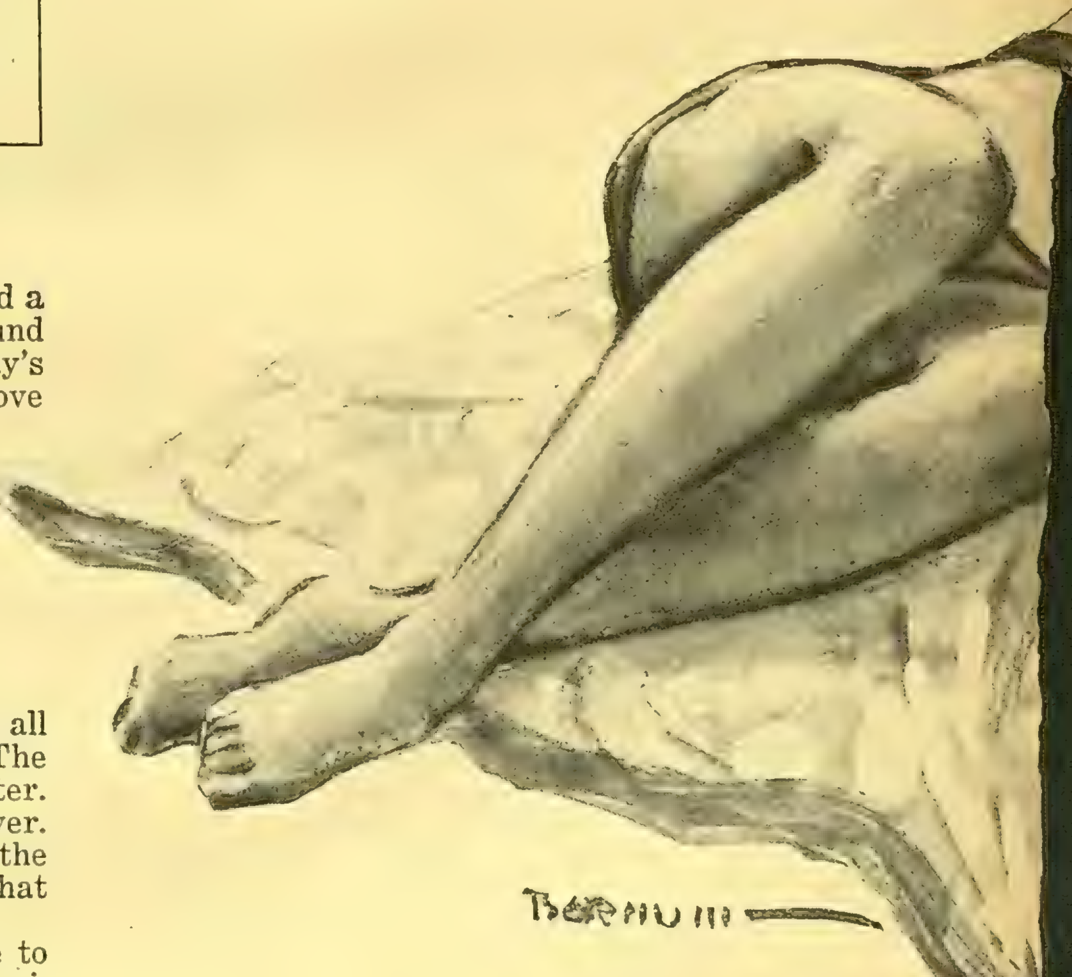
The Story of a Chicago Maiden's Fourth of July Wish and a Parisian Nobleman's Mistake

By

MacKinlay Kantor

who is the author of two novels and any number of short stories, many of which are laid in Chicago, where he lived. He now has a home in the country near Des Moines, Iowa, is twenty-seven years old, and married.

Pictures by Jay Barnum



MARCIA felt that she and Count Nikolai Krisoff were content to lie in their sandy corner and let the teeming life of the beach swarm past them unheeded.

(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)

IT was not yet 6 P. M., and the date was July 3, and a lot of pink and yellow flowers were in bloom around the house, and the Avens had pulled out for Gray's Lake in the purring sedan which Mr. Aven never drove faster than forty miles an hour.

Behind the heavy green curtain in the dainty bathroom which she shared with Baxter, Marcia Winn let chlorined quantities of Lake Michigan spray over her tender skin, and tried to keep her blonde hair from being soaked.

"Two days," murmured the recumbent Baxter, who lay spread-eagled in the bedroom, a cool breeze caressing her undraped figure. "Lady, am I going to take it easy! The house to ourselves, and all that food Mrs. Aven left for us in the ice box. . . . The glorious Fourth! Lafayette, we are here!" said Baxter.

"Lafayette," Marcia repeated, turning off the shower. "Baxter, did Lafayette have anything to do with the Fourth of July? . . . Baxter," she continued, "what did happen on the Fourth of July?"

"The Declaration of Independence, silly. I'd like to have had you when I was teaching school in Missouri. Bet I'd have made you hump!"

Marcia sighed contentedly. She didn't care what Baxter would have done to her. She was glad enough to be there in that glistening bathroom, to have a gleaming mirror where she could learn that it was more than an act of God which made it possible for her to wear sample dresses and cause beauty-shop attendants to coo, "Dearie, you don't know what you got to be thankful for, with that wave almost entirely natural!"

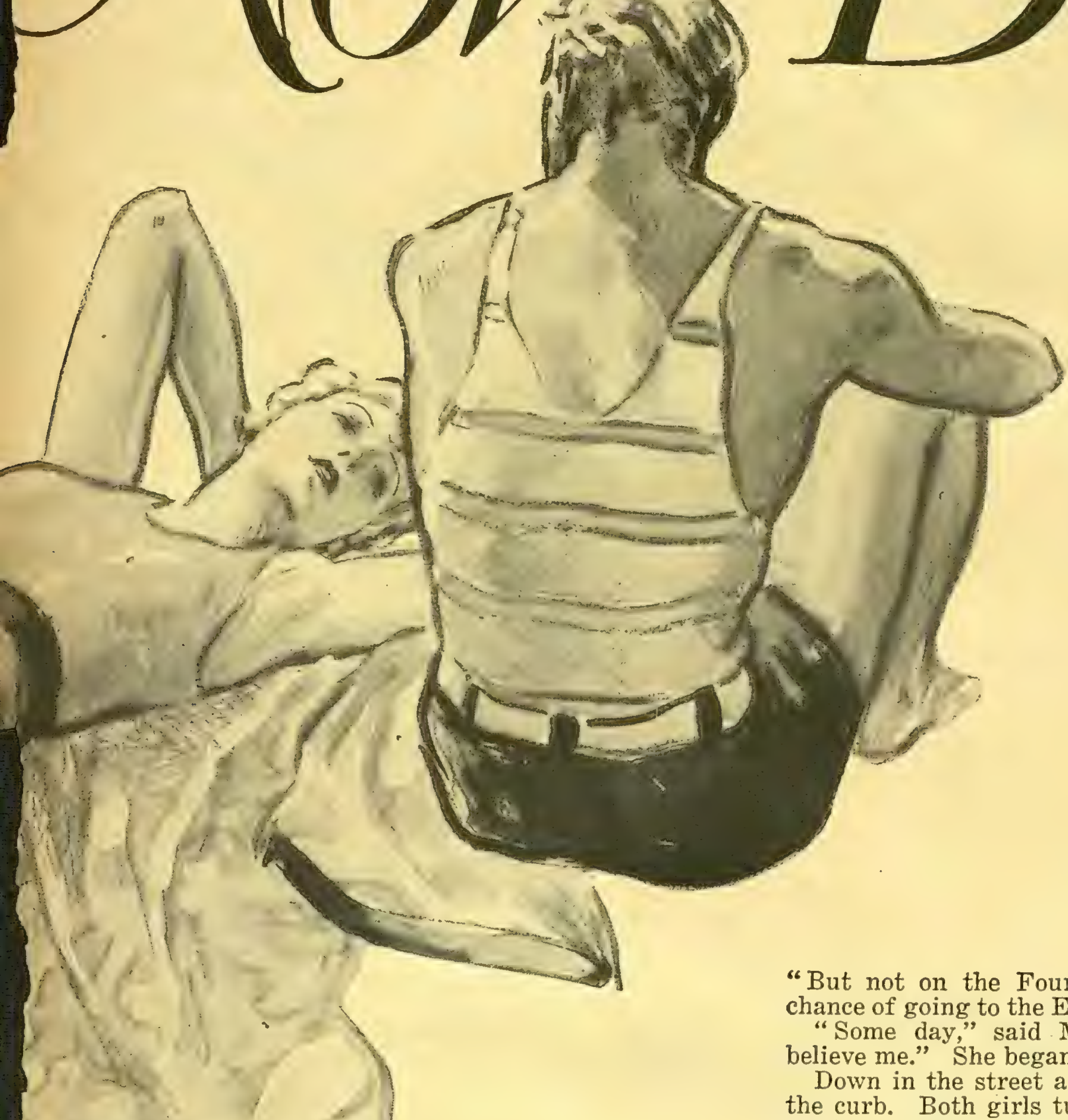
Just that little ad, she thought. "Roommate wanted." She had always supposed that people who wrote and answered ads like that were quite horrible. . . . Well, you lived and learned.

She had been living with Jennie Baxter at the Avens' home for only two months, but the saving had allowed her to send almost forty dollars extra to her mother. And look what she got! A twin bed with a gorgeous blue rayon spread, and a pink bed lamp, and breakfasts such as only plump Mrs. Aven could cook, and the serenity of a house in a quiet Rogers Park street when she returned after a day in the yowling Loop.

Mr. Paul Aven was president of the Laurel Hill Monument Company: *Enduring as the Heritage of Beauty.* He was stolid and middle-aged, and proud of his spectacled wife, and proud of having gone on a Cook's Tour of Europe. . . . When Marcia Winn and good-natured Jennie Baxter, with her frizzly hair and circus-canva complexion, came out to Morse Avenue at night, th came home. There was a back yard full of flower bed, there was a moronic yellow cat named Topsy, there was the thick greenness of ivy covering the pebble-dashed walls of the house. Everything contented and comfortable, and Enduring as the Heritage of Beauty.

"What are you going to do with yourself tomorrow?" called Jennie Baxter.

NOW DUE



"Just what you said. Lie around and read, and eat, and send down to Reese's for malted milks. And tomorrow night I'm stepping."

"Who?"

"George Surly."

Baxter snorted. "He's an awful pill, honey."

"I know it," sighed Marcia. "Nobody knows it more than I do. But the Edgewater Beach won't be so bad on a holiday night, Baxter dear, with the lake swishing, and that orchestra just sobbing, and people sitting around at the tables."

"If I had to sit around at those tables with George Surly," said the malevolent Baxter, "I'd go sobbing and swishing off into space myself!"

"I have to go somewhere."

"Yup, honey; I presume you do. . . . Well . . ." Baxter arose, and moaned, and donned an extravagant lace negligée which made her look like a puppy dressed in doll's clothing. She sat down and got out an array of creams and lotions. "At any rate," she called encouragingly, "George Surly has got plenty of money. Or his dad has. We've handled a lot of A. G. Surly's deals at the office."

MARCIA came in, damp gold hair curling in little swirls around her temples. She wrapped the blue silk robe about her slender figure and sobered with honest sentiment.

"Baxter, if I could meet kind of a fellow I want to me—you know, honest and clever and original and—and lively, too—I wouldn't give a damn whether he had a cent. In fact," she added dreamily, "I'd sort of prefer a beggar. A vagabond."

"Oh, yeah?" Baxter sneered. "But not on the Fourth of July, when there's some chance of going to the Edgewater Beach for dinner."

"Some day," said Marcia with dignity, "you will believe me." She began to draw on her stockings.

Down in the street a rakish taxicab squealed against the curb. Both girls turned toward the open windows, safely screened by swaying lavender curtains.

A slim young man in a gray suit was climbing from the cab and accepting from the driver a bulky yellow bag plastered with many bright labels.

Baxter shrugged. "Belongs across the street, probably."

"I bet," said Marcia, "that those are foreign stickers. Just think!"

"Well, *that's* not your beggar, my dear!"

Marcia Winn's voice rose to a whispered shriek: "Heavens! Baxter! He's coming here!"

Miss Baxter scrambled to the window. The taxicab was scooting along Morse Avenue, and the slim young man, lugging his bag, was striding up the front sidewalk toward the Avens' porch.

"Who is it?"

"Well, how do I know?"

Kleeeeeeeng! said the doorbell.

"Baxter, go on down!"

"Oh, yeah? And me with cream all over my face? Not so—"

"But you've got to go. I'm not dressed."

"No more am I!"

Kleeeeeeeng!

Whispering a delicious oath, Marcia thrust her feet into gold mules, pressed a wrinkle out of her slick hose, and wrapped the blue robe more tightly around her body.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A COUNT NOW DUE
Continued from page fifteen]

She scurried to the dressing table, did a magician's act with a powder puff, touched her damp hair in a dozen places, and skipped for the stairway.

The downstairs door was ajar, and the young man was standing impatiently outside the locked screen. With the benefit of the shadowy rooms, Marcia could study him for a few seconds before he caught a glimpse of her.

His slight, tawny mustache was waxed, the little points standing out like needles. Distinguished. That was it. He was tanned, the dark blue eyes behind the rimless glasses were alert and elvish, his body was slim and muscular. And Marcia observed that his loose gray suit was shabby and his slouched black felt had seen many and better days.

She heard her own voice saying faintly, "Howd'yudo."

HE turned and stared through the screen. Slowly his hand stole up and removed his hat, revealing a thick growth of hair the color of— Absurdly, Marcia thought of butterscotch.

He bowed briefly.

"I am inquiring for Mr. Aven."

"They—he's not home."

"And Madame—Mrs. Aven? She is my aunt."

Marcia whispered, "My God!"

"No," said the young man cheerfully. "My aunt. And is she at home?" His blue eyes seemed possessing themselves of Marcia's face. "You are very beautiful," he said with apparent honesty. "I think per'aps you are the most beautiful woman I 'ave seen in America."

Marcia knew that she was blushing foolishly, and she was most cer- n that she was very angry. But she managed to inquire, "How long have you been in America?"

"Since this morning."

Marcia strangled.

"I decide on the boat that after all it is better for me to be in Chicago with my own people than in New York where per'aps I never know anyone. Yes? So I come at once. In the air. And I spend almost the last of my money to come. And," he concluded, grinning more amiably than ever, "I am now very glad." And bowed again.

Heavens, thought Marcia Winn, *heavens!* What, who, what is he? I wish Baxter would come down—no, I don't either—and what shall I do now? There must be some mistake—Mrs. Aven never said she had a foreign nephew. Good gravy!

"I would like very much to come inside," said the young man forlornly. "All day I 'ave been w'izzing through the air in a fast airplane." He picked up his bag as, with foggy fingers, Marcia unfastened the screen door. "Do I not say that well?" he appealed. "Observe, I said 'through the air.' I 'ave no doubt you expect me to say *troo ze air* or something like that. But I study English for a long time, and there are many American friends in Paris. Observe! Th, th, th, th, th! . . . I say it well, yes?"

Marcia stammered, "Your—your aunt—isn't home. They went to Gray's Lake—to see the Pages. They're going to spend the Fourth up there."

"Pardon. Spend th—?"

"You know. Fourth of July." She found herself speaking loudly and distinctly, forming the words carefully on her lips, as she would have addressed a deaf person. "*Fourth* of *July*. You know. Firecrackers."

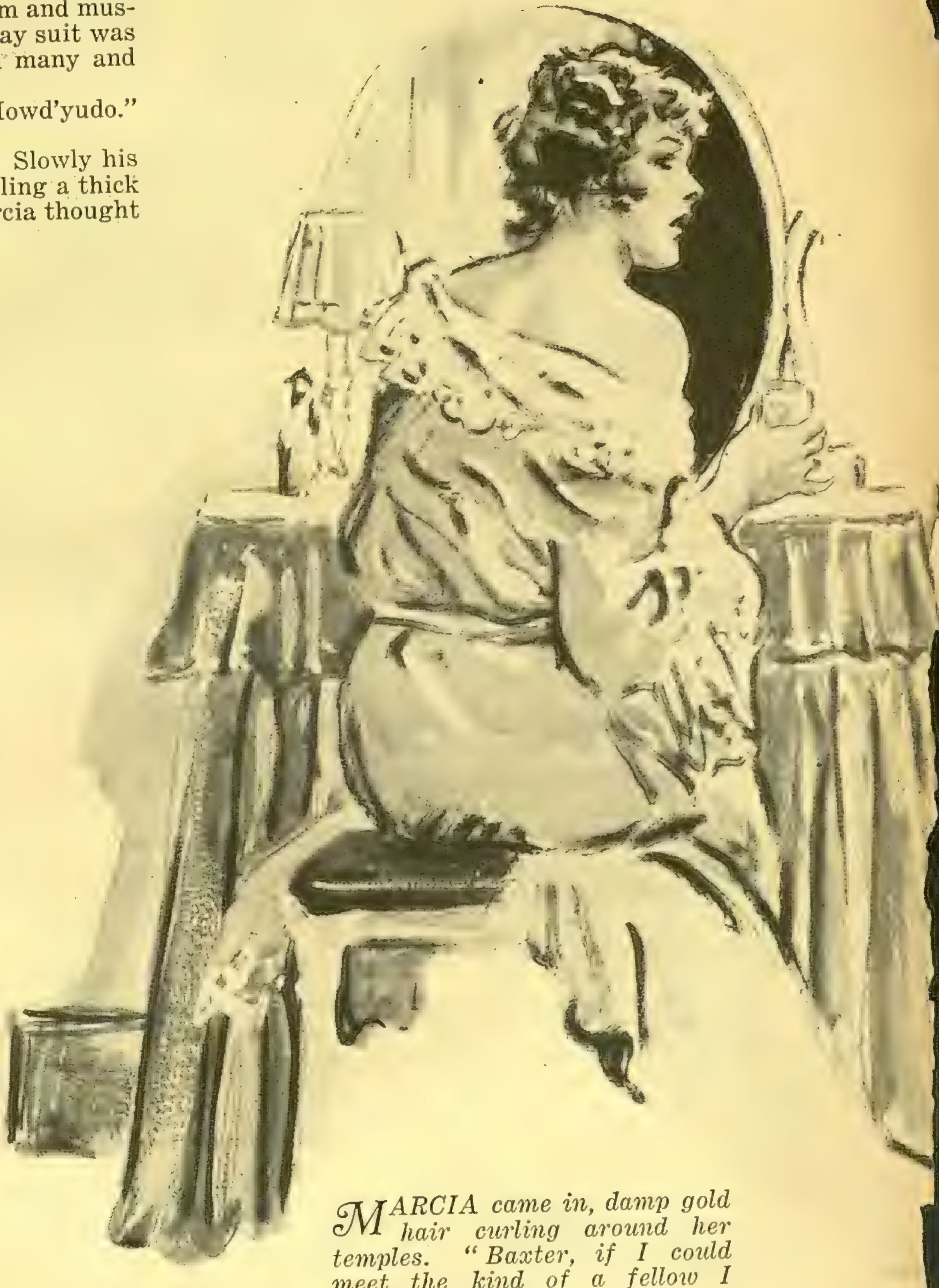
"But I do not know. . . . *Oui!* Yes. It is a holiday here. I remember when I was a—what you call it?—urchin—the big American soldiers parade in Paris on July the Fourth. But why is it?"

Agonizingly Marcia prayed for Baxter. "The Declaration—"

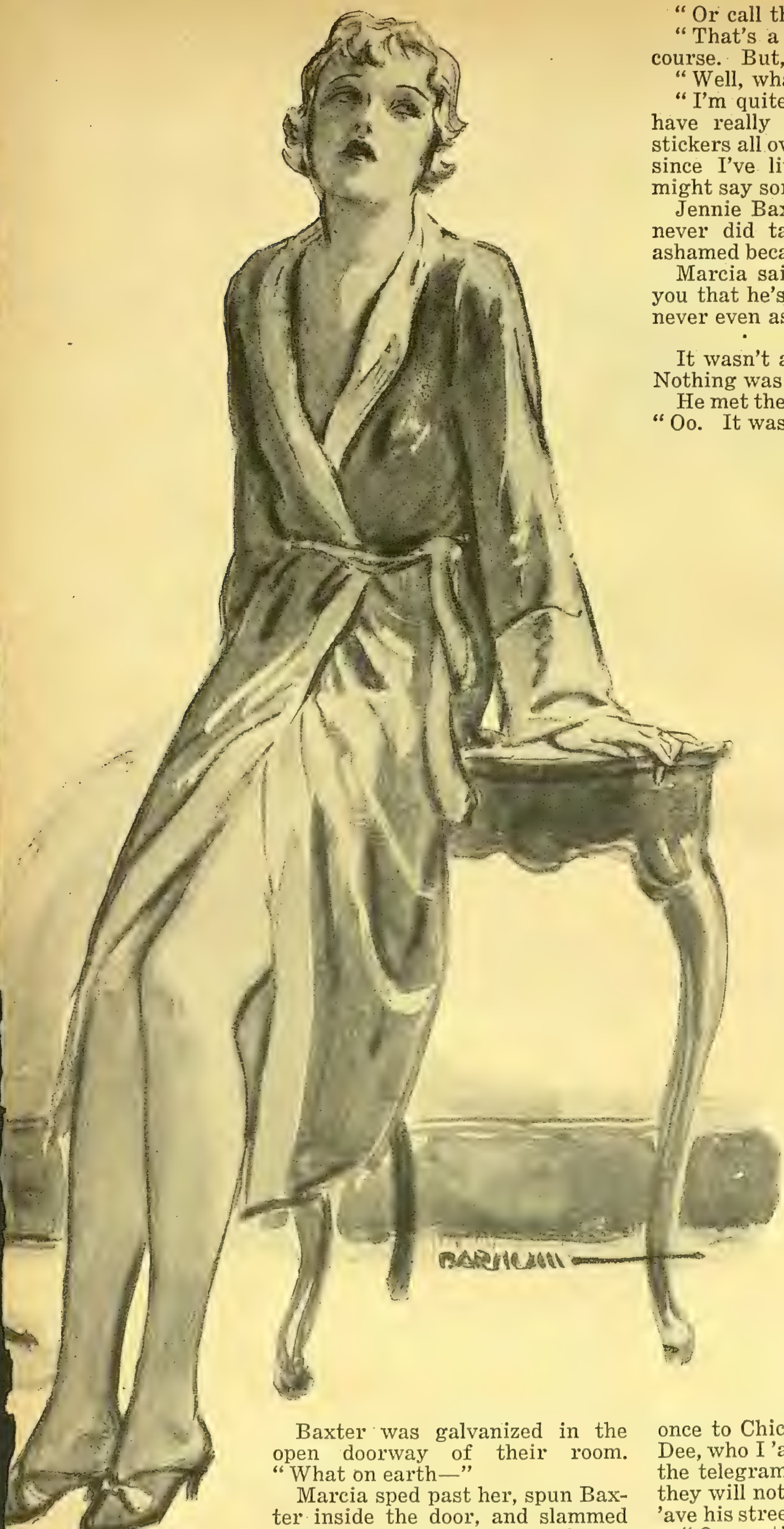
"But yes. I 'ave it now. It is the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln!" he declared with triumph.

THEN Marcia remembered that she was standing there in an exceedingly thin silk robe, in gold mules, and with her hair still damp from the bath. The eyes of the stranger were not confining their approval to her face—not by any means. She squealed hurriedly, "In the parlor. You—you sit down. I'll go—I mean, I'll be back in—"

She fled up the stairs.



MARCIA came in, damp gold hair curling around her temples. "Baxter, if I could meet the kind of a fellow I want—"



Baxter was galvanized in the open doorway of their room. "What on earth—"

Marcia sped past her, spun Baxter inside the door, and slammed it quickly. She sank into a lavender-flowered chair. "Am I goofy?"

Baxter stared, owl-eyed. "I heard every word of it, and I don't mind saying right now that Mrs. Aven never *mentioned* that she had any relatives in Paris!" And Baxter's eyes narrowed. "I think he's a confidence man!"

"Oh, not really!"

"I sure do. Let's call the police."

Marcia sat up. "No. We couldn't."

"Or call the Avens at Gray's Lake."

"That's a lot better idea. We'll have to do that, of course. But, Baxter—"

"Well, what?"

"I'm quite sure he isn't a confidence man. He must have really come just like he said. He's got those stickers all over his bag and everything. . . . And ever since I've lived here Mrs. Aven has been—well, you might say sort of *secretive* about her relatives."

Jennie Baxter meditated. "Come to think of it, she never did talk about them very much. Maybe she's ashamed because they're foreign."

Marcia said with indignation: "Well, I want to tell you that he's nothing to be ashamed— Oh, my God! I never even asked him his name."

. . . . .

It wasn't astounding to find out that he was a count. Nothing was astounding any more.

He met them at the foot of the stairs with a disarming, "Oo. It was so stupid of me not to tell my name. I am Nikolai Krisoff. Maybe it is I should say Count Nikolai Krisoff." He clicked his heels, bowed, and took Baxter's hand. "But that is all of the long ago, yes? And this lady is mademoiselle's chaperon?"

Baxter choked.

"THIS is Miss Baxter," cried Marcia hastily. "Miss Jennie Baxter. I'm Marcia—Marcia Winn." It seemed to her that her voice was unnecessarily loud and harsh. . . . Real count—good heavens, this is a real live count, and he's holding my hand!

"We live here," grated Baxter.

"But yes. You are relatives of Uncle Paul?"

Baxter glowered. "No. We rent a room here."

"Oo," said the count, and bowed and smiled and made some sort of a gesture. His eyes were still on Marcia Winn.

Baxter led the way into the parlor, where Count Nikolai Krisoff's ornamented traveling bag gleamed through the cool gloom of drawn shades. "Sit down," she suggested, with a trifle less malice. The count was disarming, to say the least. "Let's get to the bottom of this, right now."

"But yes! I should explain. My telegram—you receive—?"

"No telegram."

Count Nikolai frowned, and drew a cigarette from Mr. Aven's cigarette box and tapped it against his wrist. "Maybe it is because I am ignorant of the street," he decided. "It was in such a—what you call it?—rush I leave Paris—I did not take the address. Early this morning when I arrive in New York—the fog, it holds us back, such a fog, gray and awful—I think, No, I shall not stay here! In spite of Desrosiers, who sends me to America, I shall not stay. I shall fly at once to Chicago and find my Uncle Paul and Aunt Dee-Dee, who I 'ave not see for so long a time. So I—I propel the telegram on its way; so great a man as Uncle Paul they will not 'ave trouble to find even in a city! I do not 'ave his street, but I put upon the address his occupation."

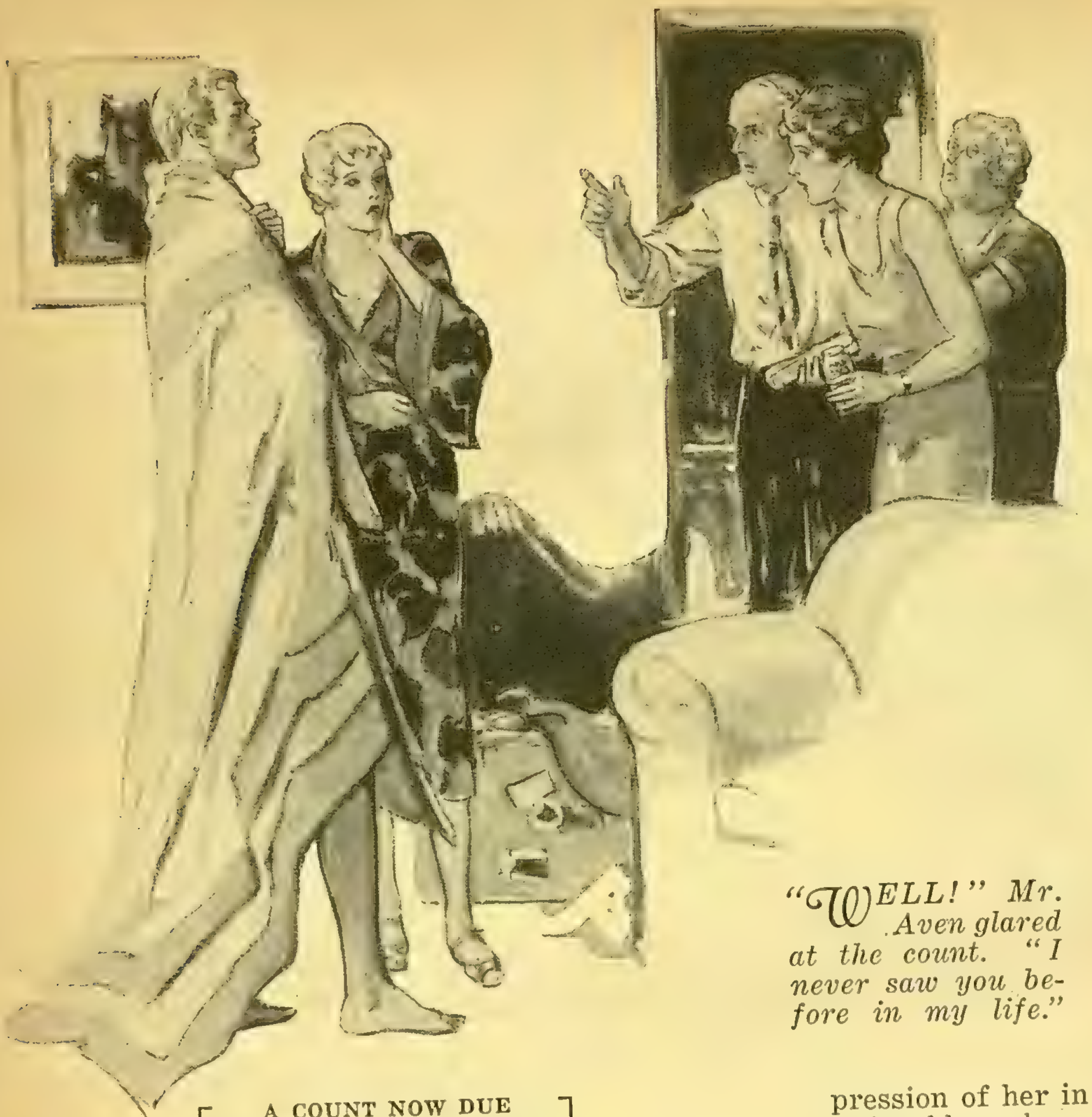
"Occupation," breathed Marcia. "It must have been—"

The count beamed. "Do you wish to know what I write? I write: 'To Mr. Paul Aven, Erector.' It took me so long to find the word. Is that not clever? See—these structures, these blocks, he erects—"

"I guess that's not so bad," Baxter snorted, but favorably.

Nikolai Krisoff beamed upon her in turn. "In Paris,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"WELL!" Mr. Aven glared at the count. "I never saw you before in my life."

A COUNT NOW DUE
Continued from page seventeen

when with us, my Uncle Paul has tell me of his magnitude. *Oui*. He said to me, indeed: 'Under these masterpiece which I put up are perhaps one per cent of all Chicago!'"

Marcia shuddered and indulged in mental arithmetic. "Thirty thousand. It seems like an awful lot."

"It is marvelous! Paul Aven is a great man. And my Aunt DeeDee—ah, she is so sweet!"

Baxter and Marcia could chorus their approval, "She's perfectly splendid." Baxter added, "But why don't you call her by her name? What on earth does 'DeeDee' mean?"

And, thought Marcia Winn, he blushed. Just think, a real count, and he blushes just like— "Ah. I must confess. When a small—what you call it?—urchin—I could not say her name. I was very small, yes. So I say 'Aunt DeeDee.' And that I 'ave always call her. Even my mother, she now calls her DeeDee. Today," he declared, "I cannot think of her true name. Only DeeDee."

"It's Lena," said Baxter.

He frowned. "Yes? Lena. . . . Per'aps. But to me she is Aunt DeeDee, and she is so sweet a woman!"

HIS praise of Mrs. Aven had gone a long way toward lulling any suspicions. It was more with the idea of imparting glad tidings than exposing a fraud that Baxter now arose.

"If you'll excuse me, count, I'll try to phone Gray's Lake and tell Mr. and Mrs.—"

The count leaped forward and held up his hand. "Indeed! I shall not spoil their enjoyment. They 'ave been busy—Uncle Paul with so great a business, one per cent of all Chicago people—and Aunt DeeDee with so many cares. No, no! You shall not inform them. They must play, they must be gay for a holiday. I shall be so 'appy until they return!"

Baxter felt herself restrained, but dark suspicion again assailed her. "I don't see how you ever found this house if you didn't know the address."

"It was the chauffeur. A fine creature. Such as you 'ave, no doubt—"

"There isn't any chauffeur. Not even a maid. Just Violet, the colored girl, twice a week."

The count whistled. "Simplicity. Beautiful! And, indeed, that is the soul of America, yes? . . . But I go on: when I arrive at the airdrome, I summon a chauffeur. To the residence of *Mons*—to the residence of Mr. Paul Aven. He goes to search the directory—yes, he 'as found it! The sole one by that name, the lonely Aven in the directory. At thirteen ninety-six *Avenue de Morse*. He is intelligent!"

MORE questions were on Baxter's lips, but her sympathetic Missouri soul had cast aside its lurking doubts. Also, her Missouri appetite was asserting itself. "It's pretty late, count. If you won't feel broken-hearted, I'll run out to the kitchen and raid the ice box. Miss Winn will take you up to—I suppose they'd want him in the *other* bedroom. It's the only one, unless he sleeps with Mr. Aven," she added to Marcia in an audible aside.

For once, Marcia wished that Baxter would hold her tongue.

"I'll show you the room," she said primly. And she could not forget that Count Nikolai Krisoff's eyes had shown his favorable impression of her in a little shantung sports dress as well as in a blue robe.

He came behind her up the stairs, humming merrily.

"Here it is. . . . The bath is over beyond that door."

The count dropped his bag with a thud and spun his old black hat toward the bed.

"I hope that you will be comfortable, Count Krisoff, until the folks get—I mean, until Mr. and Mrs. Aven return." She began a flustered retreat.

He swung around and caught her hands. "You must not call me that. You must call me Pete."

"Pete?" quavered Marcia. "I don't quite get the—"

"My American friends, they 'ave always call me Pete. Petey. Petey Dink. It is funny, yes?" He smiled. "It means something so funny in America. But you must laugh, too, if you think it funny. . . . And I must call you—I must—your name—"

She breathed weakly, "Marcia." He was still holding both her hands.

"And I shall call you Marcia. And we will play and 'ave the grand time until my uncle and aunt return. And then we shall play again, all of us, and 'ave the grand time. And we will observe the Fourth of July for the sake of Abraham Lincoln. And"—he bent quickly forward—"I shall kiss you. Like this! For you are no doubt the most beautiful woman in America!"

Then she was outside, and the door was closed and Petey Dink was humming behind it, and his kiss was still warm on her lips. The hall seemed to sway and dance away from her as she hunted mistily for the stairs.

. . . .

The Personal Memoirs of Count Nikolai Krisoff were continued at breakfast. They began at dinner, the evening before, with brief interruptions for praise of the potato salad and veal loaf which Aunt DeeDee had unwittingly provided for the delectation of her titled nephew.

For now even Baxter's deepest suspicions were dispelled. She had seen letters to editors; she had seen passports old and new, adorned with photographs of Petey Dink himself; she had seen the unmistakable marks of visas, and had relinquished the firmly rooted

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

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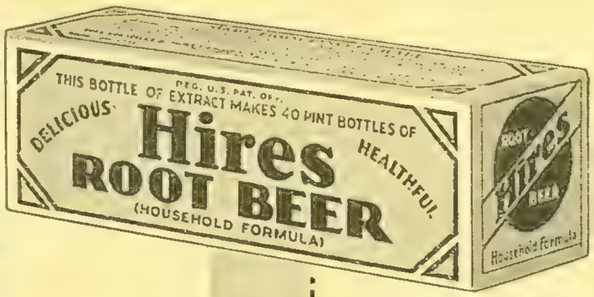

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

A COUNT NOW DUE
Continued from page eighteen

idea that a visa was some sort of a summer cottage in Italy.

The story was simple and understandable. Aunt DeeDee and Petey's mother were sisters; his father had been a member of the Russian nobility. Forced to flee from Russia after the death of his father in 1917, the young count and his mother had taken up their residence in Paris. They were very poor, said the count lugubriously, but they 'ad many friends.

And now M. Desrosiers, editor of a leading Parisian newspaper, had shipped Nikolai Krisoff to the United States in order for him to study the dubious methods of American newspapers. By his own confession, he was very talented: a position had been arranged for him in New York.

"But it is silly that I remain in such a place where I know no one, yes? You 'ave great newspapers in Chicago. . . . I shall export a cable to Desrosiers tomorrow. . . And we will all 'ave the grand time."

Marcia was sure that they would. Yes, the very, very, very grand time. . . . When she marked Mrs. Aven's milk card, late in the evening, she felt impelled to write, "The Countess Krisoff, formerly Miss Marcia Winn of Sterling, Ill.," on the margin. It took her five minutes to rub it out. She wondered what the girls down at the bank would think about that. Wouldn't believe it, of course. Not if they saw the whole thing in black and white, right on the society pages.

They had breakfast out in the yard, a tribute to Pete's gay descriptions of sidewalk cafés. There were an old table and two benches among the rear flower beds, and Baxter ruthlessly dragged forth Mrs. Aven's best lunch cloth, and Pete himself carried out the grapefruit. And the early morning sun drank silver water from the hollyhocks, and the el rumbled drowsily along Glenwood, and the slow-witted cat rubbed against Nikolai's shabby trouser leg.

Past the house they could see people strolling along the front sidewalk, bound for a splashing Fourth in the green combers of Lake Michigan.

"And we all go?" asked the count. "I 'ave brought the uniform for bathing."

Baxter, who hated cold water in quantities, was inclined to throw a little of it on this festive plan. But Marcia accepted the suggestion with tremulous joy. . . . Her bathing suit was canary yellow with a brilliant blue stripe, and her rubber cap was blue. . . . She wondered whether Petey liked canary-yellow bathing suits—whether he would still think her the most beautiful woman in America after he had seen all the other girls at the beach.

THE simple life, declared Count Nikolai! In America everything was so simple. No one would think that the man who had been an erector for one per cent of Chicago's population would be content without a staff of servants. Pete said that he himself didn't have any servants—he was lucky to have taken Desrosiers' fancy and secured this job—so he felt no reluctance about volunteering to dry the dishes. . . . He broke two of the Limoges saucers, and Baxter went upstairs to continue the epic she was inditing to Missouri cousins, and Marcia wondered how one entertained a count when all the dishes were done.

After they were in the living room, with the curtains drawn against the hot sun and a midforenoon orchestra purling in the radio, she found out.

• • • • •

Marcia thought, I would never have believed it. It would not have been true, even in a dream, when I was a kid back in Sterling High School, and went out on dates with boys in Ford coupés, and drank cokes at the drug store. If I had dreamed such a dream—that I would ever be lying in warm sand by an emerald lake, with a Russian count kissing my fingers—I would have known that I was crazy.

And even last week, down at the bank . . . just the Fourth-of-July holiday, and a new sports hat, and a date with George Surly, and a finger wave. When I told Baxter I wanted a beggar, I meant the honest truth. Petey is poor, he's so wonderful and so poor—he's everything I ever wanted—

Thank God he's poor, said Marcia Winn. . . . I wish to God he was rich, said Marcia Winn. I wish I was rich—

"FOR," said Petey, "if I were rich, we would do nothing but 'ave the things of festivity. We would invest us a donkey and go to travel those mountains I saw when I was w'izzing through the air. Like Stevensong, the author. Yes?"

"Not with a *donkey*," said Marcia decisively. "Down in Missouri they have mules. Baxter says—"

"Ph!" murmured Pete. "I admire this sweet Baxter, but she must not come for our excursions. Just for Marcia and Petey—they are all who can go. No mules. No Baxters."

Marcia said, "It would be nice . . ."

She felt that she and Count Nikolai Krisoff were children of the sun, twin children who were content to lie in their isolated sandy corner and let the teeming life of the Touhy-Estes-Greenleaf beach swarm past them unheeded. The sky was sapphire and the lake was emerald; speedboats chortled in romantic cadences; and some boy with a cracked ukulele was singing, "Living on a larger scale would soon entail a lotta carenstrife—"

"We should learn that song," whispered Petey. "'The little things in life.' That is the 'art of America!"

"You keep saying 'we.'"

"But yes! Who else should there be?"

Marcia closed her eyes against the yellow glow of that sun. This was a dream, and she didn't want to wake up. . . . This was a soft cloud, golden and sweet-smelling, encompassing her ordinary existence. Somehow or other it would be swept away. Then she would be back at the bank, bringing baskets of trust correspondence whenever Mr. Desmond asked for them. . . . Existence, when this gilded cloud had fallen beneath her, would reach its summit of bliss with George Surly and dinner at Henrici's.

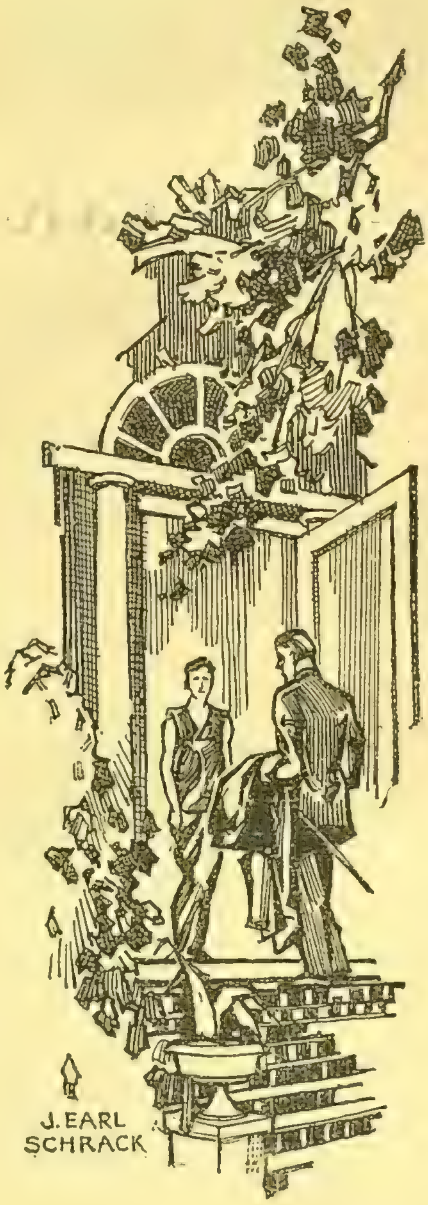
"Petey," she murmured, "let's not talk about the future. Just—*now*. Let's only think about now."

"But why?" Without his glasses he looked like some sort of a honey-colored fawn; Lake Michigan was damp in the ridiculous points of his tailored mustache. "The future—that is everything. All is change for me! My employers export me to America, I fly to Chicago, I come w'izzing through the air all day, and then I arrive in *Avenue de Morse* and find you in beautiful blue at my own Aunt DeeDee's door!"

Marcia sighed. "Oh, Petey, I'm afraid you're just an old kidder. Probably you've told that to a lot of girls. Countesses and princesses and things."

"Not among my friends are many princesses," declared Pete with stubbornness. "The Princess Baracolot, poor thing, she is very homely. And the Countess Marakyli—she loves to work in the emporium of dolls. Dolls, dolls, dolls—poor thing, all she can talk forever are cute dolls! . . . I did not ever tell any woman before that she was the most beautiful woman in America."

He stroked Marcia's arm.



"I 'ave been very busy," he said simply. "My mother and I were very poor—and my mother is very, very proud, not even to take money from Aunt DeeDee. . . . But my friends assist me to work and study. I was not able to 'ave the grand time as I would like to. Now I will enjoy one 'appy time, and then I will work very long and very much. You will not want to love me if I am not a great man."

She whispered again, "Let's just talk about—now."

"*Oui.* Then we will go for dinner with Baxter, and we will come back to this shore in the night—we will swam among the darkness. We—"

An awful remembrance swelled in Marcia's brain. She cried, "Oh—"

"But what?"

"Oh, Pete . . . I—I can't—"

His tawny eyebrows arched elaborately. "But no! You and I—"

She thought of the orchestra playing on the hotel terrace, of George Surly in his tuxedo—yes, the orchestra would be too saccharine, and George Surly would look like one of those fat sweet rolls you get at breakfast—

"Oh, hell!"

"But why?"

She managed feebly, "There's a—a fellow. George Surly. He had a date—I mean—"

PETEY was ruddy and vengeful. "So! You mean you 'ave a young man to see you this night."

"It was just a date that—Petey, I made it the other day, last week, last month—I mean, yesterday. But it was before you came." She added rather primly: "You must remember that I never met you till last night."

The Count Krisoff looked sullen.

"I'll break it," whispered Marcia.

The count scooped up a load of sand upon a broken paper plate and sifted it off again. He looked very sad now.

"I'll break it," she repeated.

"Break?"

"The date. I mean, I won't see him."

"Ah, *non!* Above all means you must see him. He is per'aps your fiancé . . ."

"If I wanted to be engaged it wouldn't be to that George Surly! . . . Petey, I won't see him tonight."

He bent very close to her. "And never. You will never see him again?"

Marcia smiled faintly . . . soft cloud, but it would soon be gone. "Never again," she breathed.

At dinner time they went home, Marcia in her gaudy beach robe, Petey looking like Noah in Mr. Aven's black raincoat.

Baxter scampered to meet them in front of Reese's drug store at Morse and Greenview. She had a newspaper folded in one hand and a bottle of olives in the other. "I came down to head you off!" Her stage

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SANITARY NAPKINS

A COUNT NOW DUE
Continued from page twenty-one

whisper was resonant with melodrama. "The folks are home! Your Uncle Paul and Aunt— Yes, they were up there with the Pages, but Mrs. Page got a sort of touch of ptomaine or something and they thought they'd better not stay over Sunday. They don't know you're here, count. I never let on, or anything. They're sitting out in the back yard and you can surprise the living daylights out of them!"

. . . . .

The procession tiptoed through the house, Marcia and Petey giving vent to surreptitious giggles. Behind the kitchen's screen door, Baxter surveyed the rear lawn. Mrs. Aven was sitting in the old green chair, rocking slowly, and talking baby talk to the yellow cat. Mr. Aven was on his knees over by the butterfly bush, doing things with a trowel. Joyfully they had relaxed upon their return.

"Coast is clear!" hissed Baxter. "Come on, Marcia." They opened the screen door and slid out upon the step. "You stay inside, count. Then they'll look up here, and I'll make a swell presentation," she whispered.

Marcia's heart beat rapidly. This whole situation was dreadfully incongruous. It wasn't right for anyone to have a first glimpse of a count while he was standing on a narrow back porch between a mop and a galvanized garbage pail. But, she thought, there isn't anything natural or ordinary about this whole business. . . . It's all strange. . . . And all wonderful.

The tones of Baxter were melting: "Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Aven!"

The president of the Laurel Hill Monument Company peered around a purple spray of butterfly bush. Mrs. Aven murmured fatly, "Mm?"

"See who's up on the porch."

They both looked. . . . "I don't see anybody," said Mr. Aven.

Baxter chirruped: "Oh, *cou*-nt."

The screen door seemed to bump itself; then was still. Nobody came out.

"Who's in there?" chuckled Mrs. Aven. She had pleasurable thoughts of Lucy Ingersoll, maybe—or Cousin Nettie Boak from Rochelle—

Baxter cried: "Come on out, or I'll tell!"

"Who in thunder?" Mr. Aven arose, quite gruntingly, and soiled about the knees.

"It's your nephew!"

The yard was suddenly very quiet.

"My what?" repeated Paul Aven.

Something turned over in Marcia Winn's throat. She shivered. She thought: No, no. He's there; it's true —it's— *Soft cloud, encompassing her ordinary existence—*

"But," said Mrs. Aven, "we haven't got any nephew!"

BEFORE them all, Marcia was at the steps. She heard the gargling yelp which Baxter gave, she felt a slow and portentous advance of Avens. Then she was flying up the steps, she had torn open the screen; the kitchen and dining room and living room were indefinite blurs which got in her way with their carpets and stools and furniture.

Her feet pounded the front stairs, rubbery little thuds of damp bathing shoes, and she was crying in her throat. . . .

Pete's door was closed, and behind it someone seemed doing a lot of moving around.

"Let me come in! Let me in there!"

"No!" cried Petey.

Marcia wailed, "You must—you must *tell* me! . . . They're coming—"

"But . . . I 'ave no clothes upon me!" Pete's voice was as agonized as her own.

Marcia twisted at the knob. She heard people piling through the rooms downstairs . . . heard Baxter's cry, grim and harrowing: "*Mar-shuh!*" . . .

"I don't care anything about clothes," she sobbed. "Oh, how *could* you—"

Then a pale Arab in a pink rayon bedspread had opened the door for her, and she had slid inside, and the Arab had locked the door again. His bathing suit was a damp pile upon the floor, and his traveling bag had been jerked to the center of the room—things were hanging out of it.

"I must go," he said with finality. "I must go because I am crazy!"

Marcia's mouth kept quivering. "Tell me why you did it." People were coming up the front stairway, coming rapidly and noisily.

"*Mon Dieu!* What can I say? You leave me inside the door of wire, I look through and what do I see? . . . I know them not at all. *Mon Dieu*—I am crazy. Where are my Aunt DeeDee? Nowhere. Who are these people? Not at all! I must flee away, I must ship myself, I must run before I go mad!" His eyes seemed very dark and hopeless, and he clutched the bedspread with whitened knuckles.

Mr. Paul Aven beat upon the door. Beyond that thunderous knock, Marcia and Petey could hear the rapid chitter-chatter of Baxter's voice, enlightening Mrs. Aven as to facts in general: "Said he was a Russian count from the revolution, and even talked about Mr. Aven and the tombstones, and how you were his dear Aunt DeeDee and—"

"Open—that—door!"

PETEY appealed to Marcia with his eyes. . . . She sighed and shook her head. "Just a moment," she called over her shoulder. She said, "Oh, Petey, I want to—"

"Open—that—!"

"I don't care about the count part of it," said Marcia, "but I want to know whether the rest was true."

He breathed very rapidly, staring into her eyes. "You mean—?"

"About us. About me being the most— You know. Everything you —you said to me."

"You will not see that man tonight? You will break him?"

"Yes. Oh, yes! . . . Tell me—"

He had grown around her, strong bare arms flinging out from beneath the silly vestments, his face alive and beaming once more. "*Oui!* But I will come back and find you again, even though I run away now. For you are—" He kissed her savagely, once, and then pushed her away. "Now," he declared, "I will be very brave. I will face them with no awful fear!"

He unlocked the door, and dodged deftly before the fleshy rush of Mr. Aven. . . . Mrs. Aven was rather pearl-colored about the gills, saying, "Why—why—why —why," her glasses sparkling with alarm. Beside her, Jennie Baxter menaced with the bottle of olives and the rolled newspaper which she had been too excited to relinquish.

"Well!" Mr. Aven glared at the count. "I never saw you before in my life. What's the idea of coming into my house and telling these girls—? Say, what are you? Who are you, anyway?"

Petey said politely, "I am Nikolai Krisoff. Per'aps I should say Count Nik—"

"Count, hell!"

"Pauly," declared Mrs. Aven, "don't you stand there and argue with this—this— You go right downstairs and call the police!"

The count bowed, and held up his hand. "One moment. Some mistake 'as come about. If you will pardon, I will try to what you call—"

"Yeah?" growled Baxter. "What-you-call-it is right! I should have known you were phony all along. It's a wonder to me that Marcia and I weren't ravaged right

NEXT WEEK—

Will
AMERICANS
and the
ENGLISH
EVER
UNDERSTAND
Each Other?

By

WINSTON
CHURCHILL

here in our beds! What you need is a good—" Then she dropped both the olive bottle and the newspaper upon the bed, and sat down in a chair and began to cry.

Conveniently, kindly, as is the habit with tightly constricted papers, the newspaper unrolled itself. From where she was standing, Marcia Winn could see the black type very plainly. A box on the front page:

COUNT MAY ARRIVE—
BUT HAVEN ISN'T
COUNTING ON IT

When is a count not a count, or what to do when royalty doesn't arrive.

That's what's worrying P. R. Haven, noted builder and architect, who yesterday received a telegram purporting to announce the early arrival in Chicago of Haven's nephew, the Count Nicholas Krisoff of Paris.

Since then Mr. Haven has been scouring the town, guarding railway stations and what not, but thus far his private detectives haven't been able to make the raise of a single count, let alone a stray earl or duke.

"Nothing for publication," said the millionaire builder, when reporters stormed his luxurious roof bungalow at 1123 Lake Shore Drive, in an attempt to interview him.

Through various leaks in the household, not to say talkative servants, it was learned that Mr. Haven now doubts the authenticity of the telegram. The Count Krisoff, he believes, is safe at home in Gay Paree.

And if nobody hears any more from any counts the hired Sherlocks will be counted off. And to the practical joker who sent the telegram Mr. Haven can murmur, "Count me out from now on."

And that ends the account.

. . . . .

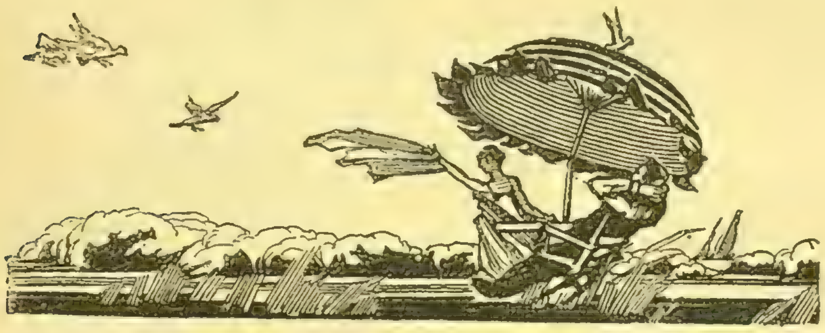
"Pronounce it again," ordered Marcia. "H-A-V-E-N. HUHaven. . . . Now you say it."

"Aven," said Pete.

"You can't pronounce at all, Petey."

"But yes. For that one I am impotent. When it is H, to say nothing of A, I must give myself up. But 'th' I can say. . . . Observe. Th, th, th, th, th! . . . I do it well, eh?"

THE END



TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is heliotherapy?

2—What is aviculture?

3—What country forms the western boundary of Sweden?

4—When it is noon in New York what time is it in San Francisco?

5—What does the Greek word *eureka* mean?

6—Who was the first king of Israel?

7—What is variola?

8—What is astrophobia?

9—Who was called the Jersey Lily?

10—What was the American soldiers' slogan in the Spanish-American War?

11—Who is regarded as the patron saint of music?

12—What is bathos?

13—What is a surtax?

14—What is the source of "A soft answer turneth away wrath"?

15—What armies engaged in the Battle of Marathon?

16—What is a lectern?

17—Who was the first Vice President of the United States?

18—What letters of the Greek alphabet correspond to s and l in English?

19—What organ produces bile?

20—What metal is liquid at ordinary temperatures?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-nine)

Karl Godwin 31

*"Then puff, puff, puff,
For care is all stuff."*
—HERMAN MELVILL

"All set"
—with Granger!

The truth ...facts!
1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
3 Sweet to the End—No Soggy Heel
4 Made by Wellman's Method—an 1870 Tobacco Secret
Load on the installment plan; pack tight.

A cooler smoke, a drier pipe, a longer-lasting smoke per bowlful, a richer flavor and more of it . . . and on top of all, the *smoothest* smoke that ever floated out of a bowl!

A large order? Maybe . . . but Granger fills the bill. Rich and fragrant, those shaggy, slow-burning flakes; our secret Wellman Method smoothes out and "seals in" *all* the natural taste.

So load up with Granger and you're all set—for the smoke that *IS* a smoke!

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GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

MADE AND CUT FOR PIPES

ROYALTY and

Maurice Chevalier's New Picture and Some Other Films

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Miriam Hopkins, Maurice Chevalier, and Claudette Colbert form a smiling trio in The Smiling Lieutenant.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE SMILING LIEUTENANT

CAST

Niki	Maurice Chevalier
Franzi	Claudette Colbert
Princess Anna	Miriam Hopkins
Max	Charles Ruggles
King Adolf XV	George Barbier
Emperor	Con MacSunday
Orderly	Hugh O'Connell
Baroness von Schwedel	Elizabeth Patterson
Count von Halden	Harry Bradley

Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.
Produced by Paramount.

THE familiar bitter-sweet charm of old prewar Vienna colors the newest effort of that happy Teutonic-Gallic team of Ernst Lubitsch and Maurice Chevalier. If The Smiling Lieutenant is not better than The Love Parade, their first music film of love in royal raiment, it at least stands comparison very well.

Vienna in the old glamorous days when Franz Josef rode leisurely down the boulevards every pleasant afternoon may never have been the city of love, song, and wine it has been painted—but it is too late now to correct the impression. The Smiling Lieutenant is in the best spirit of the legend.

This melodic romance is based on Oscar Straus' A Waltz Dream, once charmingly filmed in Berlin back in 1925 by Mady Christian and Willy Fritsch. Vienna in Maytime—and Niki, lieutenant in the emperor's palace guards, is forced into an arranged marriage with the princess of a small mountain kingdom. Unfortunately Niki is in love with the vivacious violinist of a summer-garden orchestra, and the prim, dowdy country princess seems dull indeed to the gay philanderer.

Chevalier is Niki, of course, and he plays him with just the right touch of verve and charm. It is Miriam Hopkins, however, who will surprise you as the petulant, proud little princess who blossoms out in order to hold her Niki. Miss Hopkins, who hails from Bainbridge, Georgia, is new to the films, but she was a hit last season on the Broadway stage in the revival of the Greek drama, Lysistrata, playing the wife who wouldn't stay on strike.

You realize the size of her hit when you find Miss Hopkins as the unworldly little princess of Flausenthurm topping the warmth of Claudette Colbert's sprightly performance of the loving violinist who always pins a garter to her farewell notes.

The direction of Herr Lubitsch is adroit and intelligent. With a synchronized score and songs that are part of the narrative, this Straus operetta is smartly developed along the lines of The Love Parade. It is strange that no one else has tried to further this sort of song romance.

The film has some brilliant moments, as during one song, when Lubitsch cuts back and forth from Niki and his Franzi to the princess confiding in her court ladies.

★ ★ ★ DADDY LONG LEGS

CAST

Judy Abbott	Janet Gaynor
Jervis Pendleton	Warner Baxter
Sally McBride	Una Merkel
Jimmy McBride	John Arledge
Mrs. Lippett	Elizabeth Patterson
Mrs. Pendleton	Kathlyn Williams
Gloria Pendleton	Sheila Mannors
Riggs	Claude Gillingwater
Miss Pritchard	Louise Closser Hale
Mrs. Semple	Effie Ellsler

Directed by Alfred Santell.
Produced by Fox.

This romance by Jean Webster, written nineteen years ago, served Ruth Chatterton behind the footlights and Mary Pickford in the old silent-film days of 1919.

Now the wistful-eyed Janet Gaynor is starred as the orphan-asylum Cinderella who becomes the graduating-class valedictorian of a smart girls' school.

Daddy Long Legs hardly can be called a slice of life. Jervis Pendleton lives in a great mansion guarded by massive marble lions. Judy is a little, lonely, downtrodden slavey.

Pendleton, as an asylum trustee, is struck by the girl's courage when she flares bravely back at the matron. So he sends her to college and falls in love.

He is a bachelor recluse and he fears that his protégée cannot love one so elderly, he being fully forty.

All this, I must report, is a pleasant fabrication, remote from reality. Still, thanks to Miss Gaynor's melting emotional moods, it is frequently moving and tender.

ROMANCE

Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in a revival of Daddy Long Legs.

Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels in a mystery play, The Maltese Falcon.

Warner Baxter is the shy millionaire, a departure from his current rôles of gay Mexicans.

★ ★ THE MALTESE FALCON

CAST

Ruth Wonderly	Bebe Daniels
Sam Spade	Ricardo Cortez
Gutman	Dudley Digges
Effie	Una Merkel
Detective Dundy	Robert Elliott
Polhaus	J. Farrell MacDonald
Cairo	Otto Mathiesen
District Attorney	Oscar Apfel
Archer	Walter Long

Directed by Roy Del Ruth.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

This mystery yarn of the quest for a priceless figure of a black falcon, studded with rare gems and missing since the Crusades, brought a great deal of critical acclaim to Dashiell Hammett.

Hot after the precious curio, worth some two millions, is a band of international crooks. So, too, is a beautiful and soulless vampire, on a free-lance pursuit of her own. She involves a handsome private detective in the series of murders that follow.

The story, being complicated and necessitating the holding back of a lot of facts from the audience, is a little puzzling, but Ricardo Cortez, as the unscrupulous, unyielding secret investigator, and Bebe Daniels, as the lovely siren whose smile means a trip to the morgue, give it a real interest.

I like to quote press agents upon their products. The publicity men describe The Maltese Falcon this way:

"He wanted her for murder! She wanted him for love!"

There you have the story in a couple of nutshells, as Andy would say.

Do you know that—

Universal is to film Remarque's The Road Back, probably with James Whale, the man who made Journey's End, directing? . . . Tallulah Bankhead's next will be My Sin, with Fredric March opposite? . . . Ernst Lubitsch next will direct Emil Jannings in The Man I Killed? . . . That means Jannings is coming back to Hollywood?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Always Goodbye, Women of All Nations, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali.

The Toughest FIVE

A Hair-Raising Tale of a Famous Marine Who Barely Lived to Tell It

By

SMEDLEY D. BUTLER
Major General, United States
Marine Corps

Opinions or assertions contained herein are private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.
(Signed) S. D. BUTLER.

Pictures by HERBERT M. STOOPS

(Reading time: 10 minutes 30 seconds.)

A .45-CALIBER Colt suddenly was thrust at my midriff.

My eyes moved, after a second or two, from the instrument of death to the hand that held it. It was steady. Then to the face. It was hard and determined. Then to the man himself. He was tall, lean, and gawky. I recognized him as a general in the army of the Nicaraguan revolutionists; a mercenary from a neighboring republic.

This was, without a doubt, his big moment.

About him, with rifles at charge bayonet, were grouped some 600 to 800 rebels, soldiers of his army. Behind them milled about a thousand or more men, women, and children, rebel sympathizers and residents of Leon, one of the big cities of Nicaragua, with a population then of about 30,000 to 40,000. Some were armed with rifles, shotguns, and revolvers; others with clubs, knives, and stones. There was considerable excitement, much shouting and yelling, and some wild, aimless shooting. At several windows near by I could see machine guns, all trained in my direction. Everyone seemed to be spoiling for a fight. At any rate, the Nicaraguans were waiting to see what one of these cocky, hard-boiled marines would do when one of their own swashbuckling generals had the drop on him.

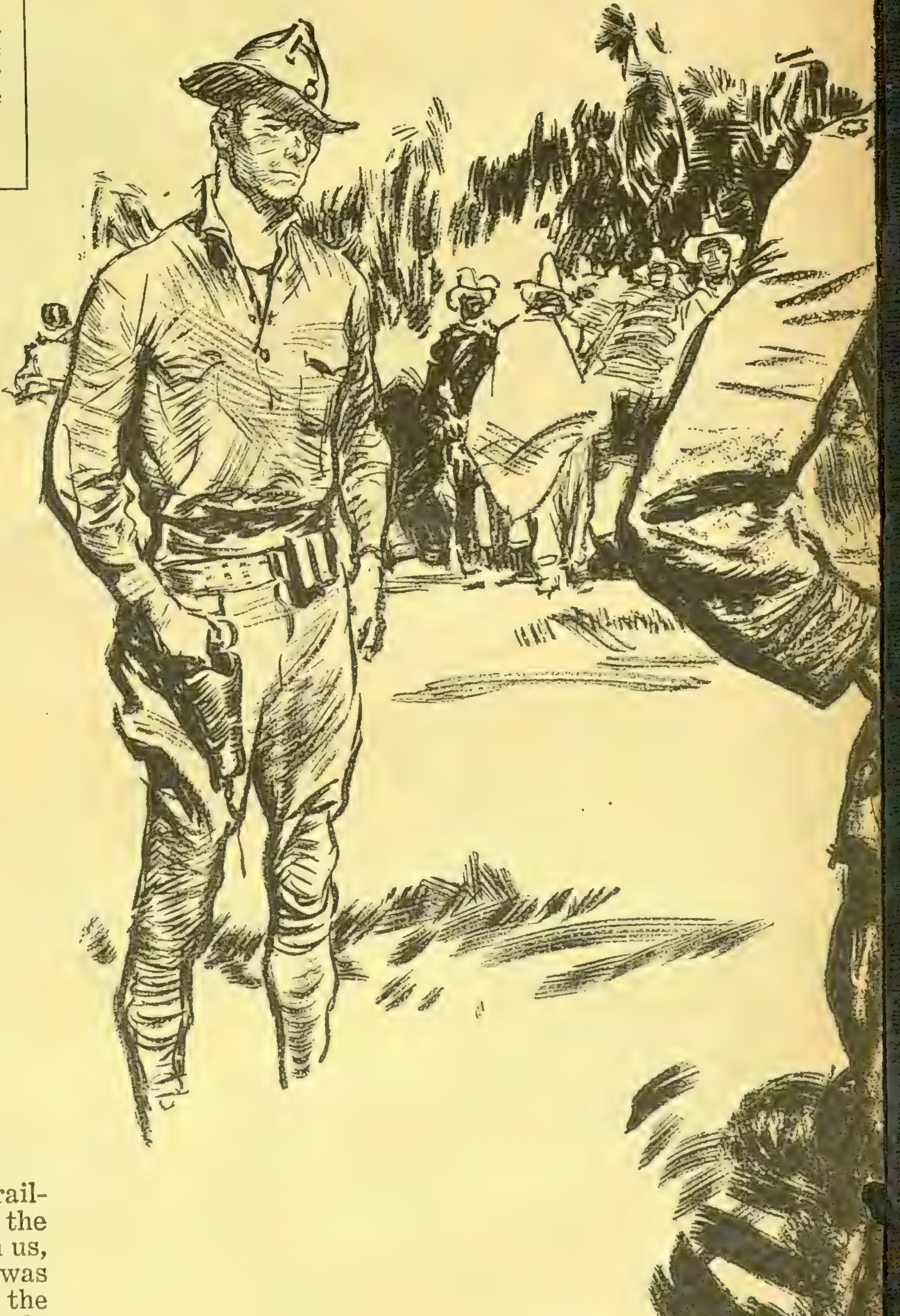
I was then a major. I have never carried firearms, but my orderly, Private Kreager, who was with me, acted as my gun bearer. He was at my right, about five feet away.

The two of us were standing at the end of the 200-foot, long steel railroad bridge that carries the railroad line across a river into Leon. Partway across the trestle and moving with military precision away from us, although with an all too occasional glance backward, was Lieutenant Conger, acting under my instructions. At the other end of the span was our train, steam up and ready to move. On its two flat cars and in its one passenger coach were fifty marines and twice as many bluejackets. Up a mountain side, half a mile behind this train, was another marine-operated locomotive with its quota of two flats and one coach—and fifty marines.

That was the background.

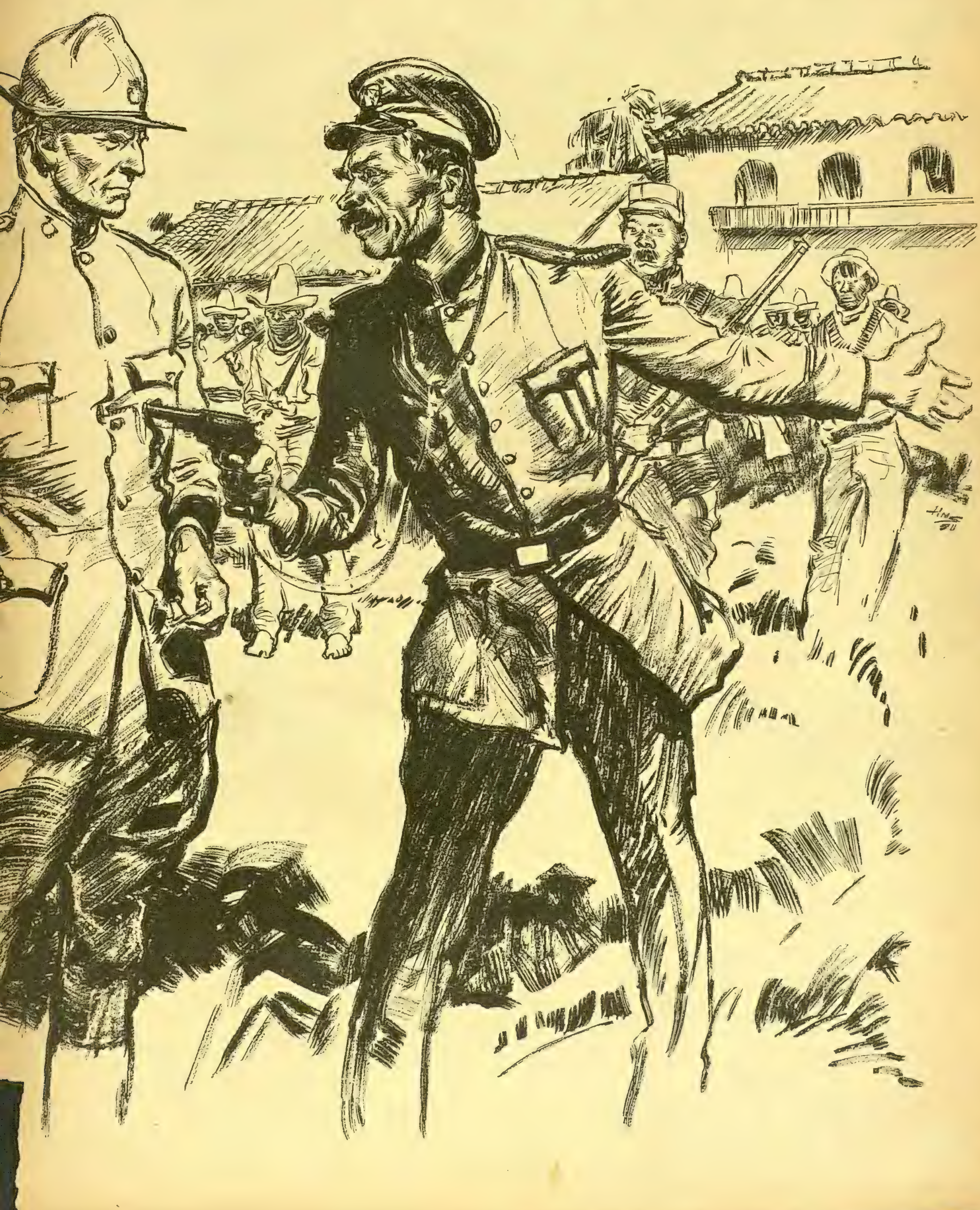
This was a new situation for me and I didn't like it. I felt silly. I have been under fire scores of times; I have been shot at often; I have been wounded in battle; I have been ambuscaded; I have been surrounded by hostiles; I have been attacked under cover of darkness in a strange

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]



"IF the train moves, I kill you!" He followed his threat with a speech, directed at me, but really for the benefit of his soldiers and their sympathizers.

Minutes *of MY LIFE*



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THE TOUGHEST FIVE MINUTES OF MY LIFE

Continued from page twenty-six

land by forces superior to ours in number. But this was different. It was the most trying situation in which I ever had found myself, before or since—the toughest "spot" in my thirty-three years in the marines.

I was nervous, but I couldn't afford to show it. I had to do something. I nonchalantly lit a cigarette.

Still the general held the gun at my vitals and kept his own counsel.

Not knowing what else to do, I tried conversation. I informed the rebel general we had no interest in their war; that we were neutral. I told him his army would have to remove the stone barricade they had laid across the trestle tracks earlier in the morning. We wanted to cross and I would soon give the signal for the train to proceed, I concluded.

He still said nothing, but moved the gun a bit closer. Finally I asked:

"Well, what are you going to do?"

In a loud voice and in broken English he responded:

"If the train moves, I kill you!"

IT was "hot stuff" for him and he wasn't going to let the opportunity pass without impressing his followers with his disdain and contempt for American marines. He followed his threat with a speech, directed at me, but really for the benefit of his soldiers and their sympathizers. Although a Honduran by birth, he orated, he had come to love all Nicaraguans. He felt like one of them. In fact, he was ready to die for Nicaragua; all he wished was the assurance that he would be buried with the Nicaraguan flag draped about his body. I told him I hoped to see his wish gratified—promptly.

I lit another cigarette, adjusted my hat, flicked a speck of dust from a coat sleeve. I was sparring for time—all the while trying to think—to plan a way out of this ridiculous position. Plans of action flashed across my mind—

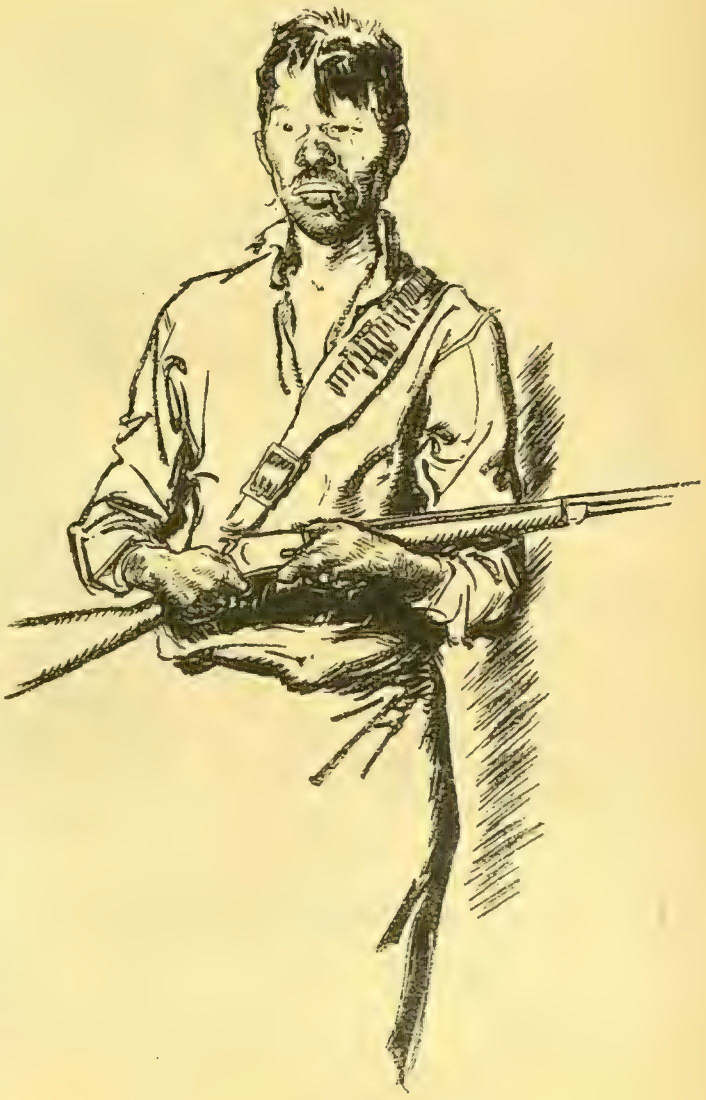
I could signal to Kreager to shoot the general. That would start a fight. The Nicaraguans were in a mood, at the moment, even to fight marines. I didn't want a battle. Our mission was to protect American lives and to observe a strict neutrality. We had definite instructions to shoot only if attacked. Besides, I had been given orders to open, immediately, the railroad between the capital, Managua, scene of the recent tragic earthquake, and Corinto, the Pacific seaport.

I thought of this—the gun still menacing me—and told Kreager to keep the revolver in his holster.

I could take a quick swing to the general's jaw, but this, too, would start a fight. I could make the grand gesture, signal for the train to start over and get shot myself.

I took another glance at the Colt and ruled out this idea. I didn't want to die.

I could retreat—and marines sometimes do retreat, if for strategic purposes only. I could not afford to back down. To do so would bring ridicule upon us, and then the natives would



lose the wholesome respect and fear they had for the marines. Our future usefulness there would be impaired. Our efforts to bring peace to this land then, as often before and since, torn by revolt, would be futile.

All these possible moves were discarded as quickly as conceived.

Conger, in the meantime, had crossed the bridge and stood at the cab of the locomotive, waiting for my signal. He realized my predicament, but "orders are orders" to a marine, and he didn't attempt to move the train.

By this time it seemed to me it was the general's move. Why didn't he do something? He apparently liked his pose—gun in hand—a marine officer at bay.

The natives already were becoming restless. They expected a fight or a show of some sort—and nothing was happening.

I looked the crowd over carefully. I always have been pretty good at glaring and scowling. In fact, I have something of a reputation in the Marine Corps as a scowler. And often it has come in good stead. At that time I was known to many in Nicaragua as the marine with the "evil eyes." I had been ill, extremely feverish, and my eyes were bloodshot and partly closed. That im-

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(1) Stops toothache instantly,
(2) Cleanses and protects cavity,
(3) Retards further decay,
(4) Destroys offensive odor.

Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25¢. Made for 40 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

DENT'S
TOOTHACHE GUM

proved my scowl. I think Nicaraguan mothers used to frighten their children by telling them if they misbehaved they would call the marine with the "evil eyes." As a matter of fact, a nickname sometimes applied to me, "Gimlet-Eye," is merely the Marines' broad (and politic) interpretation for "evil eyes." So I glared at those nearest to me in the mob. Some few of them believed I was giving them the evil eye and became a bit fidgety. I then glared at the Honduran mercenary. Apparently he had not heard the rumors of the baneful effects of my scowls, for his hand remained steady, the gun in a position where it might do the most damage, and he returned scowl for scowl and glare for glare.

Then, an idea! I realized my only hope was to make this general appear ridiculous; to make his soldiers and followers laugh at him. Something had to be done to turn the tables—a sort of comic-strip effect that would relieve the tension; make the crowd forget its anger; why it had assembled; what it was waiting for. To replace the present picture—one of their own leaders holding up a marine—with a presto! change! bold, marine-like move. So, as suddenly as he had thrust the gun at me, I decided upon my course, and—

LET the clock tick off the seconds while I explain how I had come to find myself in this predicament.

We had been stationed in Panama in 1912, when, on August 11, we received orders to speed to Nicaragua. We sailed that day, landed in Corinto three days later, seized two trains, and reached Managua to find it quiet, the Legation unharmed, and its officials going about their business. In the meantime, Washington continued to be worried about the situation, for soon we heard that Admiral Sutherland, in command of the Pacific fleet, was on his way to Corinto with reënforcements. On August 24 word reached us that the cruiser Denver had docked at Corinto and that the admiral desired a personal report of conditions at the capital. We also were instructed to open the railroad from Managua to the coast, so that additional troops could be sped to the former city.

I was the senior Marine Corps officer in Managua and I issued orders to "make up" two trains for a prompt start. One train consisted of two flat cars, a day coach, and a small wood-burning locomotive, with Lieutenant Conger, an engineering graduate of the University of Iowa, at the throttle and with marines as the crew. A second train was made up, with Lieutenant Wirgman in charge, to serve as a possible rescue column for us.

At midnight, August 28, we moved out of Managua.

About 7:30 the following morning, after the usual difficulty with torn-up rails (that's an old rebel custom in Central America), we reached the big trestle that leads into Leon. There we were met by about 200 rebels—and a barricade across the tracks. Dobie stones had been piled high on the tracks. The train stopped. I hopped off from my perch on the front end of the leading flat, and informed the rebels they would have to move the stones. I pointed up the hill where Lieutenant Wirgman had halted the second train, and told them we had 500 marines on that train—marines just aching to fight. That worked. The rebels lost their nerve and retreated across the bridge. Our men moved the stones, but we were afraid to send the train across the span lest the rebels had removed bolts from the understructure so that the weight of the train would send it down to the river below.

Lieutenant Conger and I, with Kreager, decided to cross on foot and examine the structure as we went. Across the 200-foot span we trudged, to find it intact. On the other side we found a regular fort, the rebel general and his army and sympathizers, the tracks again blocked by a pile of stones. I thought the best thing was to bluff this bunch, as we had the smaller detachment on the other side of the river, for we were most anxious to get into Corinto. Accordingly I told Lieutenant Conger to go back to the train and as soon as the barricade had been moved, I would wave my hand as a signal for the train to start.

Conger left and I was alone with Kreager.

I told the rebel general to instruct his men to move the stones.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A little more precision . . . A lot better result

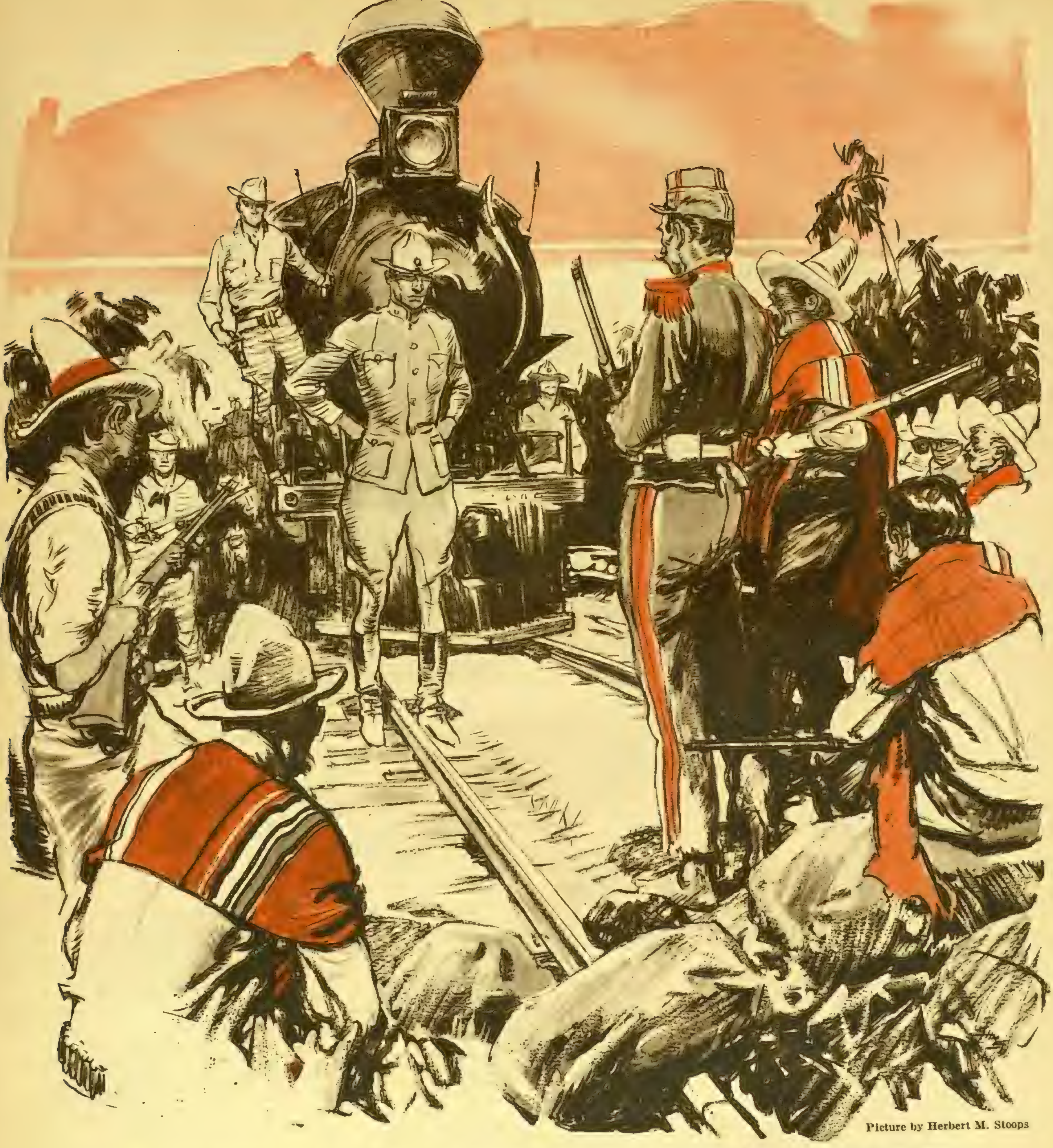
FORTUNES are at stake when the surveyor plunges through uncharted trails with transit and level. In map making or laying out a railroad—as in most activities—precision counts. Shave with the new Valet blade and you shave with a fine precision instrument. This blade is built with extreme care to exacting high standards and holds the preference of metallurgists and dermatologists. Learn how Valet shaving helps keep your skin clear. Buy a package of Valet blades today—and the Valet AutoStrop razor if you haven't one.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.

VALET AutoStrop BLADES

VALET AutoStrop

RAZORS AND BLADES



Picture by Herbert M. Stoops

The train stopped. I hopped off and informed the rebels they would have to move the stones.

THE TOUGHEST FIVE MINUTES OF MY LIFE

Continued from page twenty-nine

It was then that he drew the revolver from the lanyard around his neck and pushed it at me.

The seconds and minutes have ticked off—

Suddenly I grabbed the gun from his hand by a quick, jerky motion. Quickly I opened the chamber. Dramatically I dumped the cartridges on the ground. With a flourish, I handed the empty gun back to him.

While he stood, dumfounded, I waved my hand and the marines and Jackies started across the bridge.

The effect of this bit of theatrics was to cause the soldiers, in their utter surprise at this strange and unexpected turn of events, to drop the rifles from the charge bayonet position in which they had been held during the past five minutes. Their mouths opened in astonishment. Someone laughed at the discomfiture of their general, who stood, empty gun in hand, a silly expression on his face, and doing nothing. The laughter spread. It became general. The natives had come for a show and they had witnessed one. This was fun, they decided. They promptly forgot what had been on their minds a minute before. As the marine train moved across the bridge, the natives began to clear away the barricade. The general just stood there—flabbergasted.

In a moment the train was across. I " invited " the rebel general to sit in the engine cab with me as insurance for our safe passage through Leon.

" If one shot is fired at us," I told him, " you will be killed."

Then, turning to Lieutenant Archer Vandergrift (now a major), I winked and said:

" If anyone fires a shot at us, shoot this man and bury him with a Nicaraguan flag draped about his body."

And on to Corinto we went.

THE END

A daring young aviator told me, "My ideal girl has courage, first of all. Then she's likeable and *natural*—with a clear, fresh skin that looks nice even with all the make-up blown off!"

IS HIS *Dream Girl*...YOU?

94 out of 100 bachelors, interviewed during the past few months, told me, "The wife I'm looking for is *natural*."

Are you the kind of girl these men describe—with the *natural* charm of a nice complexion? Or have "beauty" experiments given your skin a slightly hothouse, artificial look?

Let me tell you what medical authorities have to say about skin care.

73 dermatologists approve Camay

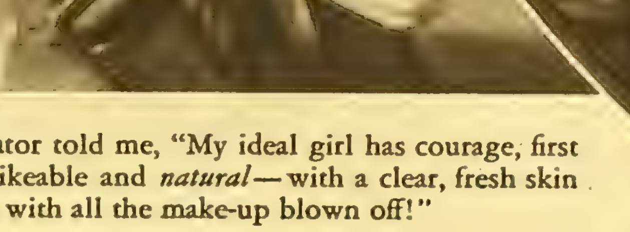
73 dermatologists (doctors who specialize in skin treatment) advise regular soap-and-water cleansing; and approve Camay as an unusually gentle soap, safe for even delicate skins.

No other soap has such medical approval! It means that you can safely trust your precious complexion to Camay's soothing gentleness.

Try Camay for a week. Revel in its sculptured smoothness, its deep-piled fragrant lather. How exquisitely soft your skin is after Camay's use—how fresh and clean!

Can't you see it a little more clearly, there in your mirror—the *natural* charm men love to dream about?

Helen Chase



CAMAY

for the fresh NATURAL skin men admire

The PERIL at END

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 28 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the mystery which closed in around Magdala ("Nick") Buckley, while she was at her summer home, End House, in St. Loo, England. The great detective Poirot and his friend Hastings came, among other visitors, to the near-by hotel.

Poirot was disturbed to hear that several unexplained accidents had threatened Nick's life. It was on his advice that Nick's cousin, Maggie Buckley, paid her a visit.

At an evening party a shot was heard. A figure lay prone, wrapped in Nick's bright shawl!

PART FOUR—BEWILDERMENT

I SUPPOSE it was not more than forty seconds that we stood there, frozen with horror, unable to move, but it seemed like an hour.

Then Poirot moved forward, shaking off my hand. He moved stiffly, like an automaton.

"It has happened," he murmured, and I can hardly describe the anguished bitterness of his voice. "In spite of everything—in spite of my precautions—it has happened. Ah, miserable criminal that I am, why did I not guard her better? I should have foreseen, yes—I should have foreseen. Not for one instant should I have left her side."

"You mustn't blame yourself," I said.

My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth and I could hardly articulate.

Poirot responded only with a sorrowful shake of his head. He knelt down by the body.

And at that moment we received a second shock.

For Nick's voice rang out, clear and gay, and a moment later Nick appeared in the square of the window, silhouetted against the lighted room behind.

"Sorry I've been so long, Maggie," she said, "but—"

Then she broke off, staring at the scene before her.

With a sharp exclamation Poirot turned over the body on the lawn and I pressed forward to see.

I looked down into the dead face of Maggie Buckley.

In another minute Nick was beside us. She gave a sharp cry.

"Maggie! Oh, Maggie! It—it can't—"

Poirot was still examining the girl's body. At last, very slowly, he rose to his feet.

"Is she—is—" Nick's voice broke off.

"Yes, mademoiselle. She is dead."

"But why? But why? Who could have wanted to kill *her?*"

Poirot's reply came quickly and firmly.

"It was not her they meant to kill, mademoiselle! It was *you!* They were misled by the shawl."

A great cry broke from Nick.

"Why couldn't it have been me?" she wailed. "Oh, why couldn't it have been me? I'd so much rather. I don't want to live—*now.* I'd be glad—willing—happy—to die."

She flung up her arms wildly and then staggered slightly. I passed an arm round her quickly to support her.

"Take her into the house, Hastings," said Poirot, "then ring up the police."

"The police?"

"*Mais oui!* Tell them someone has been shot. And afterward stay with Mademoiselle Nick. On no account leave her."

I nodded comprehension of these instructions, and, supporting the half-fainting girl, made my way through the drawing-room window.

I laid the girl on the sofa there, with a cushion under her head, and then hurried out into the hall in search of the telephone.

I gave a slight start on almost running into Ellen. She was standing there with a most peculiar expression on her meek, respectable face.

Her eyes were glittering and she was passing her tongue repeatedly over her dry lips. Her hands were trembling, as though with excitement. As soon as she saw me, she spoke.

"Has—has anything happened, sir?"

"Yes," I said curtly. "Where's the telephone?"

"Nothing—nothing wrong, sir?"

"There's been an accident," I said evasively. "Somebody hurt. I must telephone."

"Who has been hurt, sir?"

There was a positive eagerness in her face.

"Miss Buckley. Miss Maggie Buckley."

"Miss Maggie? Miss *Maggie?* Are you sure, sir? I mean are you sure that—that it's Miss Maggie?"

"I'm quite sure," I said. "Why?"

"Oh—nothing. I—I thought it might be one of the other ladies. I thought perhaps it might be—Mrs. Rice."

"Look here," I said, "where's the telephone?"

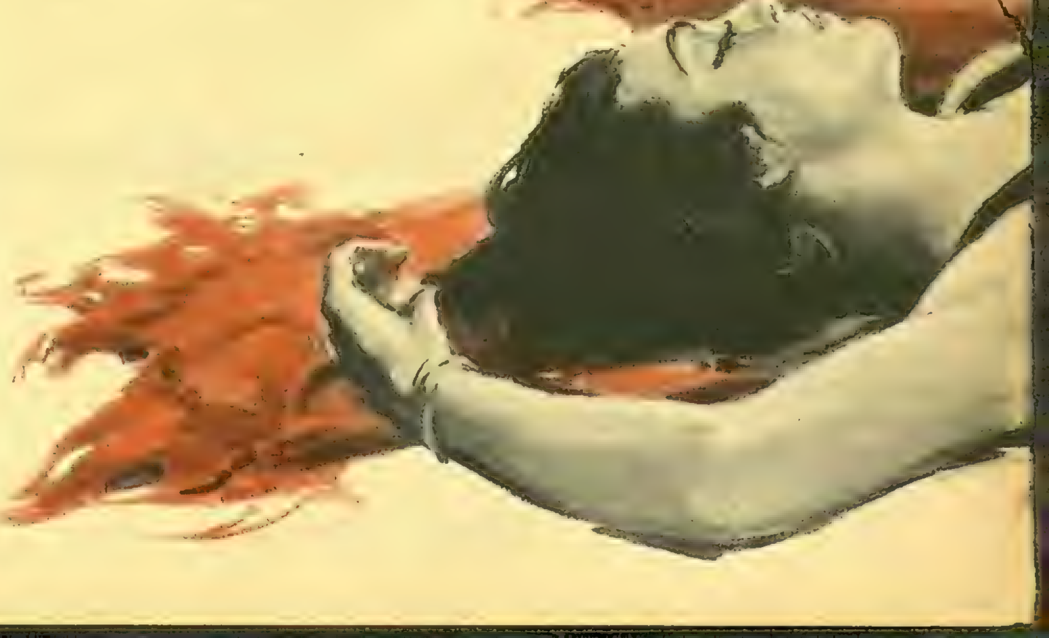
"It's in the little room here, sir."

She opened the door for me and indicated the instrument.

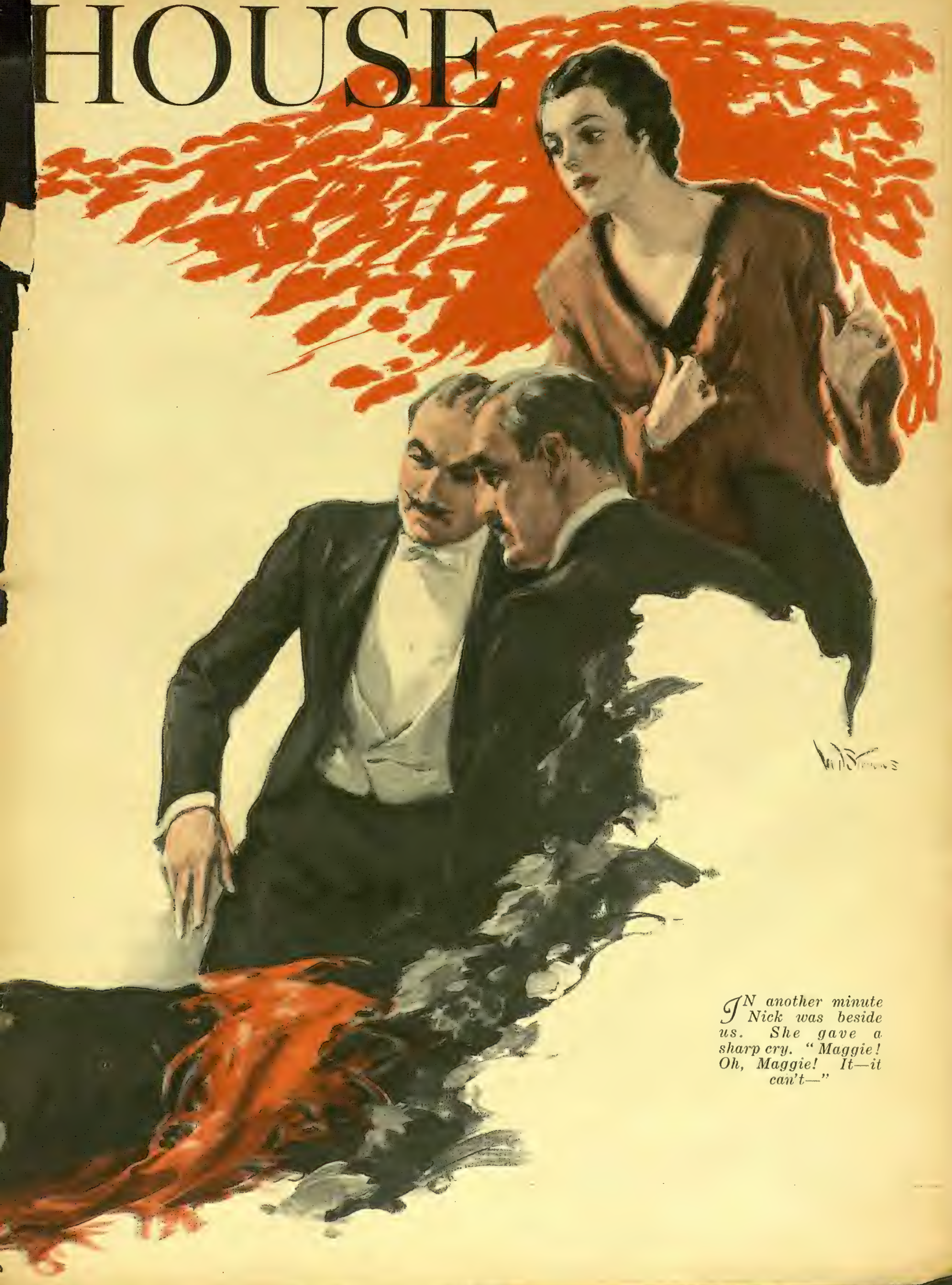
"Thanks," I said.

And, as she seemed disposed to linger, I added, "That's all I want, thank you."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]



HOUSE



IN another minute Nick was beside us. She gave a sharp cry. "Maggie! Oh, Maggie! It—it can't—"

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page thirty-two

"If you want Dr. Graham—"

"No, no," I said. "That's all. Go, please."

She withdrew reluctantly, as slowly as she dared. In all probability she would listen outside the door, but I could not help that. After all, she would soon know all there was to be known.

I got the police station and made my report. Then, on my own initiative, I rang up the Dr. Graham Ellen had mentioned.

I found his number in the book. Nick, at any rate, should have medical attention I felt, even though a doctor could do nothing for that poor girl lying out there. He promised to come at once, and I hung up the receiver and came out into the hall again. If Ellen had been listening outside the door she had managed to disappear very swiftly. There was no one in sight when I came out.

I went back into the drawing-room. Nick was trying to sit up.

"Do you think—could you get me—some brandy?"

"Of course."

I hurried into the dining room, found what I wanted, and came back.

A few sips of the spirit revived the girl. The color began to come back into her cheeks. I rearranged the cushion for her head.

"It's all—so awful." She shivered. "Everything—everywhere."

"I know, my dear, I know."

"No, you don't. You can't! And it's all such a *waste*. If it only were me. It would be all over. . . ."

"You mustn't," I said, "be morbid."

She only shook her head, reiterating: "You don't know! You don't *know!*"

Then, suddenly, she began to cry. A quiet, hopeless sobbing, like a child.

That, I thought, was probably the best thing for her, so I made no effort to stem her tears.

When their first violence had died down a little, I stole across to the window and looked out. I had heard an outcry of voices a few minutes before.

They were all there by now, a semicircle round the scene of the tragedy, with Poirot, like a fantastical sentinel, keeping them back.

As I watched, two uniformed figures came striding across the grass.

The police had arrived.

I WENT quietly back to my place by the sofa. Nick lifted her tear-stained face.

"Oughtn't I to be doing something?"

"No, my dear. Poirot will see to it. Leave it to him."

Nick was silent for a minute or two, then she said:

"Poor Maggie. Poor dear old Maggie. Such a good sort, who never harmed a soul in her life. That this should happen to *her*.

"I feel as though I'd killed her—bringing her down in the way that I did."

I shook my head sadly. How little one can foresee the future.

When Poirot insisted on Nick's inviting a friend, how little did he think that he was signing an unknown girl's death warrant.

We sat in silence.

I longed to know what was going on outside, but I loyally fulfilled Poirot's instructions and stuck to my post.

It seemed hours later when the door opened and Poirot and a police inspector entered the room. With them came a man who was evidently Dr. Graham. He came over at once to Nick.

"And how are you feeling, Miss Buckley? This must have been a terrible shock."

His fingers were on her pulse.

"Not too bad."

He turned to me.

"Has she had anything?"

"Some brandy," I said.

"I'm all right," said Nick bravely.

"Able to answer a few questions, eh?"

"Of course."

The police inspector moved forward with a preliminary cough.

Nick greeted him with the ghost of a smile.

"Not impeding the traffic this time," she said.

I gathered they were not strangers to each other.

"This is a terrible business, Miss Buckley," said the inspector. "I'm very sorry about it. Now Mr. Poirot here, whose name I'm very familiar with (and proud we are to have him with us, I'm sure), tells me that to the best of his belief you were shot at in the grounds of the Majestic Hotel the other morning."

Nick nodded.

"I thought it was just a wasp," she explained. "But it wasn't."

"And you'd had some rather peculiar accidents before that?"

"Yes—at least, it was odd their happening so close together."

She gave a brief account of the various circumstances.

"Just so. Now, how came it that your cousin was wearing your shawl tonight?"

"WE came in to fetch her coat—it was rather cold watching the fireworks. I flung off the shawl on the sofa here. Then I went upstairs and put on the coat I'm wearing now—a light nutria one. I also got a wrap for my friend Mrs. Rice out of her room. There it is, on the floor by the window.

"Then Maggie called out that she couldn't find her coat. I said it must be downstairs. She went down and called up she still couldn't find it. I said it must have been left in the car—it was a tweed coat she was looking for; she hasn't got an evening furry one—and I said I'd bring her down something of mine.

"But she said it didn't matter; she'd take my shawl if I didn't want it. And I said of course, but would that be enough? And she said oh, yes, because she really didn't feel it particularly cold after Yorkshire. She just wanted *something*.

"And I said all right, I'd be out in a minute. And when I did—did come out—"

She stopped, her voice breaking.

"Now, don't distress yourself, Miss Buckley. Just tell me this: Did you hear a shot—or two shots?"

Nick shook her head.

"No, only just the fireworks popping and the squibs going off."

"That's just it," said the inspector. "You'd never notice a shot with all that going on. It's no good asking you, I suppose, if you've any clue to who it is making these attacks upon you?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Nick. "I can't imagine."

"And you wouldn't be likely to," said the inspector. "Some homicidal maniac—that's what it looks like to me. Nasty business. Well, I won't need to ask you any more questions tonight, miss. I'm more sorry about this than I can say."

Dr. Graham stepped forward.

"I'm going to suggest, Miss Buckley, that you don't stay here. I've been talking it over with Monsieur Poirot. I know of an excellent nursing home. You've had a shock, you know. What you need is complete rest—"

Nick was not looking at him. Her eyes had gone to Poirot.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

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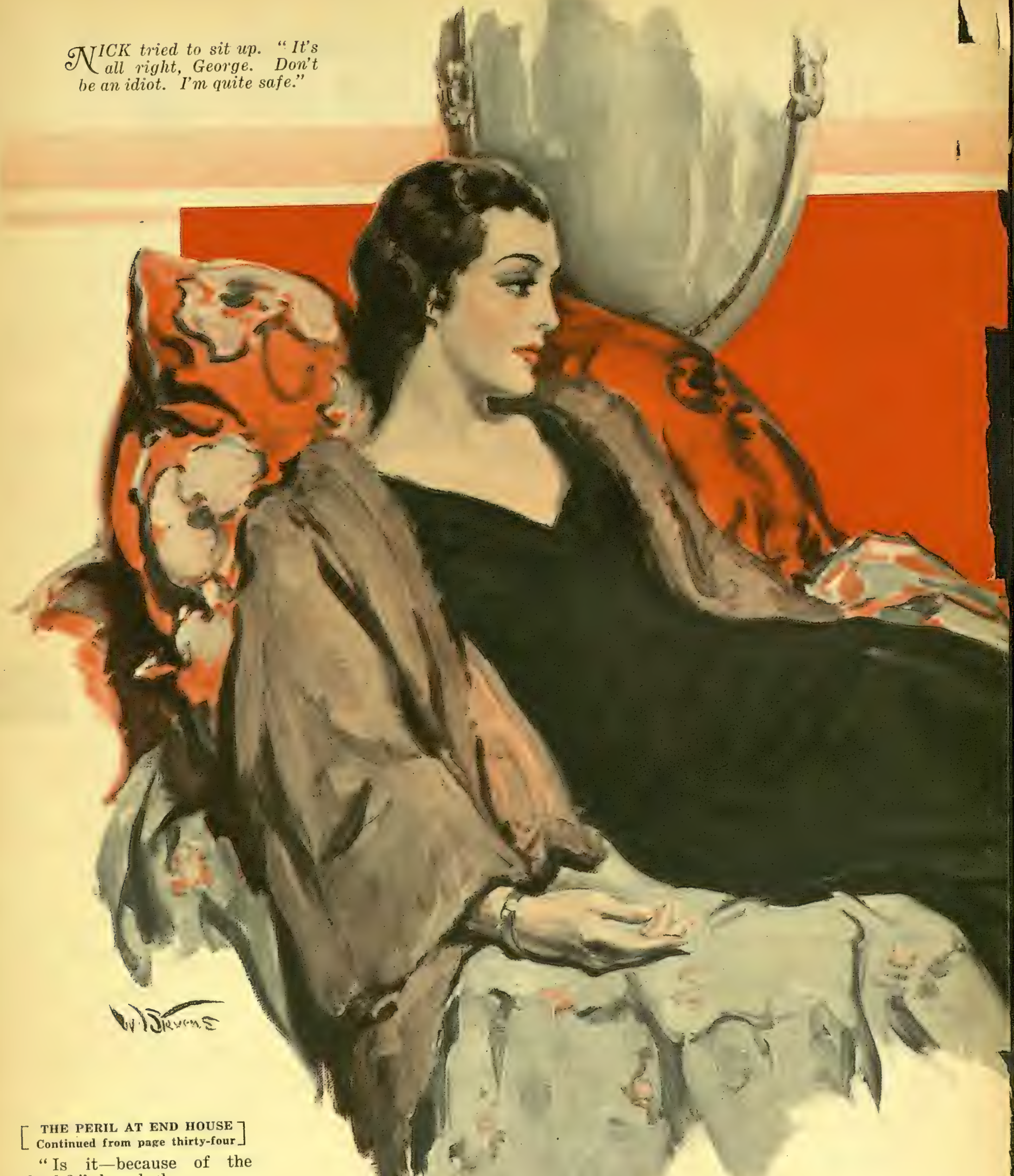

NICK tried to sit up. "It's all right, George. Don't be an idiot. I'm quite safe."

[THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page thirty-four]

"Is it—because of the shock?" she asked.

He came forward.

"I want you to feel safe, *mon enfant*. And *I* want to feel, too, that you *are* safe.

"There will be a nurse there—a nice, practical, unimaginative nurse. She will be near you all night. When you wake up and cry out, she will be there, close at hand. You understand?"

"Yes," said Nick. "I understand. But *you* don't. I'm not afraid any longer. I don't care one way or another. If anyone wants to murder me, they can."

"Hush, hush," I said. "You're overstrung."

"You don't know. None of you know!"

"I really think Monsieur Poirot's plan is a very good

one," the doctor broke in soothingly. " I will take you in my car. And we will give you a little something to insure a good night's rest. Now what do you say? "

" I don't mind," said Nick. " Anything you like. It doesn't matter."

Poirot laid his hand on hers.

" I know, mademoiselle. I know what you must feel. I stand before you ashamed and stricken to the heart. I, who promised protection, have not been able to protect. I have failed. I am a miserable. But believe me, mademoiselle, my heart is in agony because of that failure. If you knew what I am suffering, you would forgive, I am sure."

" That's all right," said Nick, still in the same dull voice. " You mustn't blame yourself. I'm sure you did the best you could. Nobody could have helped it—or done more, I'm sure. Please don't be unhappy."

" You are very generous, mademoiselle."

" No, I—"

There was an interruption. The door flew open and George Challenger rushed into the room.

" What's all this? " he cried. " I've just arrived—to find a policeman at the gate and a rumor that somebody's dead. What is it all about? For God's sake, tell me. Is it—is it—Nick? "

The anguish in his tone was dreadful to hear. I suddenly realized that Poirot and the doctor between them completely blotted out Nick from his sight.

Before anyone had time to answer, he repeated his question.

" Tell me—it can't be true—Nick isn't *dead?* "

" No, *mon ami,*" said Poirot gently. " She is alive."

And he drew back so that Challenger could see the little figure on the sofa.

For a moment or two Challenger stared at her incredulously. Then, staggering a little, like a drunken man, he muttered:

" Nick—Nick."

And suddenly dropping on his knees beside the sofa and hiding his head in his hands, he cried in a muffled voice:

" Nick—my darling—I thought that you were dead."

Nick tried to sit up.

" It's all right, George. Don't be an idiot. I'm quite safe."

He raised his head and looked around wildly.

" But *somebody's* dead. The policeman said so."

" Yes," said Nick. " Maggie. Poor old Maggie. Oh! "

A spasm twisted her face. The doctor and Poirot came forward.

Graham helped her to her feet. He and Poirot, one on each side, helped her from the room.

" The sooner you get to your bed the better," remarked the doctor. " I'll take you along at once in my car. I've asked Mrs. Rice to pack a few things for you to take."

They disappeared through the door. Challenger caught my arm.

" I don't understand. Where are they taking her? "

I explained.

" Oh! I see. Now then, Hastings, for God's sake, give me the hang of this thing. What a ghastly tragedy! That poor girl."

" Come and have a drink," I said. " You're all to pieces."

" I don't mind if I do."

We adjourned to the dining room.

" You see," he explained, as he put away a stiff whisky and soda, " I thought it was Nick."

There was very little doubt as to the feelings of Commander George Challenger. A more transparent lover never lived.

II

I DOUBT if I shall ever forget the night that followed. Poirot was a prey to such an agony of self-reproach that I was really alarmed. Ceaselessly he strode up and down the room, heaping anathemas on his own head and deaf to my well meant remonstrances.

" What it is to have too good an opinion of oneself.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Continued from page thirty-seven

I am punished—yes, I am punished. I, Hercule Poirot. I was too sure of myself."

"No, no," I interpolated.

"But who would imagine—who could imagine—such unparalleled audacity? I had taken, as I thought, all possible precautions. I had warned the murderer—"

"Warned the murderer?"

"*Mais oui.* I had drawn attention to myself. I had let him see that I suspected—someone. I had made it, or so I thought, too dangerous for him to dare to repeat his attempts at murder. I had drawn a cordon round mademoiselle. And he slips through it! Boldly—under our very eyes almost—he slips through it! In spite of us all, of everyone being on the alert, he achieves his object."

"Only he doesn't," I reminded him.

"That is the chance only! From my point of view, it is the same. A human life has been taken, Hastings; whose life is nonessential."

"Of course," I said. "I didn't mean that."

"But, on the other hand, what you say is true. And that makes it worse—ten times worse. For the murderer is still as far as ever from achieving his object. Do you understand, my friend? The position is changed—for the worse. It may mean that not one life—but two—will be sacrificed."

"Not while you're about," I said stoutly.

He stopped and wrung my hand.

"*Merci, mon ami! Merci!* You still have confidence in the old one. You still have the faith. You put new courage into me. Hercule Poirot will not fail again. No second life shall be taken. I will rectify my error, for, see you, there must have been an error! Somewhere there has been a lack of order and method in my usually so well arranged ideas. I will start again. Yes. I will start at the beginning. And this time—I will not fail."

"You really think, then," I said, "that Nick Buckley's life is still in danger?"

"My friend, for what other reason did I send her to this nursing home?"

"Then it wasn't the shock—"

"THE shock! Pah! One can recover from shock as well in one's own home as in a nursing home—better, for that matter. It is not amusing there, the floors of green linoleum, the conversation of the nurses, the meals on trays, the ceaseless washing. No, no, it is for safety and safety only.

"I take the doctor into my confidence. He agrees. He will make all arrangements. No one, *mon ami,* not even her dearest friend, will be admitted to see Miss Buckley. You and I are the only ones permitted. *Pour les autres—eh bien!*—'doctor's orders,' they will be told. A phrase very convenient and one not to be gainsaid."

"Yes," I said. "Only—"

"Only what, Hastings?"

"That can't go on forever."

"A very true observation. But it gives us a little breathing space. And you realize—do you not?—that the character of our operations has changed."

"In what way?"

"Our original task was to insure the safety of mademoiselle. Our task now is a much simpler one, a task with which we are well acquainted. It is neither more nor less than the hunting down of a murderer."

"You call that simpler?"

"Certainly it is simpler. The murderer has, as I said the other day, signed his name to the crime. He has come out into the open."

"You don't think—" I hesitated, then went on. "You don't think that the police are right? That this is the work of a madman, some wandering lunatic with homicidal mania?"

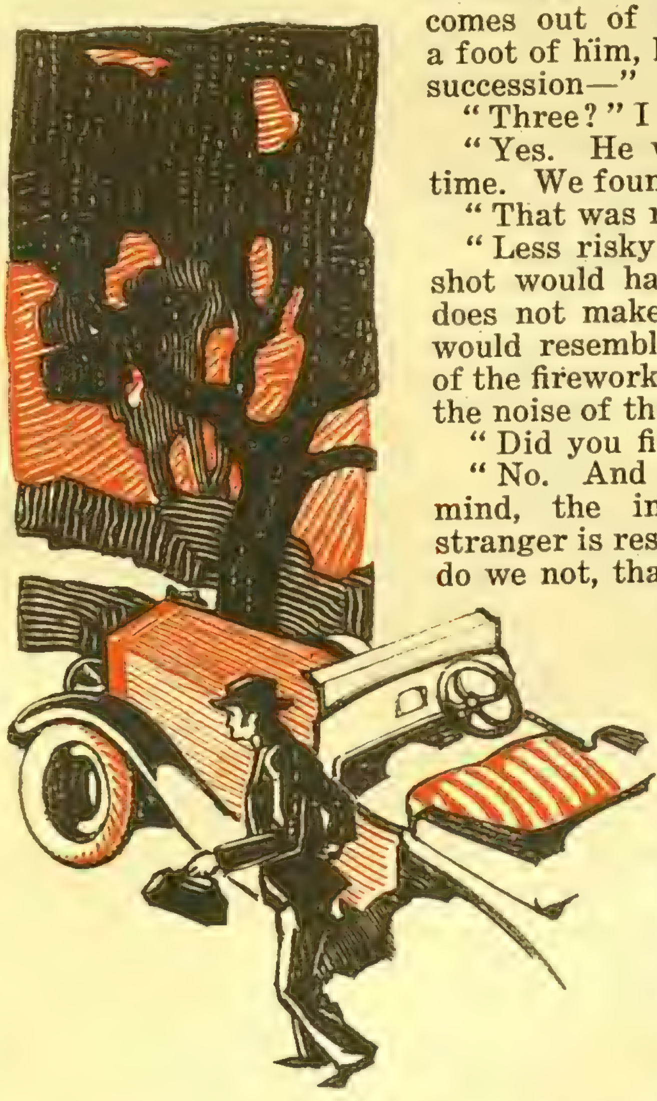
"I am more than ever convinced that such is not the case."

"You really think that—"

I stopped. Poirot took up my sentence, speaking very gravely:

"—that the murderer is someone in mademoiselle's own circle? Yes, *mon ami,* I do."

"But surely last night must almost rule out that possibility. We were all together and—"



HE interrupted.

"Could you swear, Hastings, that any particular person had never left our little company there on the edge of the cliff? Is there any one person there whom you could swear you had seen *all* the time?"

"No," I said slowly, struck by his words. "I don't think I could. It was dark. We all moved about, more or less. On different occasions I noticed Mrs. Rice, Lazarus, you, Croft, Vyse—but all the time—no."

Poirot nodded his head.

"Exactly. It would be a matter of a very few minutes. The two girls go to the house. The murderer slips away unnoticed, hides behind that sycamore tree in the middle of the lawn. Nick Buckley, or so he thinks, comes out of the window, passes within a foot of him, he fires three shots in rapid succession—"

"Three?" I interjected.

"Yes. He was taking no chances this time. We found three bullets in the body."

"That was risky, wasn't it?"

"Less risky in all probability than one shot would have been. A Mauser pistol does not make a great deal of noise. It would resemble more or less the popping of the fireworks and blend in very well with the noise of them."

"Did you find the pistol?" I asked.

"No. And there, Hastings, lies, to my mind, the indisputable proof that no stranger is responsible for this. We agree, do we not, that Miss Buckley's own pistol was taken in the first place for one reason only—to give her death the appearance of suicide."

"Yes."

"That is the only possible reason, is it not? But now, you observe, there is no pretense of suicide. The murderer knows that we should not any longer be deceived by it. He knows, in fact, what we know!"

I reflected, admitting to myself the logic of Poirot's deduction.

"What did he do with the pistol, do you think?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"For that, it is difficult to say. But the sea was exceedingly handy. A good toss of the arm, and the pistol sinks, never to be recovered. We cannot, of course, be absolutely sure—but that is what *I* should have done."

His matter-of-fact tone made me shiver a little.

"Do you think—do you think he realized that he'd killed the wrong person?"

"I am quite sure he did not," said Poirot grimly. "Yes, that must have been an unpleasant little surprise for him when he learned the truth. To keep his face and betray nothing—it cannot have been easy."

At that moment I bethought me of the strange attitude of the maid, Ellen. I gave Poirot an account of her peculiar demeanor. He seemed very interested.

"She betrayed surprise, did she, that it was Maggie who was dead?"

"Great surprise."

"That is curious. And yet, the fact of a tragedy was clearly *not* a surprise to her. Yes, there is something there that must be looked into. Who is she, this Ellen? So quiet, so respectable in the English manner. Could it be she who—" He broke off.

"If you're going to include the accidents," I said, "surely it would take a man to have rolled that heavy boulder down the cliff."

"Not necessarily. It is very largely a question of leverage. Oh, yes, it could be done."

He continued his slow pacing up and down the room.

"Anyone who was at End House last night comes under suspicion. But those guests—no, I do not think it was one of them. For the most part, I should say, they were mere acquaintances. There was no intimacy between them and the young mistress of the house."

"Charles Vyse was there," I remarked.

"Yes, we must not forget him. He is, logically, our strongest suspect." He made a gesture of despair and threw himself into a chair opposite mine. "*Voilà!* It is always that we come back to! Motive! We must find the motive if we are to understand this crime. And it is there, Hastings, that I am continually baffled. Who can possibly have a motive for doing away with mademoiselle Nick?

"I have let myself go to the most absurd suppositions. I, Hercule Poirot, have descended to the most ignominious flights of fancy. I have adopted the mentality of the cheap thriller. The grandfather—the Old Nick—he who is supposed to have gambled his money away. Did he really do so, I have asked myself. Did he, on the contrary, hide it away? Is it hidden somewhere in End House? Buried somewhere in the grounds?

"With that end in view (I am ashamed to say it), I inquired of Mademoiselle Nick whether there had ever been any offers to buy the house."

"DO you know, Poirot," I said, "I call that rather a bright idea. There may be something in it."

Poirot groaned.

"You would say that! It would appeal, I knew, to your romantic but slightly mediocre mind. Buried treasure—yes, you would enjoy that idea."

"Well, I don't see why not—"

"Because, my friend, the more prosaic explanation is nearly always the more probable. Then mademoiselle's father. I have played with even more degrading ideas concerning him. He was a traveler. Supposing, I say to myself, that he has stolen a jewel—the eye of a god. Jealous priests are on his track.

"Yes, I, Hercule Poirot, have descended to depths such as these.

"I have had other ideas concerning this father," he went on, "ideas at once more dignified and more probable. Did he, in the course of his wanderings, contract a second marriage? Is there a nearer heir than Monsieur Charles Vyse? But, again, that leads nowhere, for we are up against the same difficulty—that there is really nothing of value to inherit.

"I have neglected no possibility. Even that chance reference of Mademoiselle Nick's to the offer made her by Monsieur Lazarus. You remember? The offer to purchase her grandfather's portrait. I telegraphed on Saturday for an expert to come down and examine that picture. He was the man about whom I wrote to mademoiselle this morning. Supposing, for instance, it were worth several thousand pounds?"

"You surely don't think a rich man like young Lazarus—"

"Is he rich? Appearances are not everything. Even an old established firm with palatial showrooms and every appearance of prosperity may rest on a rotten basis. And what does one do then? Does one run about crying out that times are hard? No, one buys a new and luxurious car. One spends a little more money than usual. One lives a little more ostentatiously. For credit, see you, is everything! But sometimes a monumental business has crashed for no more than a few thousand pounds—of ready money.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

S.S. AQUITANIA

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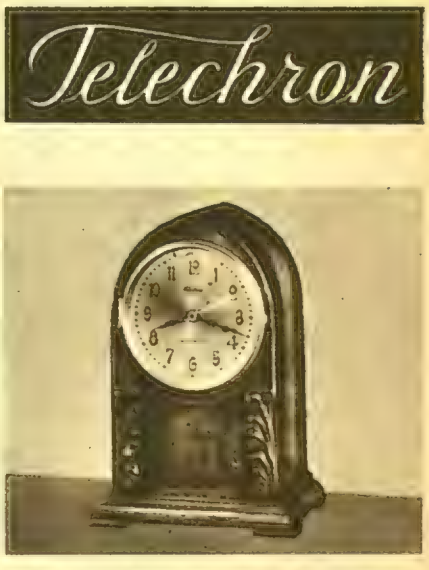

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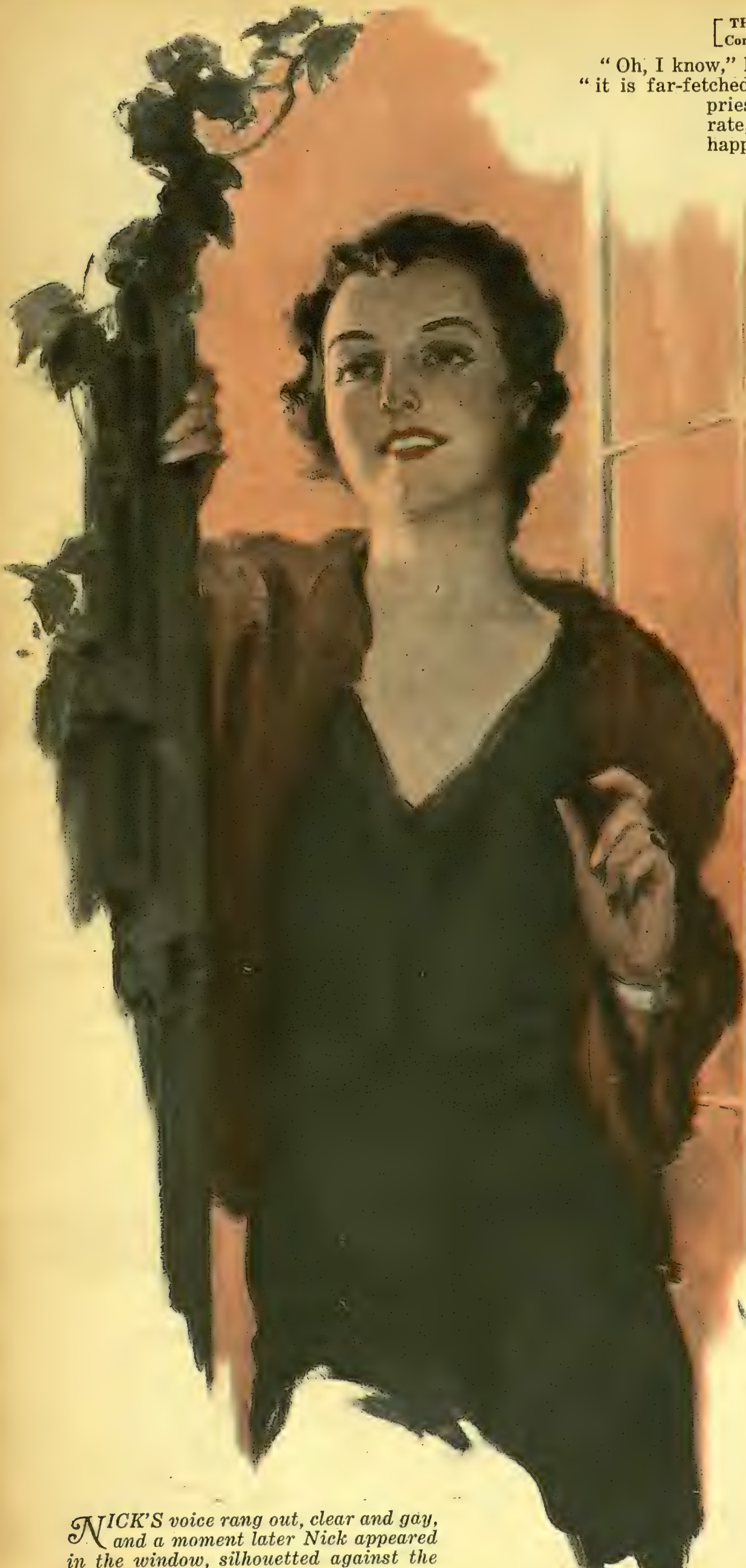
THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page thirty-nine



NICK'S voice rang out, clear and gay, and a moment later Nick appeared in the window, silhouetted against the lighted room behind.

"Oh, I know," he continued, forestalling my protests, "it is far-fetched, but it is not so bad as revengeful priests or buried treasure. It bears, at any rate, some relationship to things as they happen. And we can neglect nothing—nothing that might bring us nearer the truth."

With careful fingers he straightened the objects on the table in front of him.

When he spoke, his voice was grave and, for the first time, calm.

"Motive!" he said. "Let us come back to that, and regard this problem calmly and methodically. To begin with, how many kinds of motives are there for murder? What are the motives which lead one human being to take another human being's life?

"We exclude for the moment homicidal mania, because I am absolutely convinced that the solution of our problem does not lie there.

"We also exclude killing done on the spur of the moment under the impulse of an ungovernable temper. This is cold-blooded, deliberate murder. What are the motives that actuate such a murder as that?

"THERE is, first, gain. Who stood to gain by Mademoiselle Buckley's death? Directly or indirectly? Well, we can put down Charles Vyse. He inherits a property that, from the financial point of view, is probably not worth inheriting.

"He might, perhaps, pay off the mortgage, build small villas on the land, and eventually make a small profit. It is possible. The place might be worth something to him if he had any deeply cherished love of it—if it were, for instance, a family place.

"That is, undoubtedly, an instinct very deeply implanted in some human beings, and it has, in cases I have known, actually led to crime. But I cannot see any such motive in Monsieur Vyse's case.

"The only other person who would benefit at all by Mademoiselle Buckley's death is her friend, Madame Rice. But the amount would clearly be a very small one. Nobody else, as far as I can see, gains by Mademoiselle Buckley's death.

"What is another motive? Hate—or love that has turned to hate. The *crime passionnel*. Well, there again we have the word of the observant Madame Croft that both Charles Vyse and Commander Challenger are in love with the young lady."

"I think we can say that we have observed the latter phenomenon for ourselves," I remarked with a smile.

"Yes, he tends to wear his heart on his sleeve, the honest sailor. For the other, we rely on the word of Madame Croft.

"Now, if Charles Vyse felt that he were supplanted, would he be so powerfully affected that he would kill his cousin rather than let her become the wife of another man?"

"It sounds very melodramatic," I said doubtfully.

"It sounds, you would say, un-English. I agree. But even the English have emotions. And a type such as Charles Vyse is the most likely to have them. He is a repressed young man. One who does not show his feelings easily. Such often have the most violent feelings. I would never suspect the Commander Challenger of murder for emotional reasons. No, no, he is not the type. But with Charles Vyse—yes, it is possible. But it does not entirely satisfy me.

"Another motive for crime—jealousy. I separate it from the last, because jealousy may not necessarily be a sexual emotion. There is envy—envy of possession—of supremacy. Such a jealousy as drove the Iago of your great Shakespeare to one of the cleverest crimes (speaking from the professional point of view) that has ever been committed."

"WHY was it so clever?" I asked, momentarily diverted.

"*Parbleu*—because he got others to execute it. Imagine a criminal nowadays on whom one was unable to put the handcuffs because he had never done anything himself. But this is not the subject we were discussing. Can jealousy, of any kind, be responsible for this crime? Who has reason to envy mademoiselle?

"Another woman? There is only Madame Rice, and, as far as we can see, there was no rivalry between the two women. But again, that is only 'as far as we can see.' There may be something there.

"Lastly—fear. Does Mademoiselle Nick, by any chance, hold somebody's secret in her power? Does she know something which, if it were known, might ruin another life? If so, I think we can say very definitely that she herself is unaware of it. But that might be. And if so, it makes it very difficult.

"Because, while she holds the clue in her hands, she holds it unconsciously and will be quite unable to tell us what it is."

"You really think that is possible?"

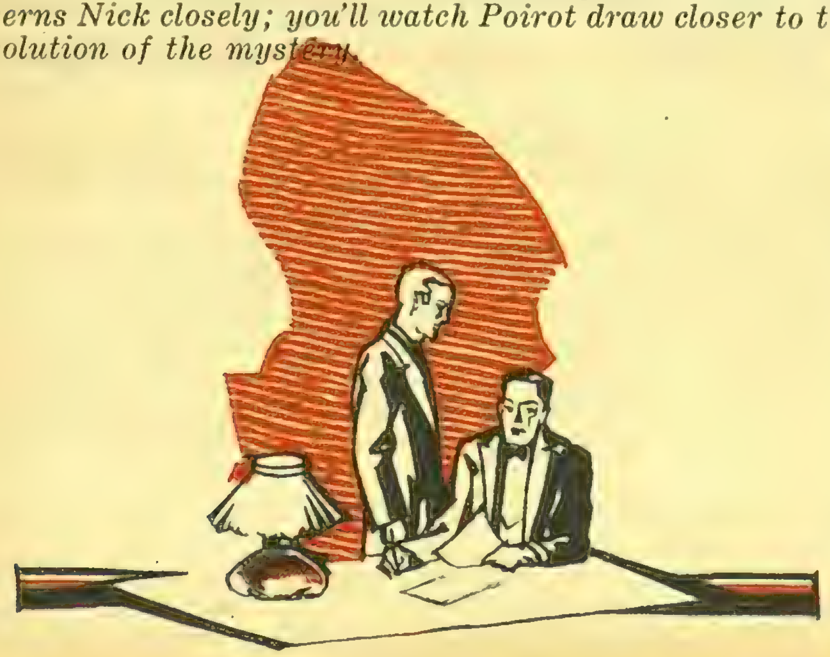
"It is a hypothesis. I am driven to it by the difficulty of finding a reasonable theory elsewhere. When you have eliminated other possibilities you turn to the one that is left and say—since the other is not—this must be so." He was silent a long time.

At last, rousing himself from his absorption, he drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to write.

"What are you writing?" I asked curiously.

"*Mon ami*, I am composing a list. It is a list of people surrounding Mademoiselle Buckley. Within that list, if my theory is correct, there must be the name of the murderer."

Next week you'll learn a surprising secret that concerns Nick closely; you'll watch Poirot draw closer to the solution of the mystery.



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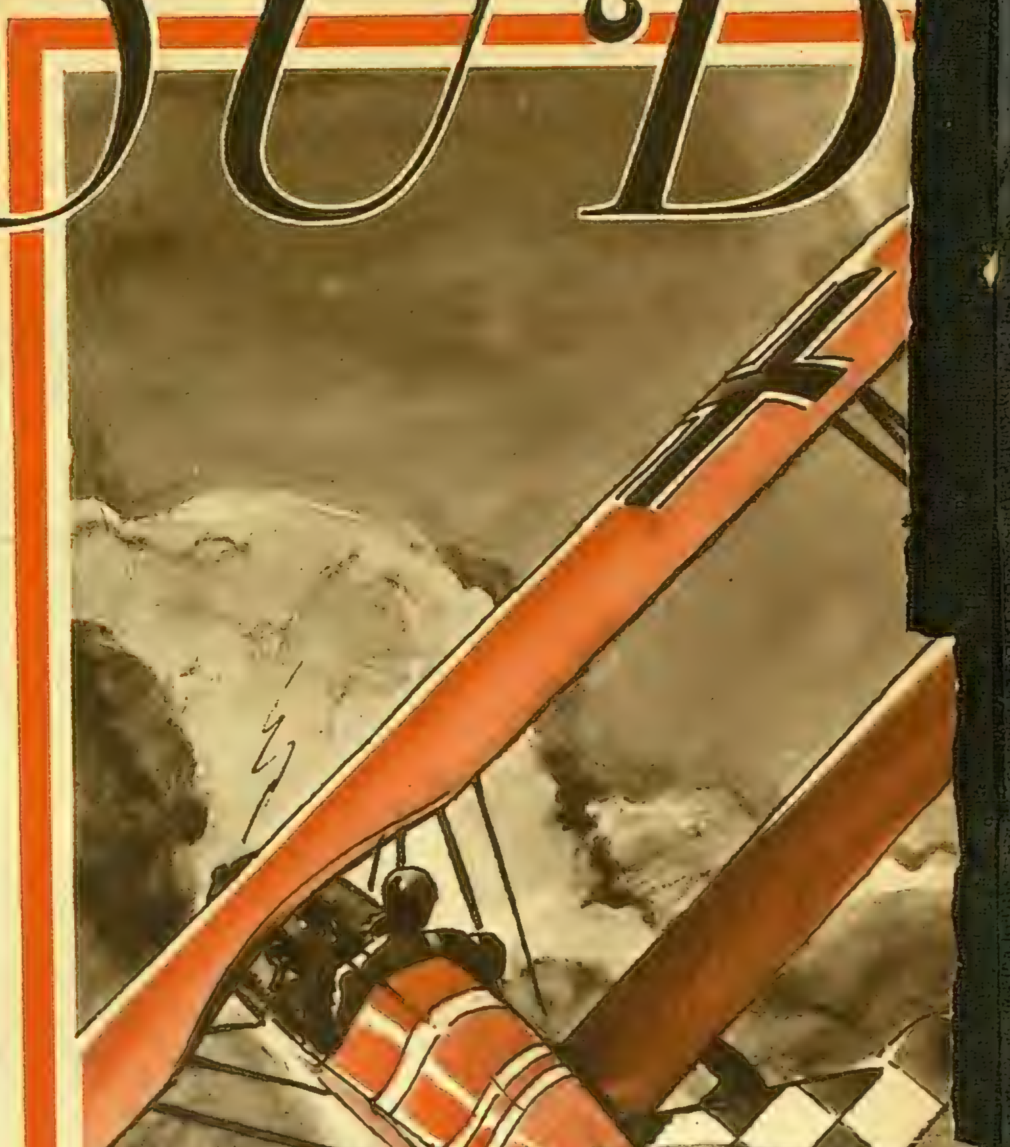


An "Air Devil's" Reminiscences of Spills for Picture Thrills

As Told to ROBERT A. DONALDSON

By FRANK CLARKE

(Reading time: 13 minutes 15 seconds.)

FLYING for a picture of wartime aviation is exactly the opposite from ordinary commercial work. A commercial pilot is highly pleased when he sees the day dawn clear and cloudless, but for us a cloudless day meant that we didn't fly. There was no use in taking the ships off the ground if there weren't clouds. Unless there is some fairly close stationary object it is impossible to measure speed or distance in the air.

Many people who have flown have had this experience, for when moving at 100 miles an hour there is no sense of tremendous speed. The ground far below seems to pass fairly slowly. A sensation of terrific speed is given at this rate in an automobile, with the ground rushing past or the telephone poles flashing by on each other's heels.

To photograph battles in the air it is necessary to have a background of clouds so that motion and direction can be seen by the spectator when the film is thrown on the screen. Clouds give perspective.

All that winter we went cloud hunting. If the day were overcast we would scoot off, up and up through the fog until we were above it. Then, with a sea of white billows below us, we would stage the scraps called for in the script of Hell's Angels.

It was easy to go up, but coming down was another matter. The southern California plain is bordered by several ranges of mountains, the highest peaks running up to 6,000 feet. We did our flying above this altitude. But when we started down through the fog we had no idea where we were.

How it came about that someone wasn't killed during this period I don't know. Every man flying had close escapes. Several narrowly missed hitting each other while descending through the fog. All of us had the experience of seeing a mountain wall suddenly loom up before us. Often we averted a crash by inches.

We never knew where we would come out under it. It would be anywhere in a range of fifty miles. We would go sailing along over our cloud ocean, hunting for holes. If we sighted a hole we would dive through it and all would be well, for we could then see the ground. If not, we had to chance it through the swirl of mist.

One day while we were flying back from this sort of dog fight the propeller flew off Al Wilson's ship. I was flying near him and wondered what was the matter when he suddenly bailed out. I couldn't see his propeller blades, so thought the motor must still be running. As his chute opened he disappeared into the clouds.

Then his ship dived and disappeared after him. We knew we were right over the heart of Hollywood. I never got such a sensation out of anything as seeing that ship go down.

Out of the sky over a main street of the city there suddenly came a whistle. The propeller crashed on the sidewalk within ten feet of a woman. It nearly frightened her to death. Some small boys tried to pick it up, but burned their hands on the metal hub, almost red hot from its friction in working off the shaft.

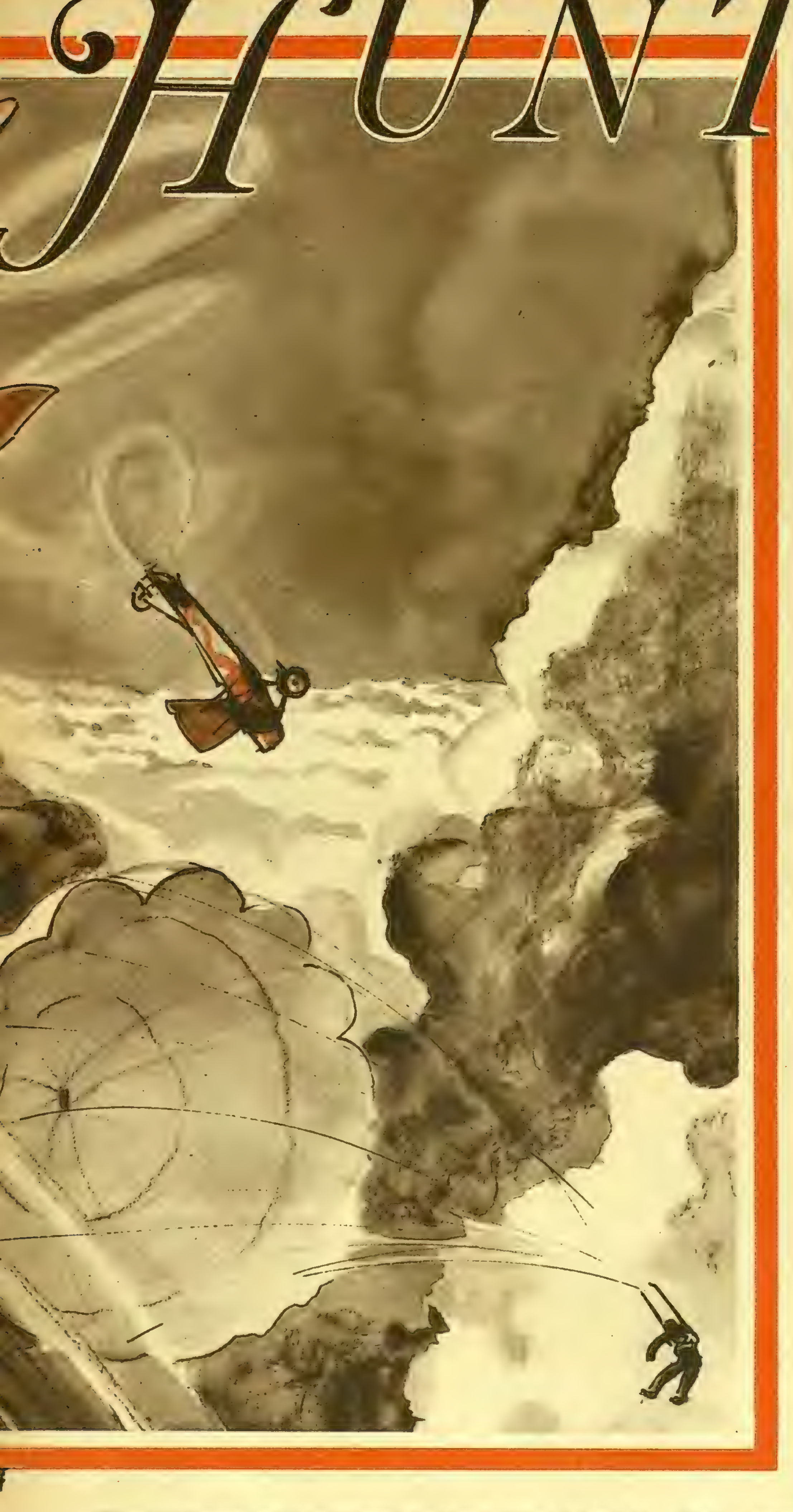
A minute later Wilson's abandoned plane dived crazily out of the sky and crashed in the trees of the back yard of a mansion on Hollywood Boulevard.

There must be a god of luck. Whatever it is, it was on our side, for of all places where that plane could light in the heart of a town, it picked out the back yard of the house where Joe Schenck and his wife, Norma Talmadge, live!

Joe Schenck is head of United Artists, the picture company that released Hell's Angels.

The plane hit so hard that its gasoline tank wrapped itself around a tree fifty feet in the air and the rest of the wreck buried itself several feet in the ground.

HUNTING



As his chute opened he disappeared into the clouds. Then his ship dived and disappeared after him.

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

The tank was still up there the last time I saw it. Perhaps Schenck is leaving it for a souvenir.

As for the pilot, he made a safe descent, finally landing on the roof of a house. The roof was rather steep, and of course the minute he lit on it the parachute folded up. He slipped down the side of the roof twenty-five feet to the ground, nearly breaking his back!

HUGHES is the most painstaking director I have ever worked for. He repeated and repeated shots any number of times until he got them just right—just the way he wanted them. He was determined to make the picture an epic of wartime flying that would stand untouched as a heroic record of the Royal Flying Corps.

In the spring the clouds began to desert us in southern California. We were just coming to the climax of the picture, which involved the biggest shots of all—the big air battle, ending in the destruction and crash of the German bomber.

Clouds were essential. We must have them. We sat on the ground day after day and looked at clear blue skies that were a joy to the Chamber of Commerce but gloomy for us. Every day that dawned clear and cloudless cost Howard Hughes a small fortune.

Finally he determined to move the company to the Oakland airport, as clouds are nearly always to be found in the San Francisco Bay region.

So we packed and took some forty-five planes up there, including the German bomber, which was now getting pretty creaky and unstable.

The company consisted of some 150 members of the ground crew, between forty and fifty pilots, and the usual assistants, cameramen, property men, movie carpenters, and electricians.

NEARLY all of the pilots were seasoned men. Many of them were fellows I knew during the earlier barnstorming days. I can't name them all here, but I believe they were the most talented gang ever gathered together since the war. Roy Wilson was one of the aces of the group. Ernie Smith, who made the first nonstop civilian flight from San Francisco to Honolulu, was another.

Hughes didn't go north, but put me in charge of the direction of the entire troupe. The boys began to call me the "Sheep Herder" because I was always shooing them into the proper positions in the air. That paralleled my nickname of "Spooks," which I had acquired some time before because I used to try table-tipping experiments. The boys got me to try it once at Oakland, but it wasn't very successful. I got the table off the floor, but couldn't get it back down because somebody had shoved a bottle under one of the legs. But Hughes heard the story and has called me "Spooks" ever since.

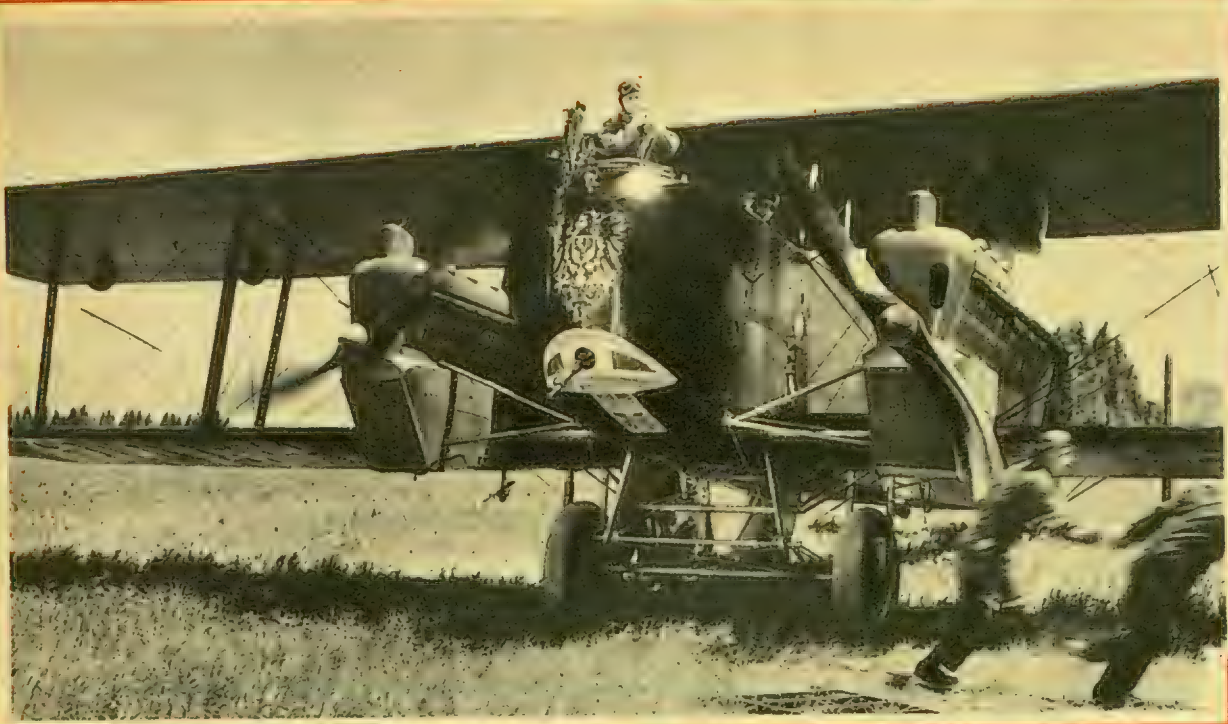
When a crowd of pilots gets around together they are a good deal like war veterans: They like to tell yarns, and in the course of time each feels he has to outdo the other, with the result that every so often facts are stretched far beyond the breaking point.

On account of this the boys got up what they called the Liars' Club. It was something like Roosevelt's famous Ananias Club. The rule was that anyone could lie all he wanted to on any subject except aviation. As soon as he told an unbelievable story about flying they immediately got together and pinned a large "liar badge" on him, and the rule was that he had to wear it conspicuously for twenty-four hours. It was in constant circulation during our stay.

Nothing was left to chance in preparing our air sequences. We operated on a regular military schedule. The pilots had a call to be at the field at 7 A. M. As soon as we had enough light to photograph, and if we had the right clouds, we went up. The shooting went on as long as there was light.

All of the battles I mapped out on a big blackboard. Every man knew his position in formation, and just how far he could fly afield without getting out of camera

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Ben Lyon in the observer's seat and James Hall in the cockpit ready to take off in Hell's Angels.

The bomber falling with smoke pots burning and a doomed man inside.

CLOUD HUNTING

Continued from page forty-three

range. It was while preparing to shoot these sequences that we had our second casualty.

Clem Phillips—"Little Phil," we used to call him—was one of our best pilots. He was a slender, black-haired, black-eyed, good-looking kid who had found himself in aviation. His parents had been wealthy, and following his graduation from the University of Wisconsin, and their death, he had led a rather aimless existence. Then he became interested in aviation and learned how to fly. He went down to Kelly Field and got the finest of training there.

When he came back he took up stunt flying for pictures. Although he was a crack pilot, a curious kind of hard luck dogged him. He flew in Lilac Time and had to make several forced landings, cracking up one plane. In no case was it his fault.

ABOUT the time he came to Hell's Angels he had completed flying with Ken Maynard in several western air pictures. The two were fast friends. After Phil's death Maynard sold his plane, a Waco job, because he said he couldn't go up in it without seeming to see Phil at the controls.

Phil had stayed behind, when the rest of the troupe went north, to bring up an SE-5 we were to use. En route with it he had some trouble and stopped overnight at Fresno while it was being fixed. The next day he started for Oakland. When about ten miles outside that city his motor cut and he made a forced landing in a farmer's field. It was an excellent landing in a short field. He found he was out of gasoline in his main tank. He asked the farmer how far it was to the airport and the latter replied about seven miles.

Phil decided he had enough gas in his reserve tank to make the distance. He turned on his reserve, taxied off to the end of the field, gave her the gun, and was in the air. He went up rather steeply to avoid some trees. When he was up about 100 feet his motor suddenly cut. Something had gone wrong with the reserve-supply pipe line.

He never had a chance. The plane slipped, went into a dive, and crashed before he had a chance to pull it out. They found him seated in the cockpit, his neck broken.

I rushed down there as soon as they telephoned. As I looked at him I felt doubly bad. Not only was he one of my gang, but he looked so young and it seemed a shame he had to die on the very threshold of his career.

We worked at the Oakland airport for two months. It took us a good part of this time to get just one shot for this picture. This was the big dog fight that ends in the shooting down of the bomber. We shot it time and again, and each time, when the film was developed in the studio, the wire would come back; "The planes aren't close enough together. It doesn't look real. Try it again."

How we ever came out of that experience without casualties I don't know. The planes were divided into two squadrons of eighteen each, one squadron of Germans, one of British. I would herd them into formation in the sky. Tomick's camera ship would hover behind me. At a given signal the two squadrons would fly directly at one another.

Then it was anybody's fight. The boys fought each other just as if real bullets were in their machine guns. They dived, looped, spun, and did every trick of military aviation. They passed within inches of each other and often wings hit.

In the individual air duels Roy Wilson and I did most of the flying. He flew the British pursuit ship and I flew the German one. We had some very close calls in these fights; also the old planes were constantly falling apart in the air.

We had but one serious crack-up. This occurred between a German pursuit ship flown by Ira Reed and a British one piloted by Stuart H. Murphy. Reed is a fine pilot, although not one of the old-timers.

I had given the signal and the dog fight was on. Reed had driven his first adversary down and was looking for someone else to chase when Murphy came diving down on him. Reed didn't see him and the two ships collided.

Murphy promptly bailed out and landed safely. His plane hit so hard that it smashed to pieces and we never did know how badly it was hurt in the air.

The crash took the trailing edge off both of Reed's right wings and tore off the aileron. We were far from Oakland when this took place. Reed headed his plane for home.

Reed flew forty miles with the wing in that condition. Then the fabric began to tear off, and when it did so he saw that the two rear beams of the wings were broken. How it lasted that long no one knew. When he saw this, Reed decided to come down. He landed safely in a field.

When he got back to camp he rushed into the room and fairly shouted at me:

"Hey, Spooks, I don't get fired, do I? I brought the ship down okay. I didn't let it go. I don't get fired, do I?"

We gave a great cheer on the day when a wire was received from Hughes at the studio saying that at last this scene suited him and we could come back.

I put on the final scene we took at Oakland—Baron von Richthofen's dive on the bomber.

I used a Fokker D-7, twelve years old. Frank Tomick photographed the scene from the air with a panorama camera. I had a camera fastened to the plane just back of me, shooting over my shoulder.

I started the dive at 7,000 feet. Every minute I expected the wings of the old crate to fall off. The dive was made against the background of a tremendous bank of clouds several thousand feet high.

Down, down I shot, tilting the plane slightly backward instead of forward. The tiny speck of the black bomber, flying at 3,000 feet, loomed larger and larger with incredible swiftness.

At 3,000 feet I was behind it. Then I started to pull the Fokker out. It trembled and every moment I looked for it to fall to pieces.

Slowly it took hold, leveled out, and I found myself below and behind the old, unwieldy bomber. The machine gunner was firing at me. I came up at the bomber from below, pulled my machine guns, and the fire spat out.

THE scene was over and our work at Oakland done. On the screen, against that 4,000-foot cloud bank, it is one of the most beautiful air shots I have ever witnessed.

We then went back to Caddo Field for the close of the picture. This depicted the great bomber spinning toward the earth in a nose dive after being shot down.

The old bomber had seen its best days. It had a score of holes cut all over it where camera mounts had been made. It finally got so that after a 2,000-foot run Roscoe Turner, who flew it, was barely high enough to clear the tops of a small peach orchard adjoining the field.

Turner decided that he did not want to spin it.

Hughes tried a number of times to get me to take it up and spin it. But I did not think it would spin successfully. It was too weakened and unwieldy, and I figured that trying to get out of it if anything happened during the spin would be very dangerous.

AN army man came out to the field and volunteered to do it, but after fooling around with the big crate for a time decided to let it alone. The same was true of Jimmy Angel. Jimmy went up a number of times, something happening to the smoke pots on each occasion, and he finally gave it up.

On the day he decided to pass it up Al Wilson was present at Caddo Field. He offered to try it. He had a contract already prepared calling for $1,000 if the bomber spun, or was cracked up without spinning.

Hughes agreed. Someone was needed to work the smoke pots from the inside of the cabin. This cabin contained the motor instruments and shutter controls, and was separated from the pilot's cockpit by a partition, through which, however, there was a small opening. The man here would pull the smoke pots. Jimmy Angel's man who was going to do this work had also decided not to go up.

Phil Jones was a young mechanic at the field. He was exceedingly quiet, seldom saying a word. But he had been hoping all through the picture to get a chance to work in one of the dangerous air stunts.

When Al Wilson decided to take the bomber up, Phil volunteered to go along as mechanic and pull the smoke pots during the spin.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Remains of the bomber after it crashed in an orange grove.

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PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Right Way to Reduce

CLOUD HUNTING
Continued from page forty-five

The motors of the big crate were started. Phil got in the cabin. Wilson took the controls and flew off. I was flying one of the camera ships. He climbed to 7,500 feet.

At the given signal from the camera ships he throttled his motors, made a slow left turn as if starting a tight spiral, and then the bomber started straight down.

Just as it did so we were amazed to see someone bail out. At first I thought it was Phil Jones. A moment later I knew it was Al Wilson, because the smoke pots began to work and the black cloud shot forth.

Wilson didn't open his chute for a long time, wanting to make sure he was safely clear of the bomber which he had left with its passenger.

As I dived after it, my camera grinding out its footage, I was horrified to see the first smoke pot come to its end, and then, after a moment, the second one begin to spurt forth.

I knew this meant that Phil Jones was working in the cabin, oblivious to the fact that he was riding in a pilotless plane to his death. He merely thought the bomber was going down in a plunge intended for the movie scene!

Down, down it shot in the dive, its trail of smoke seeming already like that from a funeral pyre.

The smoke continued to come until the plane was well below 2,000 feet. Then it stopped. Whether the smoke pots gave out or Phil Jones suddenly discovered the truth will never be known.

The bomber shot earthward at terrific speed before the eyes of the horrified spectators and hit with a deafening roar in an orange orchard near San Fernando.

Jones was dead and his body badly mangled when we reached the wreck.

We were all heartsick—especially as the accident came at the very end of the picture.

After Al Wilson landed safely with his chute, he explained that just as he had started the spiral he heard something give way on the big ship and decided that it would be useless to stay with it during the spin. He said he shouted to Jones through the hole between the two cockpits, telling him to bail out, and thought that the latter had heard him.

Obviously Jones must have been too busy with his smoke pots to have heard Wilson's warning, for though he might have already started the first smoke pot before the warning, the fact that he pulled the second one during the dive showed that he was still unaware that the pilot had jumped.

Well, that was the end of our old bomber. I had film of 4,000 feet of the fall and the boys in the other camera ships had similar amounts.

Some 3,000 feet of it appears in the finished picture.

That ended the air work on Hell's Angels.

I had spent a year and a half at the task as chief pilot, and it was one of the most fascinating experiences of my life.

THE END

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We've All Had Some

The teacher wrote the word " get " on the board. When she erased the letter " t " and said, " Now what have I on the board? " Johnnie immediately answered, " A little piece of ' get ' ! "—Lillian McGinnis, 602 Winslow Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Reënforcements Needed

Little Natalie had been playing quietly in the neighborhood when, all of a sudden, she rushed in to her mother and said, " Quick, mother, help me. We're having a fight outside and I'm the only one on my side."—Jean Sutter, 827 Prospect Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

Fate on the Half Shell

A Short Short Story

By

E. P. O'DONNELL

who was born in New Orleans and went to school there. He spent his youth traveling in this country and abroad, and since then has done publicity work, advertising, some poems, short stories, and a one-act play.

(Reading time: 5 min. 18 sec.)

MIMI DANTON, enthroned on a sack of fresh oysters on her store gallery, was angry again. So angry that outwardly she wore a queenly calm. Everyone in Creole Bend knew what to expect when Mimi was cold mad. Manuel, her worthless, charming lover, leaned on the fence with Popo, his tiny pet alligator, in his hand.

"Aw, hon," he pleaded. "Lend me just dollar for lottery ticket. Havana *lottery* twenty big prize tomorrow."

"Go 'way off this premises," said Mimi, tapping a dainty foot for self-control. Her limpid eyes gathered into keen points of black light.

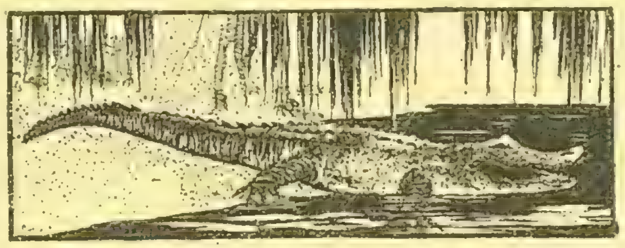
"Where at you learn that word 'premises'?" Manuel bantered from behind a warm Latin grin. "Tell papa."

"Go 'way, I say! We finish. This store *belong* for me. You open them gate, I'm kill you good."

"Aw, hon! Hurry up, make supper. Nice piece vealmeat. After supper one dollar."

"After supper? Ha, ha! Listen. We finish, me and you. Thang God! You go trawl shrimp for money. Strong man. You hunger? But go trap muskrat same like everybody. No more supper. We finish. Me, I'm get tired from everybody joke at me. *I'm* gunna let the people joke me *because* I'm do all the work in the store, yes, and you lazy back all days on the levee with them loafer? What you think? Damn!"

Manuel knew she was right. All day he had haunted the levee—and other days. But this suggestion that he don soggy boots and lug steel traps into the oozy, moccasin-infested marsh was so ridiculous that he turned his back and emitted a howl of merriment.



Mimi's face darkened, and in her rage she reached into the sack for an oyster and hurled it at Manuel's curly head, then turned into the store and slammed the door. Manuel stopped laughing and sat in the road with a gash in the back of his head.

PEERING from between the strings of bay leaves in the window, Mimi saw Manuel slowly crossing the road, looking back with a queer, dazed, wounded look. Mimi ran around the counter and stood in the doorway. Manuel sat huddled on the distant levee. Mimi sighed. It was too nice day for big fuss! . . . sun gone under the river . . . nigger babies pulling up hands-fuls clover. . . . In the road Mimi saw half an oyster shell. Manuel had taken the other part, the half containing the oyster. . . .

"Manuel! Let your supper *get* cold, yes, eh?"

There was no answer. Mimi turned into the store. Huh! What she care, her? She finish now for *true.* What she care he sit on the levee all night? . . .

Manuel left Creole Bend that night on a New Orleans steamer. He never came back. Mimi wept and faced the years. Strange—she hadn't thought of the years. True, she now could do as she chose. No footprints to muddy her scrubbed parlor, no nightly snake fights in the woodshed, no languid trappers idling about for a glass of orange wine. But the years! Already she could feel their slow, meaningless approach.

Her store business dwindled. Fishermen and trappers who had always traded with her came now only occasionally, sheepishly seeking news of Manuel which she could not supply. Many of them now bought their seasonal supplies in more convenient places. Customers noted a nameless change in the store. For one thing, Mimi was always busy—strictly business. No one to joke with them, settle their bets, tickle their babies, discuss politics and the price of fish and fur. Six months taught Mimi the truth. The store, inherited from her father, was indeed hers, but the trade belonged to Manuel.

When Mimi could no longer pay her bills, a sister in New Orleans wrote, urging her to sell out and come to the city, promising to get Mimi a job as cashier for a friend who ran a Creole restaurant. Mimi wept and for the last time fed Manuel's alligator, Popo, under the japonica tree.

MIMI had been to New Orleans before, but never had she entered such a dazzling place as this. The Big Creole was its name, distinguishing it from other Creole restaurants of lesser size and fame. In the absence of the proprietor, the chef interviewed Mimi.

"That boss gone for haircut, him," said the chef. "Every *Saturday* haircut, haircut. We been wait for you, yes, since your sister tell that boss you will make fine cashier. Sure! In city they don't got no honest girl, not much pretty girl. *Voilà!* Your desk! Count the change always twice."

Mimi sat behind her desk, bewildered, blinking at the patrons, mainly Creoles, chatting in a sea of white linen and glittering glass and silver. Her heart was a weight, but her alert fingers counted the change twice, and in eight hours she became the cashier The Big Creole had sought. At quitting time the chef came beaming, to say that the Boss Himself wanted Mimi in his office.

She approached the private office timidly. At a desk in the office, counting a stack of money, was a man with a scar on the back of his head showing through the curls. Mimi, growing faint, leaned on the wall for support; and Manuel, self-possessed in smart business garb, turned and chuckled from behind a warm Latin grin.

"My sister she's try her crazy tricks again, yes," sobbed Mimi on his tailored breast. "How you was get big restaurant like this, you?"

"Me? Aw, shuck! You *ask* Havana lottery man. You remember that day I tell you I got hunch, me? But I was buy hundred ticket next day, win twenty thousand dollar. *And* Popo? You bring him with you, no? Wait! I was make Baptiste *cook* little special supper. Not the blue *plate,* no. Something you like. Guess!"

"Stuff crab, yes?"

In a private room, cozily, they celebrated. Manuel grumbled that the affairs of the restaurant were in a muddle. An efficient manager was needed. He didn't like big-boss business. He like to make joke with the customer. Mimi smiled, and taking his hand pressed it against her cheek.

"But me, I don't believe it you was get restaurant from lottery, no," said Mimi. "Where you was get hundred dollar for tickets?"

Manuel uttered a roar of mirth.

"What you think? There was nice pearl in that oyster, yes," he said, fingering the scar on the back of his head.

THE END

To the Ladies!

Picture by
HUBERT MATHIEU

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

(*Reading time: 5 min. 2 secs.*)

"MEN take more straight talk from a woman than they do from another man. It is easier for us to put over the *I'll be perfectly frank with you* line."

That is how Mrs. Ruth Pratt—New York Congresswoman—explained to me the growing power of women in American politics.

"So many men politicians do not consider a woman as a serious rival," she added, smiling.

Mrs. Pratt looks less like a politician than any political lady I've ever met. She has a lovely voice. She has five children. Quite unbelievably, she is now a grandmother.

Just before talking with Mrs. Pratt I heard a pompous male belittle the voting sense of my sex. When we vote, he said, we are swayed by the physical appearance of the candidates.

"That's not true," declared Mrs. Pratt. "Women voters are interested in the *personality* of a candidate—not in his looks."

She told me she sees a growing interest in politics among business women—women who have learned to say to themselves, when confronted by national problems, "How does this affect me and my family?"

She thinks that political interests are inspired by self-preservation where most women are concerned.

Mrs. Pratt's own part in active politics was entirely unpremeditated. Occupied with her children and her home, her part in civic affairs was for a long time impersonal. Only after the war did her campaign against city graft lead her to a place on the New York Board of Aldermen, then to the House of Representatives at Washington.

FOOTFALLS, as an index to character, were the subject of a recent scientific test at Barnard College for women.

First the students rated certain girls for their aggressiveness, judging from their everyday campus behavior. Then these girls walked across a room, unseen by the student researchers, who proceeded to rate them anew for aggressiveness according to the sound of their footfalls. The findings, when compared, were quite topsy-turvy. Girls who behaved aggressively walked timidly, and girls who behaved timidly walked aggressively.

This experiment interested me for a particular reason. Nicholas II, last czar of Russia, used to maintain a "footfall expert." The expert was a charlatan named Philippe, formerly a barber. Philippe claimed he could read the secret thoughts of any person by listening to that person's footsteps. The czar believed him. So when the czar received his ministers of state, Philippe hid behind a screen and listened to them walk across the room.

Then, when the ministers departed, Philippe would whisper their concealed motives to the czar, and judge whether or not they were loyal to his Majesty.

Russian history leads me to believe that Philippe's footstep reading was probably no better than that at Barnard College.

IN the middle of a telephone conversation a busy lawyer heard a third voice intruding. It was a woman's voice, low, vibrant, exquisitely modulated.

Something about that voice thrilled my lawyer friend through and through. He spoke to the unknown lady; asked her name. She refused to tell him. He begged her to call him up again. She agreed.

That was the beginning of a strange romance. Every day for months the lady phoned the lawyer. He made ardent love to her—over the telephone. With that beautiful voice, he thought, she must surely be beautiful, too. But plead as he did, she refused to meet him.

One night, however, he heard her unmistakable voice in a crowded drawing-room. And there he found her—a plain, a very unbeautiful woman. At first he wanted to run away. Then he heard her voice again and could not resist it. He became acquainted with her, married her, lived happily. He was a wise man. He made the most of his illusions.

The lure of the unseen—how it enthralls! A coming revival of the Irish drama, Playboy of the Western World, brought this telephone story back to my mind. Synge, author of Playboy, wrote touchingly about illusions. In his Well of the Saints a blind beggar man and beggar woman live together happily, each thinking the other beautiful. When a wandering saint restores their sight—and destroys their dream—they very properly throw stones at him.

AT last, a cure for women who suffer from too much vanity! I've just had an experience which might well be guaranteed to purge them of their peacock prides.

Make them face a movie camera in the full blaze of the klieg lights—without proper makeup. Have them talk into a microphone at the same time. Then let them see and hear the resulting record of themselves.

My first encounter with the talkies—in a newsreel picture—has been an amusing and corrective ordeal. I learned by heart the lines I was to speak. A book was placed on the floor and I was told to stand with my toes touching the book. The camera stood some distance away. Surrounding me were the enormous hoods of the klieg lights. Hastily I patted a last dab of powder on my nose.

"Get ready," warned the cameraman. "Please don't step away from the book. Go!"

Then those awful lights blazed down on me and I started to say my piece. Even if I ever *had* been taught how to keep my mouth a nice, pretty shape while pronouncing "prunes and prisms," I certainly would not have been able to remember it then. Dazed, scared, all I could do was put myself in the hands of fate—and keep on talking.

Not until I was shown a preview of the film did I begin to swear at myself and everyone else concerned. Why, oh why, hadn't someone told me to put on proper movie makeup? What a sight I looked on the screen!

Well, as I said before, it's a swell cure for vanity. The last scrap I had is gone forever.

more WINNERS *and another* $500 *in prizes*

LIBERTY'S WEEKLY

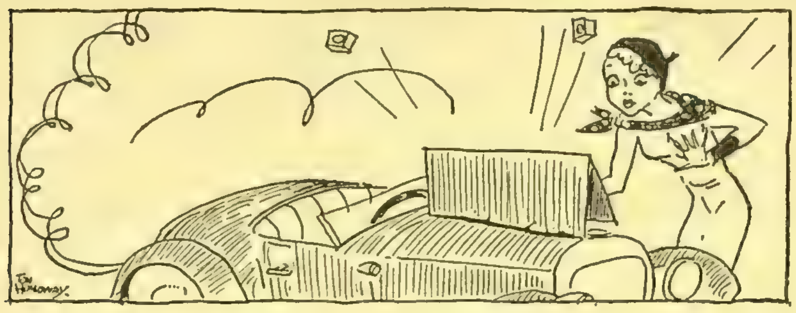
LIMERICK

Contest Continues!

Send in Your Last Line Now for

THIS WEEK'S LIMERICK

Want a share of the $500 cash? Just write a last line for this Limerick and submit it as your claim. It's fun, too!



When Elsa went out for a spin
Her car made a deafening din.
So she raised up the hood
And at once understood—

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight, July 4. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated August 8.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Did *You* Win?

HERE are the winners of the May 30 Limerick Contest. If your name is not here, try again! Here's success to you next time. The May 30 Limerick was as follows:

A circus parade was the bait
That lured Johnny Green to his fate.
Though he stayed out of school
'Twas his Ma broke the rule

....

Last lines submitted by the prize winners were:

$250 FIRST PRIZE

With three strikes—and one bawl—at home plate.
W. C. Hayes — Denver, Col.

$100 SECOND PRIZE

On the heir and the static was great.
Elizabeth C. Hart — Grand Rapids, Mich.

$75 THIRD PRIZE

The "whale" made him "blubber" I'll state.
Annie M. O'Brien — Wayne, Pa.

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

When she altered the "swing of his gait."
Sam Wilson — Toronto, Can.

$25 FIFTH PRIZE

He's been painfully upright of late.
Bob Sawyer — Pasadena, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION

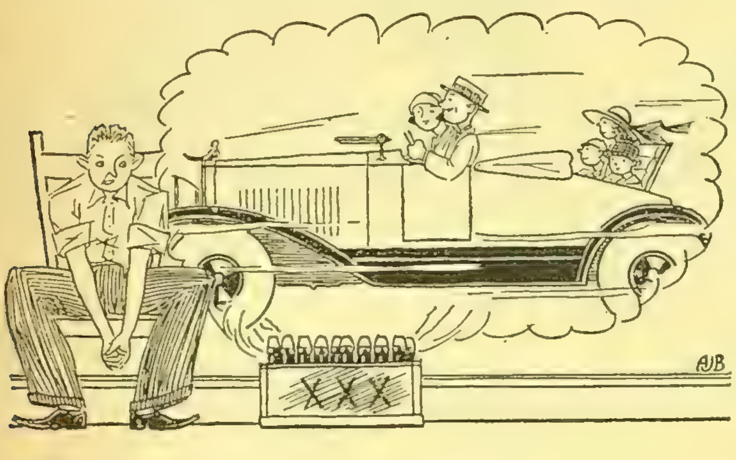
F. B. Mann, Chicago; James Burton, New York City; Roy Powell, Wake Forest, N. C.; Dr. Ralph W. Flint, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles L. Way, Brookline, Mass.

WATCH FOR MORE WINNERS AND ANOTHER $500 NEXT WEEK!

Vox

The Birth of a Gangster

BOSTON, MASS.—I have before me your splendidly written and truthful editorial about the gangster. It not only interests me, it frightens me a bit. Frightens me because, after fourteen years trying to earn an honest living, I am about to become a bootlegger. But in spite of my fear I intend to go through with it.



Why? Because there is money in it. The penalty, when caught, is nothing compared to the sufferings I have endured while trying to earn an honest living. Physical pain because I cannot properly feed my human body. Mental anguish when friends and relatives scorn me because I am out of work so often they think me a loafer.

Age? 28. Education? Grammar-school graduate. Single, because I never had the heart to ask a girl to share my poverty. I never had what one might call a home, my mother dying when I was nine. Had various jobs when a boy, until I became an electrician's apprentice. Have mastered the trade and am now a journeyman electrician, belonging to a union. Our wages are $12 a day five days a week. That sounds like a lot of money. It is. But, God, who is working? Loaf, loaf, loaf, loaf!

Have you ever been out of work, no money, no place to go, no home to putter around that would keep your mind occupied, too nervous to sit down and read, afraid to take a walk because you would work up an appetite, afraid to go for a ride in your car because you'd use the gas?

Oh, yes, I am only human. I bought a car when I had managed to save $300, the down payment on a Ford. The only luxury I have ever had and now I am going to lose that. I owe so much money I will never be out of debt, the way things are going.

Take some other kind of work? After eight years learning a trade, start all over again and wind up just where I am now?

My ambitions aren't too large—a wife and children, a home and a car. Now I can't even run an automobile, so how can I have the others?

Prohibition has corrupted every police force in every city in this country. It has muscled into politics, controls banks, labor unions, railroads, and steamship lines. Why shouldn't I let it corrupt me, as it has thousands of better men than I will ever be?

The profit is enormous and the loss is nothing. What can I lose? I have no reputation now, so I couldn't lose that; no one loves me, so I couldn't hurt them. My life, perhaps, but that doesn't matter, as I'm not going anywhere anyway.

And so, Mr. Editor, until you and some of the other brilliant minds in this country dope out some cure-all for the ills of this nation, I shall remain—*A Gangster in the Making.*

Message for McEvoy

TEXARKANA, TEXAS — I've got to stop right in the middle of this installment—can't go on any further—positively can't—until I get off my chest what a *wow* I think this latest Dixie Dugan yarn is!

Tell McEvoy I'm sending him a ten-gallon keg of " Garland City Pride "—two years in the wood. And just let me hear some Vox Popper crab about *this* series! You and I'll have a little private hangin' bee.—*Jerry.*

You Might Ask Him

PITTSBURGH, PA.—" Show Girl in Society " got off to a good start. Tell McEvoy he's an O. K. writer—unless, of course, he is aware of the fact.—*Tuffy.*

Well, It's Got One

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—After reading Liberty from cover to cover, I've come to the conclusion that what this country needs is a good five-cent magazine. —*J. H. Pollack.*

Welcome

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Will you let me have a little corner, in there with the other morons who consume two pages of your valuable space every week, to compliment you upon your presentation of Mr. Edmund Pearson in a murder tale entitled " Scotland Yard's Strangest Case "?

He not only knows the difference between a murder and a murder—he can write the English language to a crowded house.

Most of the editors take it for granted that if somebody has been butchered and the bloody remains have been spattered all over the place, there is no limit to which they should not go in the consumption of white print paper. Unless the element of mystery is there—the factor of doubt, the eternal guess—readers have no use for it.—*Joseph Hollister.*

Give Them a Spanking

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I see your magazine has been printing the opinions about liquor of a great many people. Here are mine.

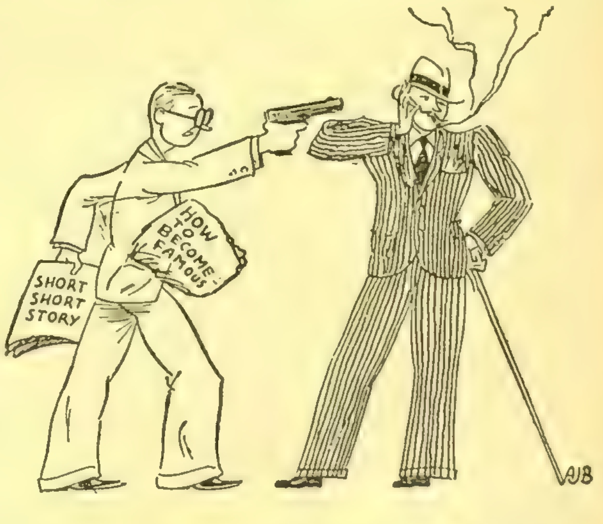
I am just a young girl but I certainly am becoming disgusted with the way our parents are acting. If they could see themselves as we see them, they could not blame us for having no respect or admiration for them. Talk about the young folks being wild—we can't compete with our parents.

There is nothing more disgusting than an intoxicated person, and a lot of us young folks feel that we have no desire to follow in our parents' footsteps in that respect. If they don't change their ways they are going to make total abstainers out of the future generation. The more I see of boozing, the more I am wanting to be a mother my children can respect, when I marry and have a family.—*One Who Knows.*

Let's See the Photo

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Imagine me sending in a short short to Liberty! Trembling like a leaf, in a whirl of delirious anticipation, I signed my name and prepared to give Liberty a joyous surprise.

Naturally I came back into my usual state of mind. I then realized the futility of my undertaking. Why? Because, much as I hate to admit it, Victor Hugo is not my grandfather. My ancestors came over on the Mayflower but they only traveled steerage, so that lets me out. My father is not a millionaire —in fact, he works for a living. My mother is not an ex-princess of Russia. I blush furiously when I say that I can't even play Beethoven's Symphony in G.



And yet I had enough nerve to send in a short short!

As I said before, hope springs eternal in the human breast. I think I'll go out and murder someone and *then* send in another short short story. You'll publish it, of course, and print a grand little write-up about me, in small italics, beside my photo.—*Lewis Rusoff.*

Pop

We Don't Just See What Fleas Have to Do with It

FULLERTON, CALIF.—We are twins, and, though seventeen, some say we don't know much. But when it comes to knowing Liberty, we are there with bells on. You should see a copy of it when we are finished. We read it from cover to cover, backwards and forwards, upside down, and then begin all over again. It looks like—well, like the well known "wreck of the Sunday edition." We almost wear the print off the pages.

When we've finished tearing it limb from limb, it's doubtful if even its editor, coming upon its dismembered corpse, could tell whether it had once been a copy of Liberty, or a copy of some treatise on how to educate fleas.—*Hilda and Rilda.*

Oh, Yeah?

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Perhaps if a good complete short story came in Liberty's front door, the editor would run out the back door.—*R. F.*

"Our National Hypocrisies"

ANDERSON, IND.—In your editorial of June 6 you cause one to think you have puritanical ideas on divorce, while, at the same time, you make us believe that you do not approve of religion as it is practiced by many of the present-day so-called Christians. I wish to ask you one question about divorce.

Do you really believe that a man and woman should continue their marital relations when they know that they are no longer suited to each other—when it is to the detriment of the happiness and, in some cases, the health of both parties to continue as husband and wife—and go on through the years quarreling and fighting, and living in a state of armed truce, merely for the sake of living up to a standard and belief of our grandmothers' time?

Your views on religious hypocrisy are much—very much—sounder. We are, as a country, acquiring more of these hypocrites every day.

I believe you could find a larger percentage of truly honest and God-fearing people in those who "belong" to no church than in all the deacons, elders, etc., in the country.

They, at least, are honest about it.—*A Reader.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Once in a decade there appears an article that has the courage and the intelligence to tell bigots and hypocrites of this old U. S. A. just how all wet they are with their "holier than thou" attitude.

So let me extend my humble congratulations to your editorial in Liberty for June 6, entitled "Our National Hypocrisies."—*Twenty-one.*

A Ghost's Handwriting

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.—Anent your interesting article by Lady Conan Doyle, "My Husband Comes Back," and the handwriting expert's analysis in which he declares that a scrutiny of the writing shows that the message from Sir Arthur is spurious, I have this to say.

A discarnate spirit could in no sense be compared to a healthy man operating a physical mechanism trained by habit. The wonder is that the writing should have any similarity at all—not that there should be a few discrepancies.

Further, very few people write invariably the same style in the same way at all times. A severe illness will modify handwriting; time modifies it also. Death would certainly be a much more disrupting experience than any possible illness, and might be the equivalent of the passage of much time.

If no material body remains, why should its habits remain, except as a mere memory—so how could a handwriting test mean anything at all?

Assuming the truth of Lady Doyle's assertion, it is to be presumed that the spirit of her husband reproduced his own writing by some means unknown to us, in a manner as near his former style as his memory could compass.—*G. S. Mumford.*

CANTON, OHIO—Have just finished "My Husband Comes Back," by Lady Conan Doyle.

Listen! This is all hooey. The guy that wrote what was intended to be Conan Doyle's signature on that photographic plate better get more practice, or some day he will get time for forgery. —*J. R. Sterling.*

Anyway, He Blew It Up

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The story named "Moriarty," by George Allan England, was unusually fascinating, but the background of the plot must have caused much laughter among your thousands of Canadian readers.

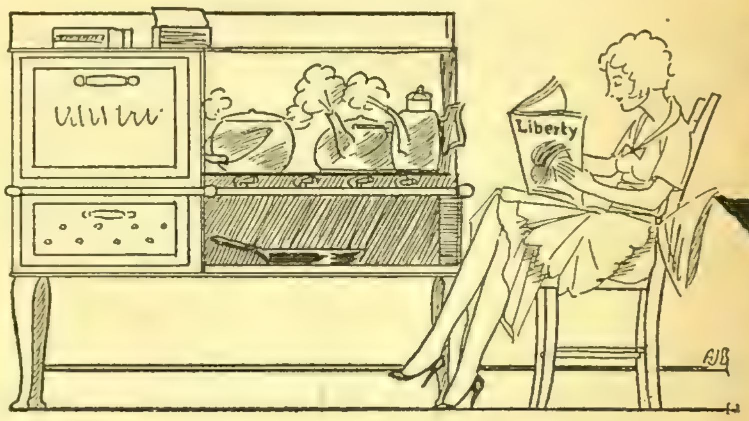
It is mid-winter in Quebec Province. The roads in the north country are snow-bound. The only way to send the dynamite up there in a hurry is by plane with our hero, Moriarty. All is fine so far. Then Moriarty takes off and gets off his course and starts to fly over Montreal. The plane catches fire and our hero decides to pancake on the St. Lawrence with his cargo of dynamite, when, suddenly, he sees "a liner outbound." In order to save the liner he blows up the plane in mid-air—and that's that.

The amusing part of this story, to me and anyone else who has ever lived in Montreal, is that a liner should be outward bound from that city in midwinter when the port is closed and the ice on the St. Lawrence is so thick that two-horse drays and even three-ton trucks travel back and forth across it in perfect safety.

It is errors like this that make Americans the butt for bright boys on second-rate Canadian dailies. — *George A. Yarrington.*

Smart Woman

WOODSTOCK, N. Y.—So the Vox Popping E. G. of Washington, D. C., says he can't conceive of anything sillier than your reading time, does he? Well, I can just tell you (or him) that I was mighty glad of it when a move to the country separated me from a timepiece for a whole week. Just shove a pan of biscuits in the oven and read a twelve-minute article, and then take them out of the oven a perfect brown. A forty-five-minute article times an ovenful of bread—perfectly.



Your reading time may be "bunk," but it was mighty useful bunk to one—*Housewife.*

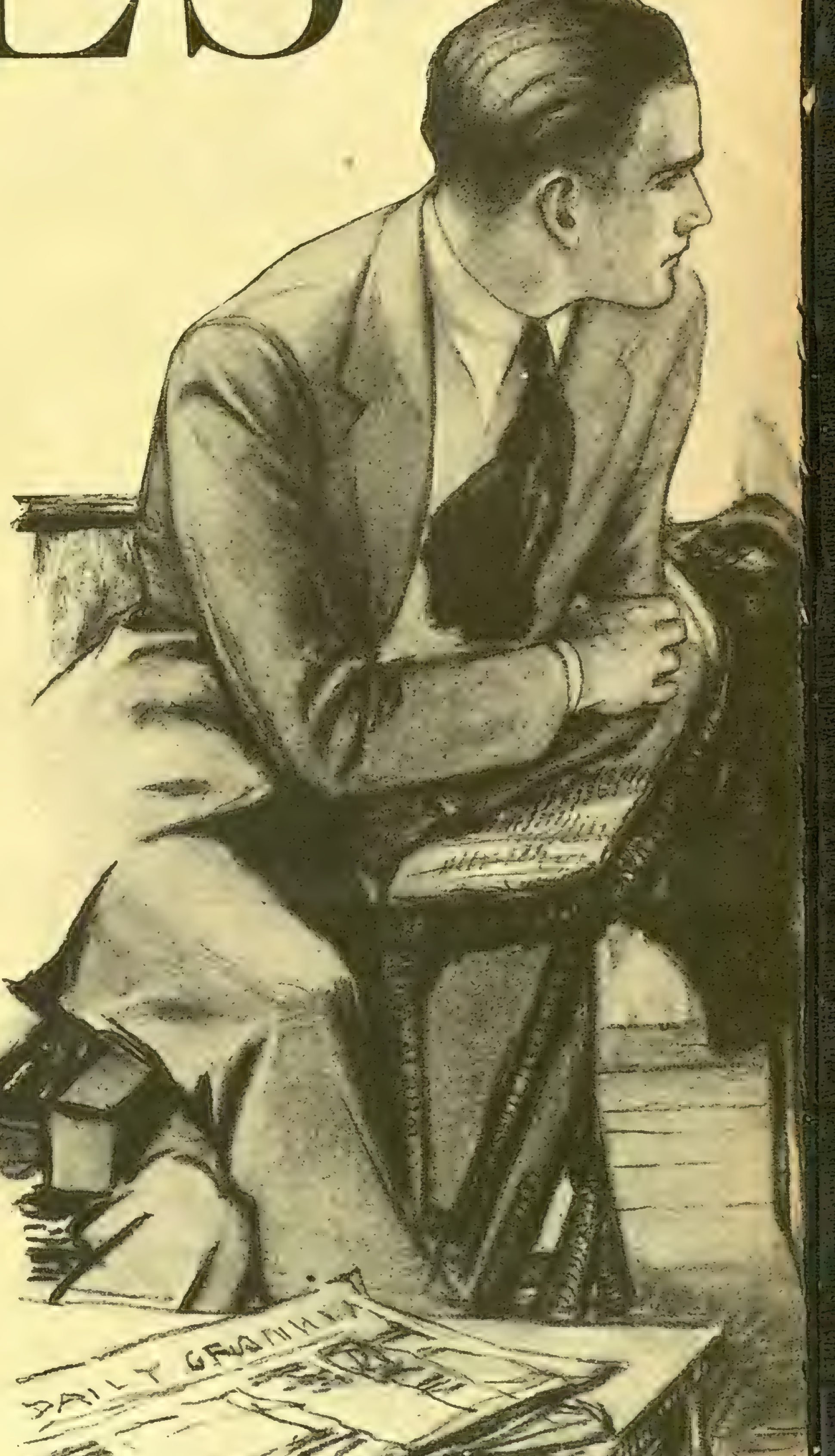
What's the Matter with Three Chances?

CHICAGO, ILL. — Three great big cheers for Homer Croy, say I, after reading his little say on Our Al Capone.

It made me feel that all this red, pioneering American blood we hear about hasn't turned some other color.

If you can find others who can write, and aren't afraid of Al or his sort, give them a chance. Give them two chances! —*Don of Chicago.*

The NEST



A Lesson in the School of Love

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

who is not him, but them. They spent a number of years, before and after their marriage, in newspaper work in Texas; then migrated to New York, where, together and separately, they have put in time reporting, play reviewing, and writing fiction.

Pictures by JOHN A. HAELEN

(Reading time: 33 minutes 44 seconds.)

"THIS," Worth Mackenzie told himself, "is foolish." Striding along the elm-shadowed sidewalk, Dr. Mackenzie had not let himself wonder why he detoured three blocks to go out Hawthorne Boulevard when he was really headed for Roaring River Parkway. Now, as he approached the Lindstrom house, a château of the planing-mill period of the '80s, sprawling comfortably in half an acre of lawn and shrubbery, he knew why.

He had seen something green through the lilacs. In his own professional jargon—for Dr. Mackenzie was assistant professor of psychology in the university—this glimpse of coal-tar-dyed silk had set up an association train that was rushing him into danger. He had identified this pistachio hue with a jersey frock worn on Thursday by one Linda Lindstrom, a senior in his seminar on Behaviorism, a dress which had advertised, just daringly enough, that Miss Lindstrom was one of the higher and shapelier mammalia.

Dr. Mackenzie was well aware that most young women were endowed with secondary sex characteristics, physical and mental, alluring to the male. He might have traced a neat connection between the snugness of the jersey dress and his love for his own mother. He could have explained away the whole disturbing influence that was Linda Lindstrom on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 2 to 2:50 P. M., but he couldn't have kept his eyes off her for five consecutive minutes. Nor could he at this moment prevent his smart brown brogues from turning sharply to the left and catfooting up the walk to the Lindstrom house.

This nonsense had been going on since last September, for Psychology 4-E was a two-semester seminar. The jersey frock, celebrating May Day, had been the final green cocktail that had completed the intoxication of Dr. Mackenzie. Worn with green-and-white leather sandals and sheer white silk hose which drew attention to the fact that Miss Lindstrom was a biped of uncommonly symmetrical design, it had released certain hormones in a healthy blood stream and produced images and impulses which had to be sternly repressed in the classroom.

To a doctor of philosophy who had studied abroad for a year and had passed three summers since on the Continent in scientific circles where women were regarded merely as human beings, this obsession seemed silly. Dr. Mackenzie privately did not believe in marriage for enlightened young men of twenty-nine. One married, if at all, at thirty-five, selecting a mature woman who also believed in the rights of the individual to lead his own life.

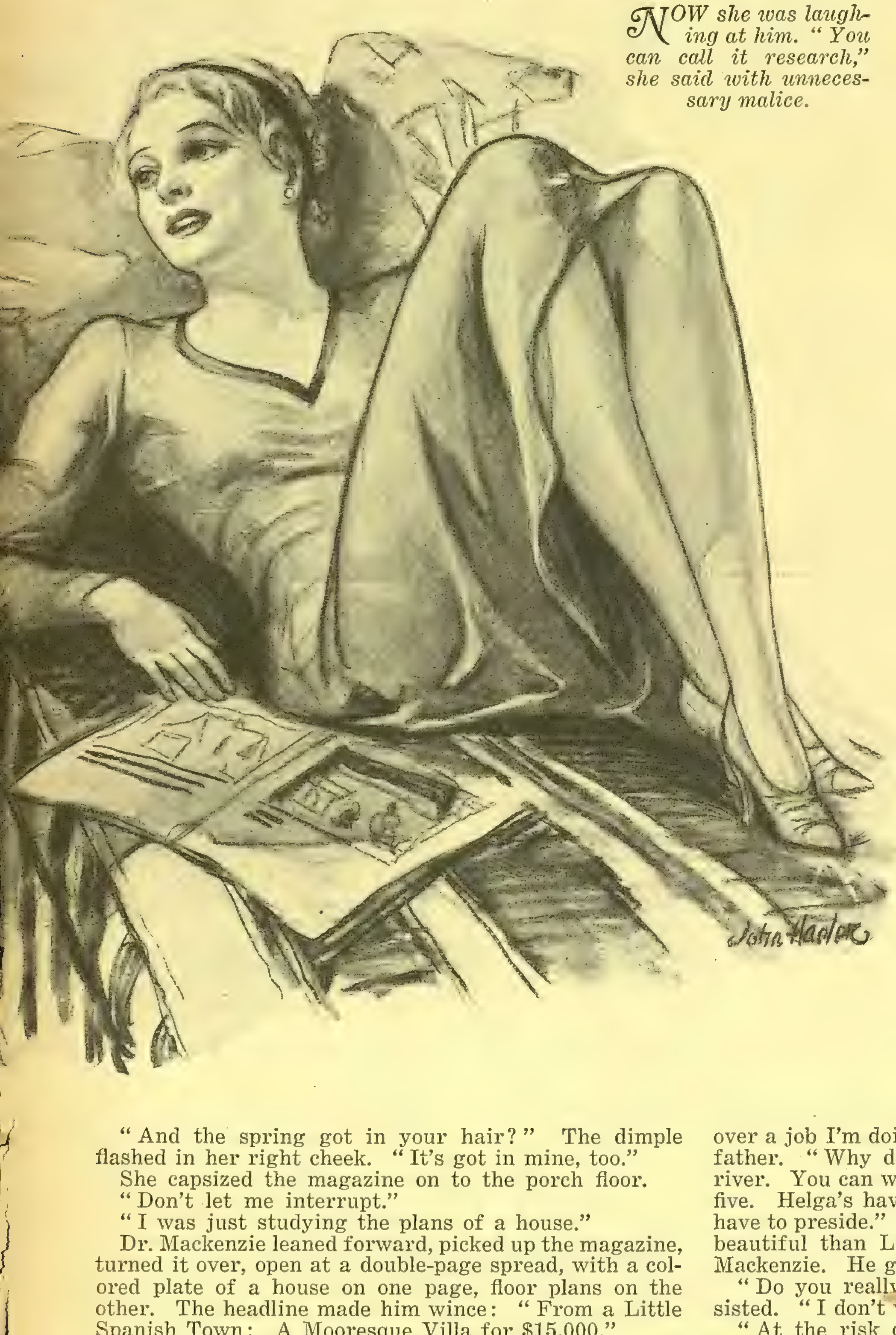
This familiar defense mechanism was racing through his hatless brown head as he mounted the steps to the Lindstroms' veranda and walked around to the south side. On a porch swing lounged the green jersey dress. The girl in it sat up, identified the visitor, sank back into the chintz cushions piled against one end of the swing.

"Oh, hello!" Casually cordial, the husky voice set up reactions which deprived Dr. Mackenzie of the power of speech. The disturbingly symmetrical legs were doubled up, the sandals on the swing cushion, the silken knees chin high to serve as a rest for a household magazine.

"Sit down," she said. "Nice to see you. Been walking?"

"Just going," said Dr. Mackenzie, coming around a wicker basket chair and easing his lean length into it, propping his feet up on a wicker stool laden with Sunday newspapers. "I was grading freshman notebooks all morning—"

COMPLEX



NOW she was laughing at him. "You can call it research," she said with unnecessary malice.

"And the spring got in your hair?" The dimple flashed in her right cheek. "It's got in mine, too."

She capsized the magazine on to the porch floor.

"Don't let me interrupt."

"I was just studying the plans of a house."

Dr. Mackenzie leaned forward, picked up the magazine, turned it over, open at a double-page spread, with a colored plate of a house on one page, floor plans on the other. The headline made him wince: "From a Little Spanish Town: A Mooresque Villa for $15,000."

"I'm crazy about houses," Linda admitted. "I suppose you call it the nest complex?"

"What else?" he countered. "But why be ashamed of it? It's your natural destiny."

"For a contractor's daughter, you mean?"

What had made him say that, he didn't know, nor why he had to go on with it.

"No. That wouldn't necessarily follow. I meant you are a domestic person. Your natural destiny is to make a home for yourself and some—er—ah—fortunate young man. Hence the interest in nests."

He could have kicked his own shins for saying that. Cheap twaddle! He hit his toes a resounding rap with his blackthorn.

She surveyed him with no apparent exasperation. Once again under the spell of rose-and-white skin, an impudent nose, amethyst eyes, a generous, humorous mouth, a rather square head carried proudly on a strong neck set on shoulders like clotted cream, the heavy corn-colored hair confined under a broad band of green satin, a body that was all long curves, neither too thin nor too thick anywhere, he forgot what he had been saying.

"YOU'RE quite right," she admitted calmly. "I am domestic."

Dr. Mackenzie flushed. "Nine out of ten girls here are aiming straight at matrimony, but few of them would admit it to a man."

"How do you know they are?"

"The psych department has been giving a questionnaire to all juniors and seniors. We've had gratifyingly frank answers to the rather blunt questions concerning matrimony and ideas on sex, although there's no compulsion to answer—"

"I heard about that. Why hasn't our 4-E group been quizzed?"

Dr. Mackenzie knew he was blushing. "You will be. You can be thinking out your answers. Look here. I'm headed for a walk along the river. How about coming along?" She hesitated, and he added lamely, "Unless you're engaged." Probably she was. Eric Ekstrom would be over, of course.

"I've got to drive out and look over a job I'm doing for Thor," she said. Thor was her father. "Why don't you come along? It's out on the river. You can walk from there. I've got to be back by five. Helga's having some youngsters in for tea and I have to preside." Helga was her sophomore sister, more beautiful than Linda, not nearly so disturbing to Dr. Mackenzie. He got to his feet.

"Do you really like to look at houses?" Linda persisted. "I don't want to bore you."

"At the risk of seeming effusive," he said, looking down into the amethyst eyes, "I doubt if going down in a coal mine with you would bore me."

Now she was laughing at him.

"You can call it research into the nest complex," she said with quite unnecessary malice.

He glowered at her. "That's not funny, and it's un-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE NEST COMPLEX
Continued from page fifty-three

just," he said sharply. "I'm not a comic-strip professor. I'm only nine years older than you are. Why can't you consider me, outside of class, as just what I am—" He broke off. Dangerous ground.

She let him have the dimple full strength as she got off the swing in a graceful feat of gymnastics.

"Blame it on spring," she said. "Come on. Lecture as you go."

In the car, headed for the Roaring River Parkway, he changed the subject. "Is this one of those two new houses this side of the Split Rock Road?"

"Yes, but there are ten of them. Each on at least an acre, and four with river frontage."

"I was walking through the woods last Saturday and ran on to two. Stunning. Built for sale?"

"Nine of them have been sold," she said. "Every one to a faculty member. Hand picked."

"How hand picked?"

By a reflex derived from an experience pattern, she slackened speed as the car approached a morose motorcycle policeman parked at the roadside. "I picked them —for congeniality," she explained. "Don't tell anyone; you'd make enemies for me!"

"So you're helping your father? Splendid!"

She refused credit. "Professor Lenssen designed all the houses. I just made suggestions—to him and to Thor."

"Well, your father's no profiteer, certainly, if he's selling them to poor pedagogues."

"He's making a profit. We got up a building and loan plan to finance them that won't ruin the poor profs. They sold for twelve to fifteen thousand, except the last one. It'll come high."

She halted the car at the intersection and turned left, as the light went green, on to the newly paved Roaring River Parkway.

"SEE here," she said, when she had caught up with the pack of cars half a mile from the intersection. "Don't think I'm trying to practice my sales talk on you. I know better than to think you'd be interested in buying a house, so my motives are quite pure." She smiled at him, flashing the dimple again.

"What do you mean, you know better?" he asked inelegantly.

"You're not the type," she said, intent on passing a line of cars at the risk of being crowded off into the fresh clay down the center of the road. "You're not likely to marry for years."

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"You've given it away half a dozen times. I'd like to know what your views on marriage really are."

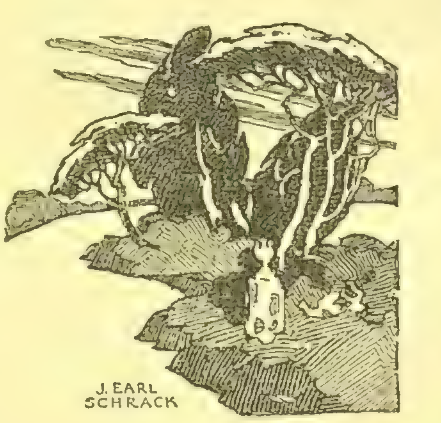
"If I gave them out I'd be accused of corrupting the young." He tried to parry the question. "I'd be thrown out."

She flushed.

"Do you expect me to tell on you?" she demanded. "Complain to the dean of women?" She was annoyed.

"Please!" he said. "I was being flippant."

The parkway now entered the woods along the river. She put out a hand, slowed, turned right up a newly graveled lane through the big trees.



"You forget," she said, not at all mollified, "that I am going to be twenty-one next month, that I am not a flapper and never was one, and that my father came from Norway."

Mackenzie was glad that she hadn't added that she was on the Student Council, vice president of her class, and could wear the gold key of a scholarship fraternity, as well as the woman's letter for three sports. He felt small enough as it was.

"What's Norway got to do with it?"

"The Norwegians," said Linda tartly, "are probably further advanced in dealing with marriage, divorce, and sex problems than any people on earth. And I have been brought up by a Norwegian father who taught me to be rational about such things. So let's not talk about corrupting the young, please. I'm an adult."

"You are fortunate," said Dr. Mackenzie; "I mean in being brought up that way."

Thor's wife, he knew, had died when the girls were small. There was a capable but nonintellectual housekeeper named Rose who had been the children's nurse. Linda and Helga, of course, had got their home training largely from their father. Mackenzie knew Lindstrom for a blunt and outspoken giant of a man, graduate of an engineering school in Norway before he had emigrated to the States. They drank beer in the same speakeasy downtown, and had argued various political and social questions. They had never discussed marriage nor the problems of parenthood.

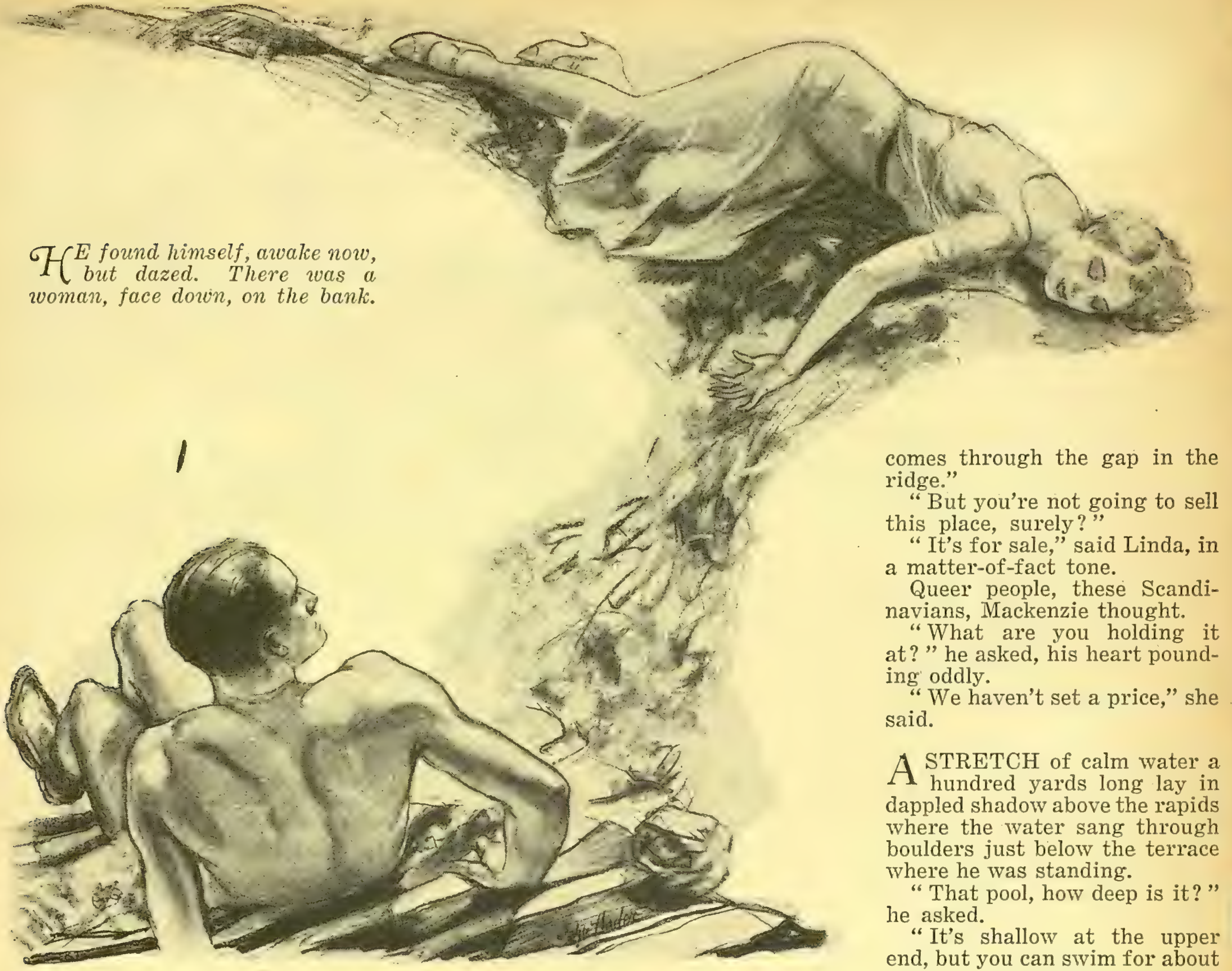
He wondered how radical this girl might be in her views. Eric Ekstrom was a second-generation Scandinavian, too. It had been reported to Dr. Mackenzie that, in due course, Miss Lindstrom would likely marry Eric. They had been sweethearts in high school. Eric, two years out of college, still wore a careless halo of football, baseball, basketball, and track fame askew on his square blond head, set firmly on the frame of an amiable cinnamon bear. A teller in his father's bank downtown, he would be able to marry Linda whenever she was ready. They'd have whopping, handsome babies. But, somehow, from what he'd seen of Eric—and he seemed to be always around Linda—Mackenzie couldn't imagine Eric's being anything but a conventional husband. He was too thoroughly Americanized.

The opportunity of finding out the future Mrs. Ekstrom's views on the marriage problem had passed for the present. Linda had turned the car off the lane into a driveway through the deep woods, running along a brook bed and through a gap in the ridge of rock. She brought the car to a sliding stop before a nearly finished house with steep Norwegian lines, half-timbered gables, a roof of warm blue slaty material, rolled at the eaves like thatch. This was not one of the houses Mackenzie had stumbled on before. It was so picturesque that it made him catch his breath.

Linda was waiting halfway up the crooked flag walk when he came around behind the car. She whirled and rounded the corner of the house. In motion she reminded him of a Greek girl, back in the Golden Age. He wondered whether the Golden Age wasn't just a wish-fulfillment myth. Golden girls, playing ball, nude on a silver strand. . . . He blushed, recognizing the source of the image. . . . Well, why not? A man could desire a girl, even if she were his pupil. But if he showed it, he let himself in for trouble. So far, he had avoided woman trouble by being practical and unromantic in his relations with the sex. He hadn't been miserable over a woman since his first trip abroad, at twenty-two.

IF you got moon-eyed and melancholy about a college girl, your dignity suffered; you heard snickers on the campus, caught sly looks in class. Linda Lindstrom since last September had been cutting his behavior patterns into jig-saw puzzles. He had dined at the Lindstroms' several times as Thor's guest, played one round of golf this spring with Linda, Eric, and Helga, danced with Linda a total of four times during the year, had watched her play basketball, hockey, and swim in the relay, had seen her at one faculty tea, and before today had never had five minutes alone with her. In four weeks more the seminar would end; in five weeks she would be graduated; in six weeks he would be sailing to study in Vienna and tramp in the Tyrol. When he returned next September she would likely be married.

He had halted, ostensibly to look at the house, actually to pull himself together. If he didn't, he'd likely do something foolish. The effect this girl was having on him was like nothing except too much champagne. The warm, damp wind coming fitfully through the new leaves, the bickering and flashing of amorous birds in the bushes —Worth Mackenzie, exponent of rational behavior, was



HE found himself, awake now, but dazed. There was a woman, face down, on the bank.

in a panic. He wanted to whirl around and make tracks down that graveled lane; run until he was sane again. The flight complex.

Linda, having gone all the way around the house, now appeared on the flagged court at the left end.

"Did it strike you all of a heap?" she suggested in her husky hot-sweet voice. "Before we go in, come look at the river from the front of the house." He obeyed. "This is the service entry," she explained, as they passed a linteled door. "The kitchen and the pantry are at this end; the house really has no back. I didn't see why it should have in a setting like this."

FROM the terrace the view of the Roaring River gorge took his breath. He could see a couple of hundred yards either way, up and down the river. Two sharp bends in the stream and walls of tall evergreens and hardwoods shut the spot away from the rest of the world.

"This is simply enchanting," he said, drawing a deep breath.

"Thor has owned this piece of woods since I was a little girl," Linda said. "It's on both sides of the river. There's a bridge just above the bend there."

"Yes, I crossed it last fall, walking."

"No, this is a new bridge. Thor built it. You mean the old Coffeyville Road bridge, farther up."

"Then there are houses on the other side, too?"

"Yes, but not opposite here. The property that goes with this house is nearly three acres, and it takes in a strip on the other side of the river that's deep enough to screen this part of the stream. On this side the land runs to that rocky ridge the brook cuts through—Thor calls it a geologic fault. You don't have to build a fence or a wall to keep out trespassers; just a gate where the road comes through the gap in the ridge."

"But you're not going to sell this place, surely?"

"It's for sale," said Linda, in a matter-of-fact tone.

Queer people, these Scandinavians, Mackenzie thought.

"What are you holding it at?" he asked, his heart pounding oddly.

"We haven't set a price," she said.

A STRETCH of calm water a hundred yards long lay in dappled shadow above the rapids where the water sang through boulders just below the terrace where he was standing.

"That pool, how deep is it?" he asked.

"It's shallow at the upper end, but you can swim for about fifty yards, except when the river's very low. Helga and I learned to swim there. Thor says that for about two thousand dollars he can put a four-foot dam across that narrow place that'll make a swimming pool more than a hundred yards long."

She was unlocking the front door. "This doorway is copied from one in the village in Norway where Thor was born," she said.

The interior, from a basement with an oil-burning, hot-water heating plant, up two floors, to a steep gabled attic, was, even unfinished and unfurnished, Mackenzie thought, the most desirable small-house arrangement he had ever seen. A living room with a field-stone fireplace ran through the house, the kitchen and the dining room to the north of it, and a sun room with huge windows across the whole south end. The sun-room windows, Linda explained, were to be double paned for winter with glass that didn't cut off the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

Upstairs there were two bedrooms, with bath between, and a guest room with bath. The southeast room, Linda said, was the nursery. It had a small bathroom of its own, with half-sized fixtures.

"Every window has double sashes, for winter," she added with pride.

Mackenzie was thinking that all these extras would run the original cost up too high for any college professor, except some of the older men who wouldn't have any use for the nursery.

"Don't you think this little bath is darling?" Linda was standing in its doorway. "It was my idea. When the children grow up, there's room for full-sized fixtures and a shower to be put in. Now make your snooty remarks about the nest complex!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE NEST COMPLEX
Continued from page fifty-five

Mackenzie shook his head sadly. "You've got me speechless," he admitted.

He was doing mental arithmetic. But what was he thinking of? He didn't have any use for an eight-room house, no matter how much he wanted that stretch of river.

"Come see the attic," Linda invited. He followed her up an inclosed stairway into a steeply gabled long room.

"This could be a study," she said, professionally detached. "Though it would make a grand playroom for the children in winter. It has ventilation from four sides, you see, even though the windows had to be small."

There was a car outside on the driveway, tooting insistently. She crossed to the west window and looked down.

"There's Eric," she said. "He's as crazy about this place as I am."

With a dull blue rage in his heart, Dr. Mackenzie followed her down the attic stairs. She went bounding on ahead. He lingered, looking through the rooms. When he came out on the terrace, she and Eric were standing, arms around each other, looking at the river. They made, Mackenzie reflected wryly, what was called a handsome couple, certainly.

Eric smiled, a slow, disarming smile. They shook hands. Worth Mackenzie's chest came up and out; he breathed deeply. Running in prep school and undergraduate days had given him a physique not common to college dominies, but alongside this young giant he felt somehow skinny and inadequate.

"You like it?" Eric asked, in a pleasant rumble.

"I never saw a house nor a site that I liked so much," Mackenzie blurted out. Then he knew he was blushing. "I'd really like to own it," he added gravely.

"Try and get it," said Ekstrom, with what seemed to Mackenzie an entirely uncalled-for taunt in his tones. Linda appeared to be amused at his rudeness. Worth Mackenzie flushed a brick red.

"It's the nest complex," he said sarcastically. "Get Miss Lindstrom to explain that you." Now it was he who was being rude. "I think I'll be going along," he added, biting off his words. "Miss Lindstrom was kind enough to give me a lift out this far. I was going walking." He addressed her: "Thank you very much indeed for showing me this. You are to be envied."

The amethyst eyes were sparkling. He smiled, saluted with his blackthorn bludgeon, turned, and tramped around the house, trying not to hurry. He knew he had made a show of himself, but he was so outraged that he didn't care. If only he dared sock that big ox in the jaw. But what for? . . .

By the time the sundown chill had begun to penetrate into Worth Mackenzie's wool-clad muscles, as he lay brooding on a table rock a mile down the river, he had made two decisions and unmade one. The first was to accept the offer from California for the next year. The second, which displaced that, was to try and get that house.

AT ten minutes past eight next morning, he walked into Lindstrom's office. Thor came out to greet him before he could tell the stenographer his business.

"Come in, professor," old Thor boomed, and seized his hand in a great paw. He locked the door of his private office, unlocked a desk drawer, brought out a fat bottle and two glasses. "You look like you need a drink," he said heartily. "Here's something special. Builds up the walls of the stomach." He chuckled titanically at his own wit.

The fiery white liquid, whatever it was, dispelled the gloom in Mackenzie's heart like magic. He refused a cigar. Thor lighted one.

"Have another?"

Worth had another. Then he disclosed his purpose.

"I came to see you, Mr. Lindstrom, about a house. I hear you have sold nine houses in your new development to friends of mine on the faculty."

Thor ticked them off on his fingers. "Lenssen, Wilson, Rathenau, White, Leslie, Proctor, Norton, and—let's see —Dr. Arthur and Dr. Graham. I'm taking over old houses from five of them just to get them out there."

"You're certainly a benefactor. And you've picked a congenial group," said Mackenzie warmly. He was on friendly terms with every one of these men. He paused, went on as casually as he could:

"How about selling me the tenth house? I looked it over yesterday. I don't mind telling you I want it very much."

"You're a bad business man," said Thor, laying a huge hand on Mackenzie's knee paternally.

"What's the house held at, with the three acres?"

"You thinking of getting married?" Lindstrom countered.

Professor Mackenzie told a half truth. "I've got something like that in mind," he said.

Had Thor Lindstrom winked at him or just squinted?

"How much could you afford to pay for that house?" he asked.

"Well, I'll tell you exactly how I'm fixed. My salary is forty-eight hundred a year. I have an income from investments of about four thousand a year; more when times are better. I have about ten thousand dollars where I can get at it without sacrificing anything in the present market. I didn't lose anything on stocks and only paper profits on bonds."

"You're lucky. Neither did I," said Lindstrom. "Except my assets froze up. But I can weather worse storms than this last one. I could die tomorrow and leave my girls well fixed."

MACKENZIE wished Thor hadn't brought that up. It made him think of Linda, and the low trick he was playing on her.

Thor, tilted back in his chair, was thinking aloud. "Ten thousand dollars down would be enough. Could you pay a hundred dollars a month into my building and loan fund? That way you could amortize the mortgage in ten years."

Mackenzie did some quick figuring. "That makes the house come to only twenty-two thousand dollars, figuring interest and everything," he said, with a question in his tone.

"That's right."

"But, Mr. Lindstrom, that's much too cheap for that place."

Thor's jaw set.

"I don't mean to tell you how to run your business," Mackenzie added hurriedly. "But I am amazed, honestly."

"Do you want it at that price?" Thor asked abruptly.

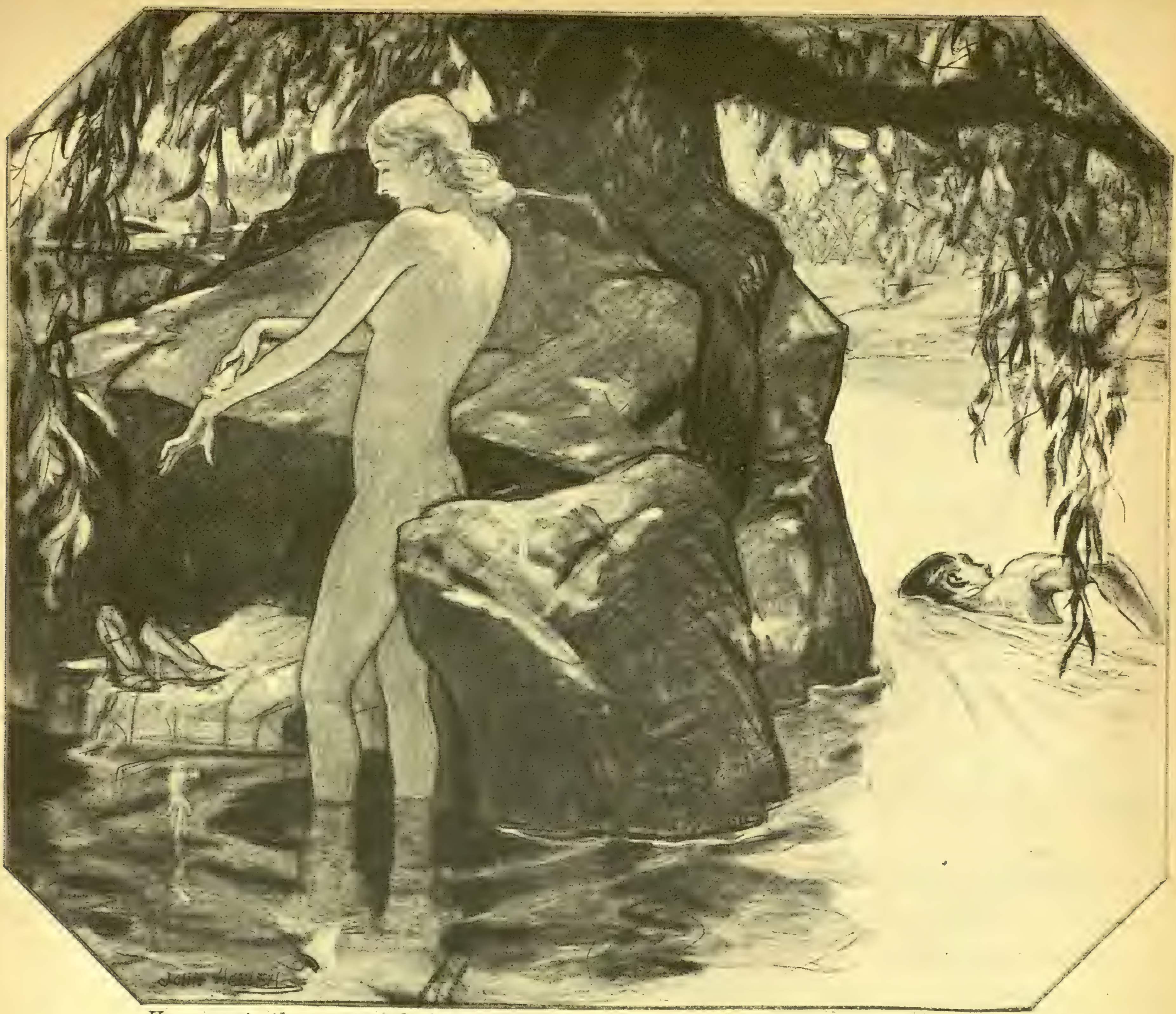
"I'll give you earnest money right now."

"Fine!" Thor was looking at him, unsmiling. "I'm selling it to you, young fellow, because you fit into the picture. I like you. You've got good sense—about everything but some things." He grinned. "Miss King," he roared, "fix me up a contract for that last house. Wait, I'll come out and tell you . . ."

Half an hour later Worth Mackenzie, Ph.D., walked out of the building a property owner, his bank balance smaller by a thousand dollars of earnest money, his heart unaccountably heavy. He wasn't regretting his purchase. He could turn a profit within a year if he wanted to. The heaviness of his heart had something to do with his sense of honor.

Striding across the campus, he decided that if Ekstrom came to him and asked him to sell, he'd sell. He couldn't do anything else. But old Thor hadn't said a word about Linda's interest in the house.

On Tuesday, at two, Linda took her seat in the second row of the bank of desk chairs without even a nod of recognition. She had on a corn-colored linen dress, a deep blue band around her corn-colored hair. Mackenzie moved over to where he couldn't see her except out of the corner of his eye. She didn't appear to be angry. She simply didn't look at him. He let himself get into an argument with little Lefkowitz, who would take the bit



He swam to the upper end of the pool. She stood in the shallows like a Grecian nymph.

in his teeth and disrupt the routine of the lecture unless he was handled firmly. Today Dr. Mackenzie was easy game.

At the next session Mackenzie passed out mimeographed copies of what was now called in campus slang, "the psych-sex quiz." Answers were not required, but were solicited for their research value. Frankness was encouraged and complete confidence promised. Replies from those who wished to answer were to be handed in the last Thursday in May.

During the next three weeks Professor Mackenzie and Miss Lindstrom exchanged neither a word nor a direct look in class. They passed twice on the campus. She did not appear to see him. The seminar ended with no formal examination, the grades being cumulative through the year.

After the final session, on the twenty-eighth of May, three impressionable young women shed tears and Dr. Mackenzie found himself wringing the hand of little Lefkowitz, the class pest, letting bygones be bygones. Linda Lindstrom had handed in no answers to the questionnaire; she had, moreover, cut the final class. Mackenzie, with a dull pain around his heart, doubtless caused by something he had eaten for lunch, gave her a final mark of "A" on the year's work.

At commencement, the fourth of June, he saw her while the academic procession was forming. After that he wouldn't look at her. He didn't attend the senior reception and dance. He drove out to his house, instead, in the secondhand car he had acquired.

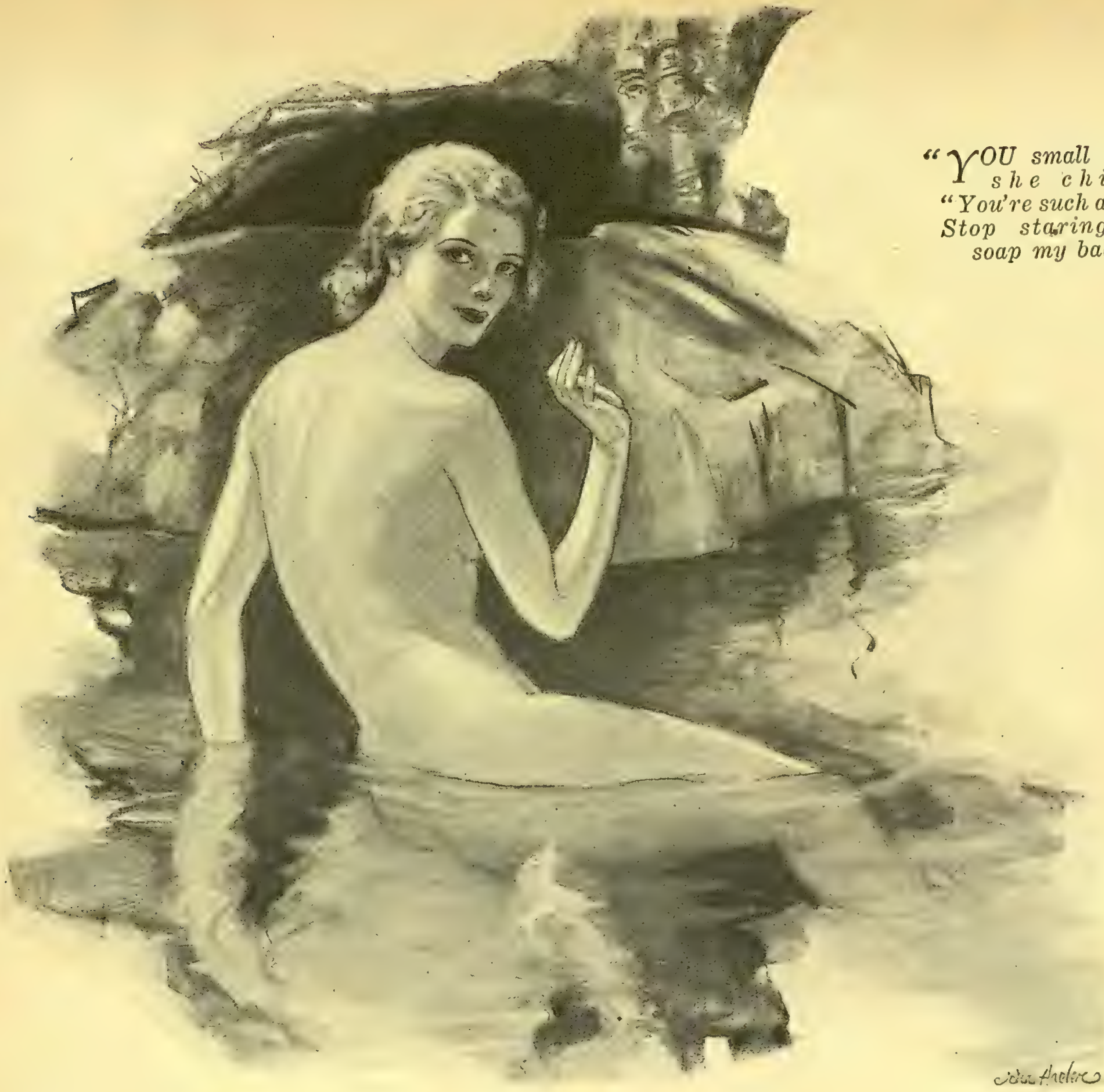
He was going to take title to his house the next Monday. Meanwhile he was going to move in, for all the paint was dry. He meant to camp there all summer. The money destined for the trip to Vienna he would need for the unforeseen expenses incidental to opening a house. He would write his monograph on the psych-sex quiz answers.

A brown owl hooted on the roof the first night, but he was so tired from hard labor that he slept like a bear cub. After his swim and breakfast, he spent four hours each morning roughing out the monograph. So far, he had avoided the danger of meeting Linda, slight as it might be, by driving three miles to Coffeyville for supplies.

FOR no reason that he cared to bring into the light of day, he decided, on Monday, the fifteenth of June, to build a gate where his property line crossed the road. It was a convenient place for a gate, where the graveled lane came in through a gap in the rocky ridge, as Linda had once pointed out. He bought cement in Coffeyville, hauled it in the rumble of his secondhand roadster, found a bed of sand on the river bank, and in ten days produced a creditable and artistic job. The monograph lay untouched.

The gate came out from town next morning, and the truckman helped him hang it. When it was up, he padlocked it. It was a barnyard gate, which fitted well into the picture after he had painted it a proper brown. A person on foot could climb over it easily enough, but it would stop intruding automobiles. Just why he wanted to stop automobiles, Mackenzie didn't analyze.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"YOU small boy!" she chided. "You're such a lamb. Stop staring and soap my back."

[THE NEST COMPLEX
Continued from page fifty-seven]

That afternoon, following the triumphant painting of the gate, he decided to take a sun bath. There was an ideal place at the upper end of the pool, where the river bank had caved away and let down a dune of white sand, exposed to the afternoon sun, but hidden from anyone who might appear at the house unexpectedly. Across the river the laurel thicket was so matted that he could hear any intruder crashing through long before he came into view.

Worth Mackenzie, Ph.D., presently walked out of the river door of his house clad only in a pair of shorts, a tennis hat, and sneakers. He carried a huge beach towel, cigarettes, matches, and an alarm clock. Fifteen minutes' sun on each façade would be enough to start, even though his body still showed a faint tan from the previous summer. As he walked up along the edge of the pool he heard a motor car through the dense screen of woods. He grinned. No wandering joy rider could invade *his* dooryard, thanks to that padlocked gate.

Worth Mackenzie, Ph.D., was more tired than he had realized and more blissful in the June sun even than he had hoped to be. He had muffled the ticking of the alarm clock by wrapping his shorts over it, had stretched out on his stomach on the beach towel atop the heavenly fine sand, and was now deep in the arms of Mother Nature. In five minutes he was asleep. But he had set the alarm. In fifteen minutes the clock would warn him to turn over.

An earthquake awoke him. He was in Italy, it seemed. He heard a woman scream, and started to rush out of the dark place he was in, into the open air, away from the falling walls. But he couldn't move. He was buried!

In a panic that, in the classroom, he would have labeled claustrophobia, he broke through the ruins of the Italian villa into the light of day. He found himself, awake now, but dazed, sitting in a pile of sand, topsoil, gravel, and tangled roots, not in Italy, but on his own homestead. He had been buried under a landslide.

There was the placid, sun-dappled water of his own pool. He looked up. A big slice of the bank had broken away, twenty feet over his head. And—good heavens!

There was a woman, face down, on the bank, ten feet up the slope. A girl in white. He scrambled to his feet. It took a second look to convince him that it was Linda! He picked her up, lost his footing, and collapsed into the sand bank alongside her.

WORTH MACKENZIE for several minutes wasn't quite sane. He half carried, half dragged the girl down the sloping bank to the water's edge. He felt her pulse, listened to her heart. He looked around for something to hold water, snatched off his tennis hat, scooped it full, threw water in her face and all over her thin silk crêpe dress. She moaned, stirred, began to spit out sand.

It dawned then upon Worth Mackenzie, Ph.D., that he was a good Samaritan in a state of Biblical innocence. He plunged up the bank, clawed in the sand and soil until he unearthed the alarm clock, sturdily ticking away in its wrapping of khaki. He got the shorts on in frantic haste, belted and buttoned, and leaped down the bank.

Linda had opened her eyes.

"You needn't have done that," she said weakly. "Why be formal?"

Worth Mackenzie was afraid he was blushing all over.

"Are you hurt?" he snarled at her.

"I don't know. I'm afraid to move."

He tested her legs, her arms, gently, even tenderly, despite his fury.

"You might have killed yourself!" he snapped. His anger increased by a psychological reaction which he didn't stop to recognize.

"Just lie there and be quiet until you get over the worst of the shock," he ordered sternly.

She reached for his hand. She pulled. He found himself sinking to one knee, both knees. He found himself in Linda's arms. It should have been the other way about, but that was the way it happened. He found himself kissing her hungrily, hot tears in his eyes, sand between their lips. He didn't mind the sand; she didn't seem to mind either.

For some reason, Linda was crying. She pushed his face away. Her own was streaked with mud and tears and anger.

"You big damned fool!" she stormed. "You idiotic urchin! You buy my house and then you put up a gate to keep me out!"

She went off into a real cry this time. He forgot about broken backs and ribs and hauled her by main strength and awkwardness into the place where a woman can cry her best.

She cried her best for about two minutes. Then she sat up.

"Help me up," she gulped on one last sob. "Let's see how I work."

He helped her to her feet. She swung her arms, ran up and down the margin of the river gingerly.

"No damage. Just the breath knocked out. You can't kill a squarehead." She reached back and got the neck of her muddy dress in one hand, jerked it up and off.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"Wash my dress. Wash me. Got any soap?"

"Plenty, at the house."

"Go up and get it. White soap. Scrubbing brush, if you've got one."

It took him two minutes to get a bar of white soap, a brush, and five minutes to think of some way to get them down to her without intruding. There wasn't any way. He went down the stone steps in the bank and walked slowly upstream. He could hear Linda splashing and floundering in the shallow water, screened from view by an overhanging willow.

"HERE, catch!" he called out. "It'll float." He meant to throw the soap over the little tree; it hit a branch and was deflected into the pool just abreast him.

"I'll get it!" Linda yelled. And here she came, churning the water in a six-beat crawl that was better than his own stroke.

She overtook the soap as it lazed into the swift water above the rapids, clutching it in triumph. She stood up in the shallow water, her breath coming in gasps.

"My wind's still gone," she complained, splashing along the shallows toward him. She reached out her hand. He gave her the brush in a daze. A Greek of the Golden Age!

He leaped to a boulder and dived where the pool was safely deep. He came up with the sand all out of his eyes, most of the dirt off his body, and the false modesty out of his mind. He swam to the upper end of the pool and back with all his power and speed, showing off before his woman.

Watching, she stood in the shallows like a Grecian nymph— No. She stood there like Linda Lindstrom, the most perfect thing he had ever beheld. She was smiling when he stood up and waded toward her.

"You small boy!" she chided. "You're such a lamb. Here, Worthless, stop staring at me, and soap my back. Got to get all clean and wash my clothes. Hate to be messy."

When the moon came up through the young leaves they got around to practical things.

They were sitting on the back stoop, her head on his shoulder. She was unstarched and unironed, but very, very clean.

He was in flannels and a pullover.

"Will you tell me what you were doing when you fell down the bank?" he asked.

She ran her fingers idly through his back hair.

"I came out here to have it out with you. Thor and Helga and Eric went fishing, up to Moon Lake. They'll be gone a week. I drove out here and found you'd put up a gate. I knew a path through the brush up the river, and I took it. I meant to look over the land before I descended on you."

"Are you trying to pun?"

"No," she giggled. "Anyway, I saw you start down to the river. I thought you were going swimming. When you fixed yourself up so old-maidishly for a sun bath, I just couldn't resist pestering you. I crawled up to the edge of the bank. The bank gave way just as I threw the first pebble."

He kissed her again, just to prove he could.

"BUT, look here," he said. "What about Eric? First I take his house and then I take his girl."

"Why don't you do a little research before you reach your queer conclusions? If you had asked anybody—even Thor—you'd have found out that Eric belongs to Helga. They're going to be married when she graduates, if they're still in the same mind."

"But I thought you and he—"

"He's the dearest big ox in the world, darling, and we've gone together since we were kids. Those high-school affairs rarely end in marriage—don't you know that? We haven't even talked about marrying for years. Helga grew up just in time to save the situation. She's sensible. He prefers sensible girls. I'm romantic."

Linda turned so that she could lie in his arms and be kissed slowly, softly.

"When did you begin to get romantic about me?" he demanded.

"The first Thursday in September. About thirty minutes after I walked into Psychology 4-E. Unless it was before that. I used to watch you play tennis last spring at the faculty club. I decided to marry you, if I could, about Thanksgiving, I think."

"But you didn't betray the slightest interest—"

She stopped him with a kiss that would have stopped a stronger man than he.

"Your ignorance of the nest complex in the young female," she said, "is appalling. Now, little boy, the next thing you do is get down on your knees and beg me to marry you. And make it plenty romantic. We'll have a long time to be sensible."

There are certain racial patterns of conduct into which the individual seems to fall naturally, given the proper stimulus, despite all the hooting of the behaviorists against heredity. "You did that," said Linda breathlessly, "better than I hoped. I'll give you my answer at the end of the week, maybe. I'd like to wait a year, but this isn't Norway."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

1—Treatment of disease by sun baths.
2—Rearing and care of birds.
3—Norway.
4—Nine o'clock A. M.
5—I have found (it).
6—Saul.
7—Smallpox.
8—Morbid fear of lightning and thunder.
9—Lillie Langtry.
10—Remember the Maine.
11—Saint Cecelia.
12—Ludicrous descent from the elevated to the commonplace, in writing or speech.
13—An additional or extra tax.
14—Proverbs xv. 1.
15—The armies of Greece and Persia.
16—A reading desk from which the lections or Scripture lessons are read in some churches.
17—John Adams.
18—Sigma and lambda.
19—The liver.
20—Mercury.

More Work Ahead

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

AND now, with all this work that I have on my hands, along comes the Hoover Dam. I said to them when they came to me: "You'll have to get somebody else to build it. I've got work enough ahead now to keep me busy until September." But no. They must have me. So here I am—stuck with the job. And the funny part of it is, I never built a dam in my life.

I think what I will do is this: I will draw up all the plans and get things into running order and then I will turn the whole thing over to one of my lieutenants and say: "Lieutenant, here is one of the biggest jobs a man could ask for—bigger, in fact. I have laid everything out for you—here are the blue prints, here are the maps of the Colorado (the dam *is* to be on the Colorado, isn't it?), and you will find the sugar and coffee on the top shelf in the kitchen closet. Now go to it, boy, and make a name for yourself!" Then I will go back to bed.

Now we come to laying out the plans. The building of the Hoover Dam is no dilettante job. We have all got to keep sober—except, of course, Saturdays and Sundays. We can't have any kidding around the shop or any practical jokes, like joshing up the blue prints with "X marks the spot" and "Eddie loves Mabel." Those blue prints have got to tell a story, and they have got to tell it right. Otherwise the valley of the Colorado River will wake up some morning and find itself full of bluefish and old rowboats. Each and every one of us on the job has got to work like the very devil and just make this the best dam that has ever been built. I don't have to tell you boys that.

The first thing to do, as I see it, is to find the river. I know in a general way where it is, having stopped off for a day on the way to Hollywood to look at the Grand Cañon. (Don't tell me at this late date that *that* Colorado River isn't the one we're working on. That *would* discourage me.) As I remember it, it looked pretty big. Almost too big. Thinking back on what I saw that day, I have almost a mind to give the whole thing up. . . . Oh, well, the hell with it! Let's take a chance, anyway.

$5,000.000
MUD

Congress would get suspicious.

Now, once we decide on which river it is we are going to dam, the next thing to do is to decide how we are going to dam it. According to the specifications which have been turned over to me by the government the dam must be 730 feet high (I think that we can get away with 700 feet, which is a round number and easier to remember) and 1,100 feet long. That is pretty long. It is the longest dam *you* ever saw, and I wouldn't be surprised if it was the longest dam that Hoover ever saw, engineer that he is. The canal (this is the first I have heard about a canal, by the way. I thought we were just building a dam)—the canal has got to be 200 miles long and big enough to float a ship drawing twenty feet of water. I am sorry to have to intrude all these technical details, but, after all, we are embarked on a fairly technical venture. You can't go at this thing as you would at making a punch or a costume for a fancy dress ball. We have got to *know* something about what we are going to do. Otherwise people will laugh.

You see, we plan to spend about $100,000,000 on the thing. This is the figure which the government has given me, but I plan on slipping a little bit more over because of the fact that we shall all have to have our lunches out there on the job and will naturally be expected to use taxis to get to and from work. I should think that a concern as big as the United States government would want its employees to be well nourished and travel in some sort of style, if only for appearances' sake. So we'll call it $100,000,750. If they don't like it, they can protest it and we'll settle for taxi fare. I, for one, do not intend to live right by the construction work. There must be a good hotel somewhere up back in the hills. If there isn't, we'll build one.

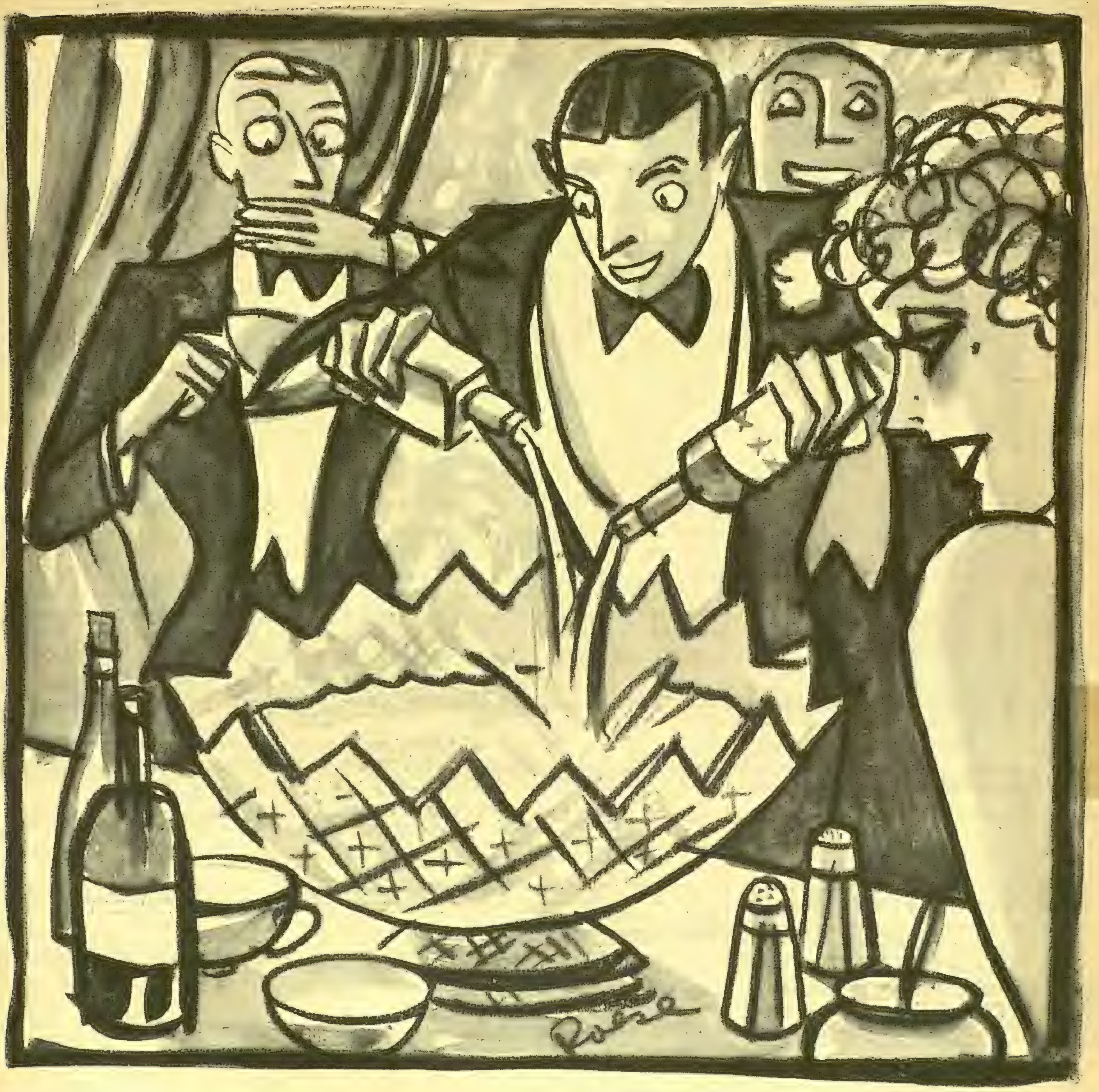
Now. Here we are, all set to begin. We have $100,000,000 to spend (with extras), a pretty fair-sized river to dam, and a lot of mending to be done. O. K. Let's go!

I frankly haven't the slightest idea of what to do first. (Don't let this get around!) My first idea would be to throw a lot of stuff into the river at the point where the dam is to be until it all fills up and we can go home. This is not as easy as it sounds. To begin with, we have got to get stuff to throw in which will not melt or filter through. This eliminates mud and corn husks. Mud is all right for a small dam, such as the ones we have built before, but this time we have got to allow for erosion, adhesion, collusion, and depreciation. All of which have to be divided by seven and taken the square root of. So we can't use mud; or, if we do, we have got to be careful and not call it mud in the expense account. When you are spending $100,000,000 you can't have an item like "Mud . . . $5,000,000." Congress would get suspicious.

ALL right, then. . . . The only thing left for us to do, that I can see, is to throw in a lot of concrete. And here is where our first big problem presents itself. How do we get the concrete into such form that we can throw it into the river so that it will stay? This, I admit, is a poser. We have simply got to mix the concrete up on the bank and throw it in great blocks where we want it. But how are we to get the blocks in the *middle* of the stream? The ends are all right. We can do that in no time. But that middle? I don't like to be a defeatist, but I doubt very much if it can be done at all.

If we go on this theory, *viz.*, that it can't be done at all, we are adopting the Lazy Man's attitude. What would have happened if Fulton had said: "I can't invent the steam engine?" What would have happened if Edison had said: "I can't beat Ford and Firestone at throwing horseshoes?" The work of this world has been done by men who said: "I can't"—and who *meant* it.

So now that we have got that old Colorado River just chock full of concrete blocks right where it needs it most,



We are embarked on a technical venture. You can't go at this thing as you would at making a punch.

we must look around for some place to sit down and rest. And, unless I am very much mistaken, this is going to be our toughest job. You can't stand on the bank, as we shall have been doing, mixing concrete blocks and tossing them into a river, without making a frightful mess on the shores, what with donkey engines, concrete mixers, lemon peels, and White Rock bottles. What we shall have to do is to put in a requisition, or petty-cash voucher, for a man to pick all these things up and cart them away, so that we can sit down and rest when we have finally got the dam built.

We don't want to go back to the hotel right away, because something might happen. The dam might burst and you know what that means. Ask the people of Johnstown. They are still sore about it.

The government said nothing about it in the prospectus it sent to me, but I understand from friends that the district in which the dam is to be built gets pretty hot in summer. I have heard 120 in the shade quoted. They always add: " but, of course, it is that clear, dry heat—so you don't mind it." But I have heard that before. Natives are always telling you that the heat in their home town is clear and dry and that one doesn't notice it, but I have never been able to catch it on one of its clear, dry days.

My theory is that when it is 120 in the shade it is 120 in the shade, and I have pretty good scientific backing for my point. And 120 in the shade is too hot for work, wet or dry.

So, as far as I am concerned, things look pretty black for ever getting the Hoover Dam finished. We have, in this little summary, found that it is too big, too difficult, and too hot. That leaves practically nothing in its favor except that it might possibly be fun to tinker around with, which, you will admit, is nothing to sink $100,000,000 in.

My advice to the government (in sending in my resignation herewith) would be to drop the whole business before it is too late and stick to seeds.

Further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

A drop stops PAIN then

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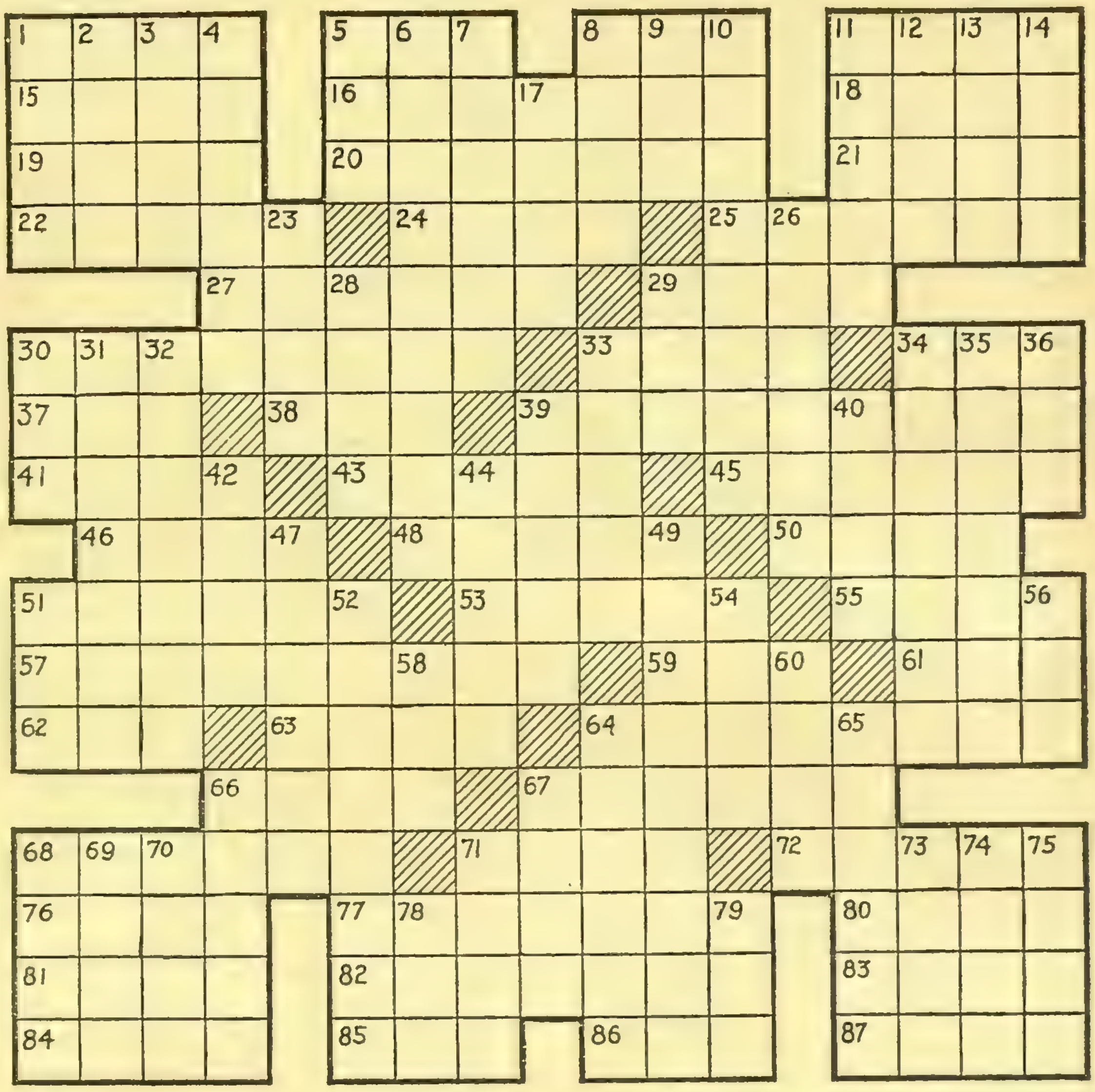
Two Puzzles *for*



HORIZONTAL

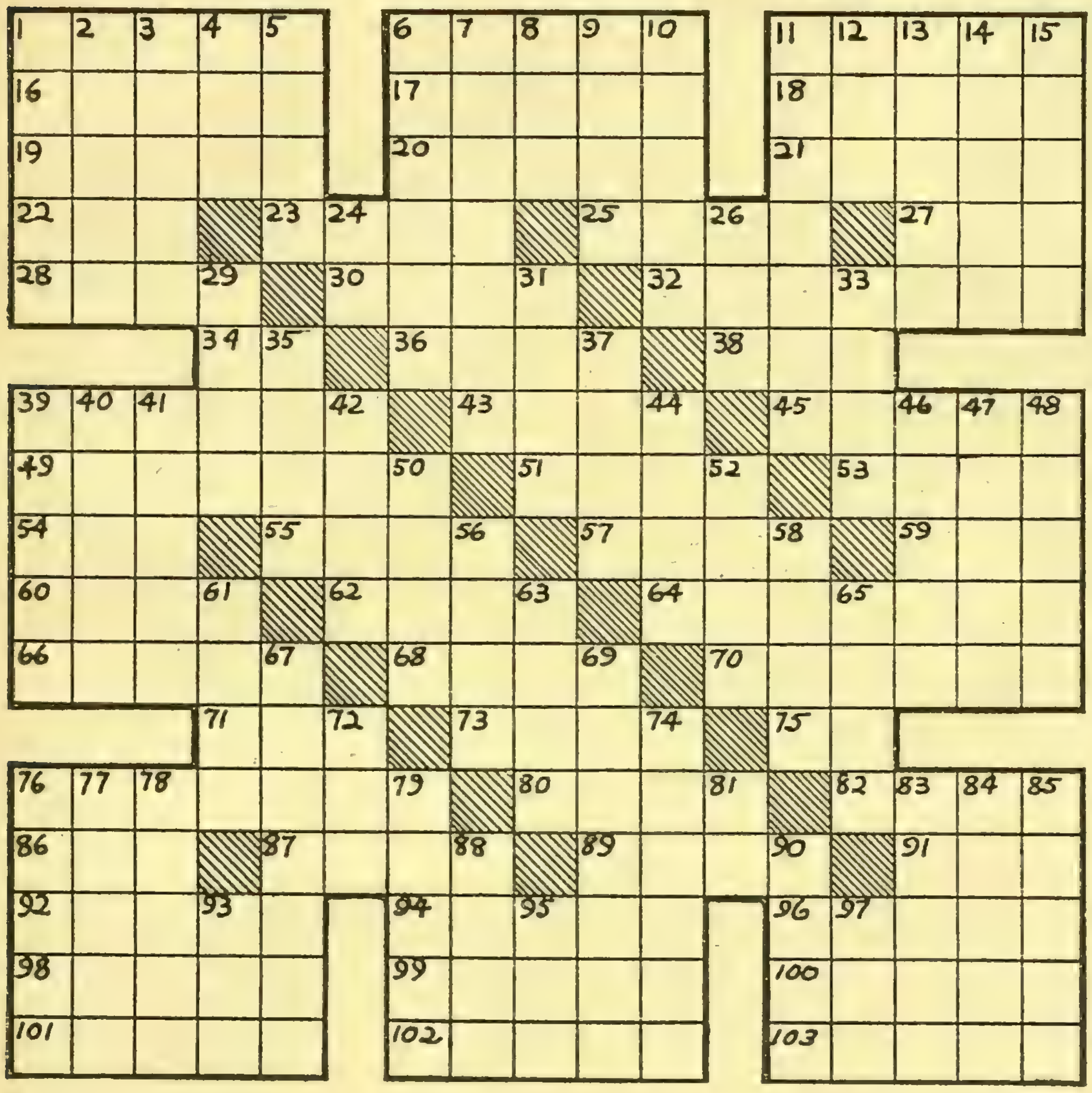
1 Hominy
5 A small flap
8 Domestic animal
11 Twirl
15 Wind instrument
16 Barriers to be jumped in a race
18 To step
19 An exclamation of sorrow
20 Those given over much to thoughts of self
21 Matures
22 Tears
24 Pronoun
25 Check or hinder
27 Defames
29 Observes or watches narrowly
30 Four-wheeled carriage (plural)
33 Principal
34 A bird
37 Pronoun
38 Inebriate
39 Device for heating and distributing air (plural)
41 Let fall in drops
43 Birds of the gull kind
45 Article of food among the Mexicans
46 Peruse
48 Sand hills
50 For fear that
51 Percher
53 Deserve
55 Uproar
57 Heretical
59 A fuel
61 A unit
62 Sooner than
63 Native of an African country
64 Deal out in portions
66 A float
67 Swelled
68 Happen
71 Throw
72 Authoritative statements
76 Bad
77 Witty thought sharply expressed
80 Sudden calamity
81 Vend
82 Apprehended through the senses
83 Single
84 Playing card
85 Perched
86 Stitch
87 Urges on; instigates

VERTICAL

1 Float
2 Capable
3 Lament
4 Implement used for crushing
5 Demonstrative word
6 Increased in size, amount, or degree
7 Tumults
8 Otherwise
9 Moist
10 Writer of treatises
11 Masts
12 Messenger
13 Frosts
14 Cozy abode
17 Clamors
23 Perches
26 A rent roll
28 Foot covering
29 Attention
30 The bit socket in a brace
31 Hastener
32 Short aria
33 A niggard
34 Subterfuge
35 A kind of woolen cloth (plural)
36 Employment
39 To join by some physical means
40 Old Hebrew dry measure
42 The top, or crown, of the head
44 To give out tidings of
47 Of the skin
49 Decorated with seal-like markings
51 A pronoun
52 Homeless
54 Labor or study imposed by another
56 Mound
58 Dowry
60 Hastened
64 A kind of millet (plural)
65 Esculent
66 Revive
67 Insects
68 Of the highest excellence
69 Always
70 Rank or line
71 To make an indirect reference
73 To encumber
74 A Chinese secret order
75 Strikes with fear and reverence
78 Edible seed
79 Miaow

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 To mark as with a hot iron
6 Mark with lines or notches
11 Draw off by degrees
16 More crippled
17 Gladden
18 Wash lightly
19 Structure of sun-dried brick
20 More unusual
21 United States gold coin
22 Moral obliquity
23 Dam in a river
25 A nobleman
27 Conducted
28 Clothing
30 Transmit
32 Laments
34 A conjunction
36 A certain tide
38 Edible seed
39 Alarms
43 Reclines
45 Ceremonials
49 Breathing spasmodically
51 A bristle
53 A fruit
54 Moses' repository for the Commandments
55 River in Africa
57 A bait
59 Cardinal number
60 Sound, as a bell
62 Cushions
64 Tinkles
66 Fine driving icy particles
68 A ruminant
70 Stick fast
71 Sooner than
73 Tidy
75 Japanese measure
76 Harassed
80 Pastry (plural)
82 Color of unbleached linen
86 A simian
87 To move, as wings
89 Domestic servant
91 Conducted or managed
92 Pertaining to birth
94 Nominates
96 To correct
98 To urge on
99 Machine for raising and lowering heavy weights
100 Belgian province
101 Guide
102 Amends and revises
103 A shrub

VERTICAL

1 The sound made by blowing a wind instrument
2 Wireless communication
3 Mingled with
4 A beak
5 Hauled
6 A shield
7 Mortuary chapel
8 Over
9 Winding device
10 Mistake
11 Machine for scooping and removing earth
12 An inlet
13 To fish
14 Small island
15 Requirements
24 Form of to be
26 A fabric
29 Classify
31 Platform
33 A bar of wood
35 Control
37 Pare
39 Gaiters
40 A song of praise or devotion
41 A joint
42 To clip
44 Kind of nail with a large head
46 An appellation or designation
47 Emir
48 Perception
50 Joyous
52 A song
56 Paradise
58 Terminates
61 Malicious look
63 Percolate
65 An oil made from butter
67 Dawdler
69 Apparel
72 A fish
74 Irritates
76 Styles of penmanship
77 Separated
78 Rebind
79 Glide rhythmically
81 Note of the scale
83 Doctrine
84 Set in a row
85 Beneath
88 A chum (slang)
90 A low place between hills
93 Hail!
95 French word for one of the months
97 Measure of diameter

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

TRY TO GUESS THESE EYES!

This darling of the New York stage, who is now appearing in Universal Pictures' sensation "Seed," is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weighs 105 lbs., and has reddish gold hair and green eyes. See below*.

so soothing to golfers' eyes!

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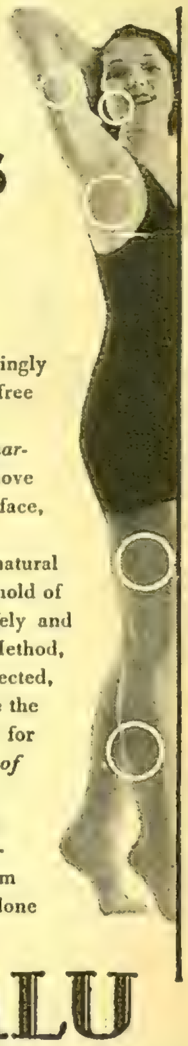
**Genevieve Tobin*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



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HEAR LIBERTY'S RADIO DEBUT!

The Gold Star Flag

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"COME on over and sit on my porch for the parade," Grandma Morse said into the wrong end of her new French telephone. "I've got a row of rocking-chairs all ready and twenty-four little flags stuck around in the nasturtium bed."

"What's the matter with your head?" Lil asked.

"Flags in my nasturtium bed," Mrs. Morse repeated, draping the cord around her wrist as she got the telephone into proper position. "They cost one cent each, but they'll be just as good next year. The U. S. flag is one thing that doesn't go out of style. But you never can tell—what with revolutions—"

"Oh, mercy! I smell something burning!" Lil told her, hanging up.

Of course Mrs. Morse didn't believe her, but Lil really did smell something burning in the kitchen. It was the prunes, which now resembled shriveled lumps of tar.

This week's cover picture.

"Nannie!" she called. "You've burned the prunes and I wanted you to drop a few into the custard."

"I'll drop in some bananas instead. Don't you go worryin' about a tasty dessert on the Fourth of July." And Nannie, who did little work on regular days and less than a little on holidays, continued to pet a neighbor's yellow kitten out in the back yard by a clothes pole.

"Does the parade go past this street?" Mrs. Smithers shouted from her porch swing when she saw Lil setting the burned prune pan out in the sun.

"It tells all about the route in the Morning Breeze," Lil said, wondering if her pan was ruined.

"Maybe it does," laughed Mrs. S., "but I broke my glasses and can't read about it. Tess is having a holiday at Starland Park and land only knows where Gwen is, so nobody's eyes can help me out."

"The parade doesn't go by here," Lil told Mrs. S., scraping the pan with a spoon. "It goes down Windsor Avenue and up Grandma Morse's street as far as—"

"Oh!" called Mrs. S. "I'll make her an afternoon visit and watch the doings from her porch!" And she got up enough energy to lower her fat legs to the floor and go indoors to put on her hat.

By four o'clock Grandma Morse's porch looked like the piazza of a summer boarding house. Eight ladies were rocking in chairs and they talked so loudly that they couldn't hear the band as it came around the corner.

"He goes to the movies and sits with his arm . . ." "Three quarts for thirty cents, and with the sugar . . ." "I never thought *they* would go to Europe . . ." "My diamonds . . . "

Lil wasn't interested in this tongue-waggling. She was upstairs in the front hall bedroom with little Ulysses. She'd made him a soldier's cap of newspaper and as the music of the band came down the street she was trying to pin it so that it would stay above his ears.

"Now," she said, poking around in a bureau drawer, "here's some red-white-and-blue bunting. We'll put this on you as a sash and you'll look like a real ambassador."

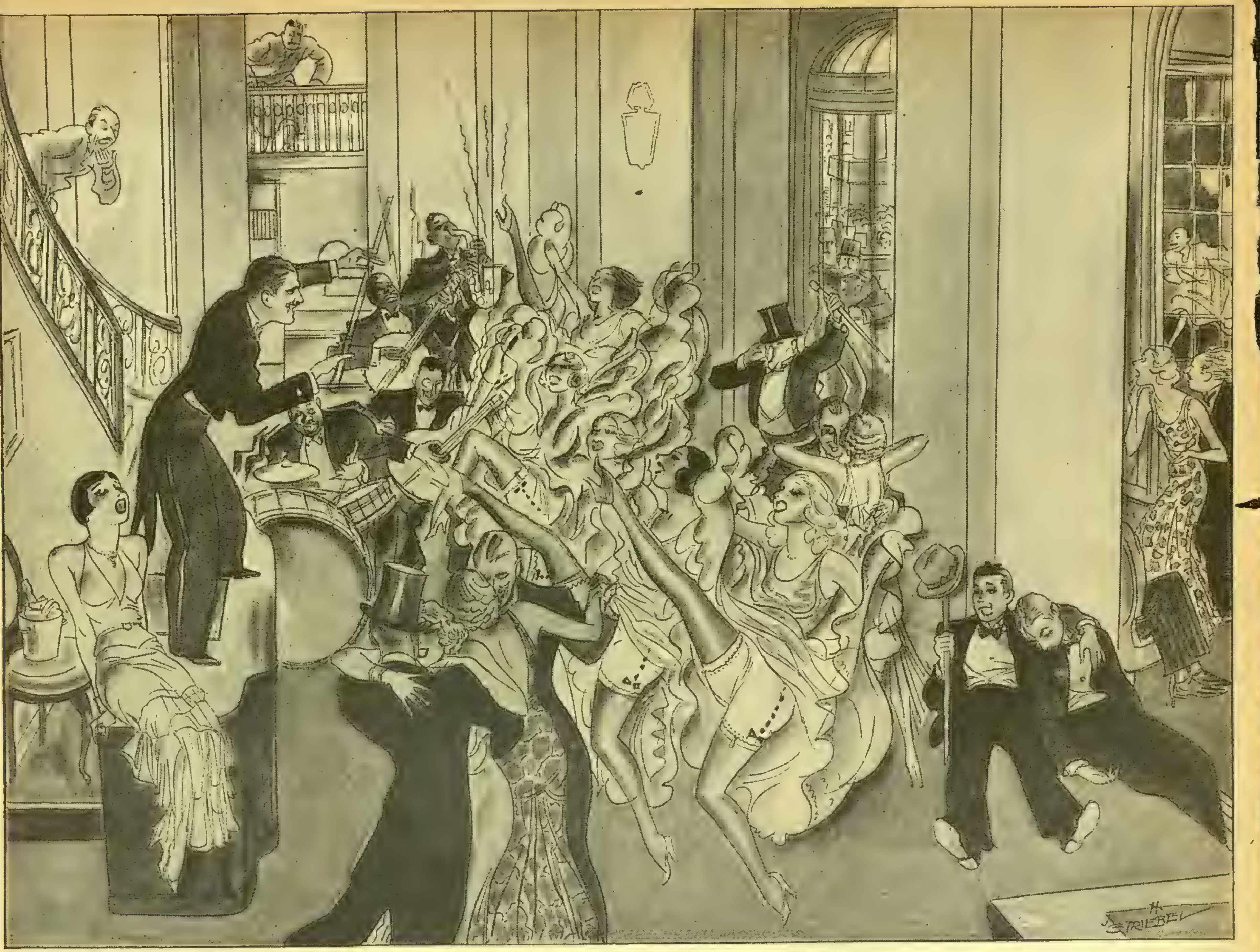
"Hurry!" he told her as she tied it. "Hurry!"

She did hurry, but then her fingers stopped in their work. She'd glanced into the bureau drawer again. There was the gold-star flag which Mrs. Morse had kept in her window during the war. Lil lifted it carefully, pushed little Ulysses aside and hung it between the curtains.

"You never knew your Uncle James," she told him. "He was killed at Château-Thierry before you were born."

And as the strident blasts of the Fourth of July band came nearer, Ulysses saluted the gold-star flag.

(Next week's cover adventure: The Mock Wedding.)



Teddy had hired the entire troupe of Can-Can girls and they were doing their stuff all over the lobby while Teddy directed them.

SHOW *GIRL in* SOCIETY

A New Dixie Dugan Adventure

By J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 23 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE Teddy Pages make a honeymoon trip to Europe. Teddy is one of the moneyed Pages and Dixie, his wife, a former film star. During the crossing Teddy is fascinated by the dancer " le Mégot," while Prince Pio Pochito falls for Dixie. Le Mégot goes to London and the Pages and the Prince to Paris. Later, Teddy flies to London " on business."

PART SIX—SO THIS IS LOVE!

LE FÉTICHE, Rue Fontaine. Une Boîte de Nuit—or a Night Box—as the Parisians quite aptly call their night clubs. Two little boys from Harvard are doing postgraduate field work in abnormal psychology, but they don't know it.

FIRST LITTLE BOY FROM HARVARD: Say, this is kinda hot, huh?

SECOND LITTLE BOY FROM HARVARD: It's the nuts.

FIRST: I don't get it, do you?

SECOND: Sure. *A votre santé!*

FIRST: Well, what is it then, huh?

SECOND: Search me.

FIRST: Which one is Riki?

SECOND: The one that looks like a good-looking boy, dancing with the girl in green.

FIRST: Girl gigolos! That would make 'em sit up in New York, huh?

SECOND: It's the nuts.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-five

FIRST: They say this isn't anything to what goes on in Berlin night life.

SECOND: Our bicycles will never hold out that far.

FIRST: Paris suits me—huh?

SECOND: It's the nuts. *A votre santé!*

FIRST: I hear everybody's going down to Juan les Pins this summer.

SECOND: It's the nuts.

FIRST: Look over there. There's a hot number. I've seen her before some place. Who is it?

SECOND: Over where?

FIRST: In the corner, with the young fellow in tails.

SECOND: Say, she's the nuts.

FIRST: She's in the movies. I remember now.

SECOND: Well, it isn't Clara Bow.

FIRST: Clara Bow! Don't be a sap. It isn't Louis Wolheim either.

SECOND *(brightly):* Nancy Carroll, maybe?

FIRST: I got it. Did you see Loving Sinners?

SECOND: Sure.

FIRST: Well, that's her—Dixie Dugan!

SECOND *(sincerely):* She sure is the nuts.

FIRST: That must be Teddy Page with her. Imagine having all the dough that guy's got and then getting her in the bargain!

SECOND: Them that has—gits.

FIRST *(indignantly):* It isn't fair. It isn't right. Say, what do you call the waiters here? You can't call them *garçon* and they aren't *mademoiselles.*

SECOND: Just say whisky and soda.

FIRST: *Duh* whisky and soda. That's right! Say, my French is getting pretty good. She understood right away.

SECOND: Look! They're arguing over there. Wow! Dixie is sure getting him told.

FIRST: We are privileged to see an historic moment, *mon vieux.*

SECOND: *A votre santé!*

FIRST: The end of the honeymoon!

SECOND: It's the nuts.

DIXIE *(furiously):* Then you did see the maggot—or whatever you call her—in London.

TEDDY: It's not the maggot. Her name is le Mégot.

DIXIE: Same thing. And taking care of business for your father—that was a lot of hooey, too.

TEDDY: Say, you didn't sit in a corner with your hands folded while I was gone, did you?

DIXIE: Why should I?

TEDDY: Who is this Prince Punko you're running around with?

DIXIE: Prince Pio Pochito.

TEDDY: Big spaghetti-bender!

DIXIE: He's a gentleman and a real aristocrat.

TEDDY: He's a big gig.

DIXIE: He's not a gig—he's an Italian nobleman. Besides, we're not discussing him.

TEDDY: *I* am.

DIXIE: We're discussing the maggot.

TEDDY: You are—I'm not.

DIXIE: So you did go to London to see her.

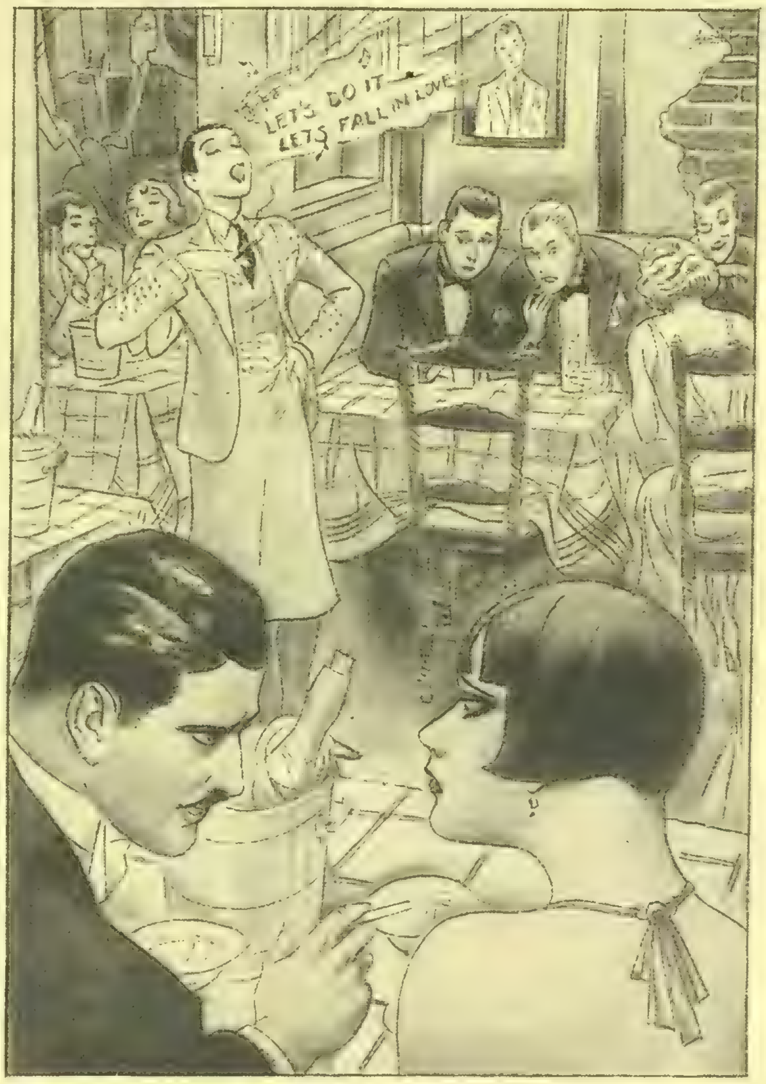
TEDDY: Certainly. She's a great artist.

DIXIE: She's a rat.

(Half an hour of this, washed down with a quart of champagne. A rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed contralto in tweeds sings through the din.)

"Bugs do it—
Slugs do it—
Evil-looking thugs in jugs do it—
Let's do it—
Let's fall in love.

"In holes the nice little mice do it—
Though they are pariahs—lice
do it—
Let's do it—
Let's fall in love."



TEDDY: *Look here, just because I'm married, I'm not in jail, you know.*

DIXIE *(moodily):* "Lice do it" is good. All right, then, I'll take your word for it.

TEDDY: I don't see why you always doubt me.

DIXIE: Honestly, you're miscast, Teddy. You're really a great comedian.

TEDDY: Why? What's funny about that?

DIXIE: Have you ever done anything but give me reasons for doubting you?

TEDDY: I don't know what you're talking about.

DIXIE: When people are stalling for an answer they usually say that.

TEDDY: Look here, just because I'm married, I'm not in jail, you know.

DIXIE: I'll say you're not.

TEDDY: How about this prince you've been chasing all around Paris with—and on the boat, too?

DIXIE: Well, my God, Teddy, I had to have someone to take me places so long as you ran out on me. I can't go around Paris like two schoolteachers.

TEDDY: I had to go to London on business. I told you that.

DIXIE: Business is another name for it.

TEDDY: I did, too.

DIXIE: You went to see that maggot. Well, take her.

TEDDY: I told you a thousand times it isn't maggot—it's le Mégot.

DIXIE: Same thing. It means something you pick up out of the gutter—that's where she came from.

TEDDY: People can't help where they come from. You came from Brooklyn.

DIXIE: Look here—another crack like that and I'll go back to Brooklyn. You know I didn't send for you, baby—you came out to Hollywood and chased me.

TEDDY: Yes—and if you went back I'd go out there and chase you again—what do you think of that?

DIXIE: Oh, yeah?

TEDDY: Yeah. The trouble with you is you're crazy with jealousy.

DIXIE: I'm crazy, all right—but not with jealousy.

TEDDY: All right, then, you're crazy.

DIXIE: Yeah, I'm crazy, but not about the way you're treating me.

TEDDY: What have I done?

DIXIE: What have you done? Say, what have we been talking about all night? What *haven't* you done?

TEDDY: Well, what have I done?

DIXIE: You tell me.

TEDDY: Nothing. I haven't done anything.

DIXIE: I suppose you and that maggot were playing backgammon over in London every night, huh?

TEDDY: Sure, that's what we were playing.

DIXIE: Backgammon's still another name for it.

TEDDY: She's a great artist.

DIXIE: She's a little guttersnipe. Take her, if that's what you want.

TEDDY: All right. Have a drink on it. Hey, you! Another bottle—*la même chose.*

DIXIE: You're a dog.

TEDDY: I'm a dog. *A votre santé!*

DIXIE *(crying in spite of herself):* Honest to God, Teddy, you're the meanest man that ever lived.

FIRST LITTLE BOY FROM HARVARD: She's crying. I'll go over there and punch his nose. I'll punch his nose—right in th' nose.

SECOND LITTLE BOY FROM HARVARD: I'm goin'. I shaw him firsht.

FIRST: Shay, don't shtart pushin' me.

SECOND: Shure I'll push you—push you—push an'-body.

FIRST *(bitterly):* Drunk again!

SECOND *(proudly):* So'm I. *(Both rise—table goes over—they fall into each other's arms.)*

SECOND *(on the floor—dreamily):* 'Sa nuts!

TEDDY: Dixie, honey, don't cry. Don't cry like that.

DIXIE: What do you care?

TEDDY: I do care. You know I care. I don't care for anybody but you—you know that.

DIXIE: Well, why do you chase so, then?

TEDDY: I don't know—I'm crazy, I guess. Always been crazy. Don't mean to be.

DIXIE *(sobbing):* We could be so happy together. Why aren't we?

TEDDY: It's my fault. 'Sall my fault.

DIXIE: Maybe it's my fault too.

TEDDY: No, it's my fault. But I'm going to stop it. There's nothing in it.

DIXIE: You do love me, don't you, Teddy? Say so if you don't. I just couldn't bear it if you didn't and were just making believe. You don't have to do that with me.

TEDDY: Oh, Dixie! The first time I ever saw you, I fell so hard for you it wasn't even funny. You know that, don't you?

DIXIE: So you told me.

TEDDY: But don't you know it? Didn't you feel it?

DIXIE: I—I guess so.

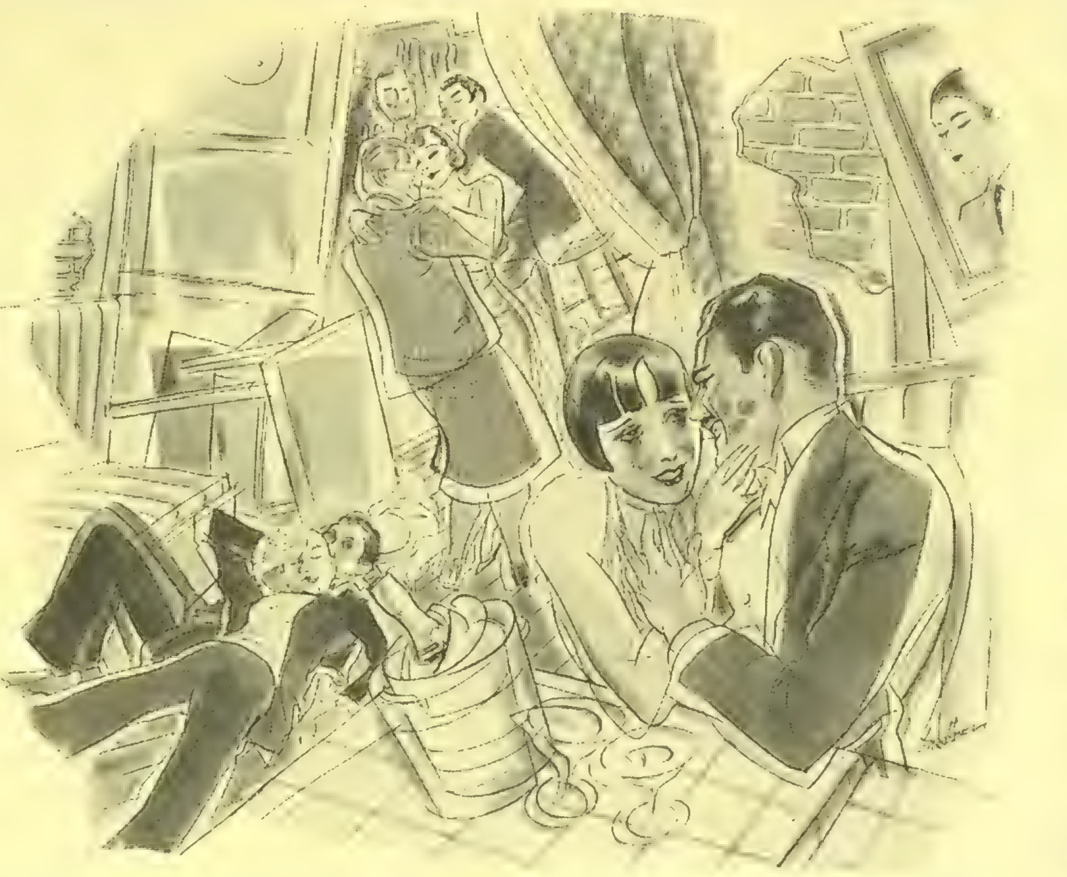
TEDDY: And after we had that fight on the ranch—that was my fault too—and you left me—and I came running right down to Hollywood after you—didn't I come running?

DIXIE: Y-e-s.

TEDDY: And about London and le Mégot, I'm sorry about that, Dixie. I really don't care for her. You know that. She just fascinated me, I guess. But I'll not see her any more. I'll not see anybody but you. I'll quit all this helling around and it'll be just you and me from now on—everywhere—all the time.

DIXIE: Oh, Teddy—if I could only believe it. Is it true? Do you mean it? Can't we just go somewhere together—all by ourselves—take a little house—and just be us—you and me? All the time—just be us—you and me? I just want you, Teddy—you know that—and I don't want you to be such a bad boy. You are a bad boy—don't you know that?

TEDDY: I won't be bad any more. Let 'em look. Who the hell cares!



DIXIE: *Can't we just go somewhere together—all by ourselves?*

FIRST LITTLE BOY FROM HARVARD: They're kissing. I'd like to kiss her. Wouldn't you like to kiss her? I would—wouldn't you?

SECOND LITTLE BOY FROM HARVARD *(straining to see):* Who? Who? Whash happened?

FIRST: Over there—shee—over there. Dixshie an' Dixshie an' Dixshie.

SECOND: Can't shee. Who turned out lights? Where'm I?

FIRST: How can you shee if you don't open ya eyes, huh? You ashleep?

SECOND: 'Sgood idear—shleep. Gonna shleep. Call me—nine.

FIRST: Me too. Nine o'clock. Move over.

SECOND *(smiling happily):* S'nuts.

DIXIE: You look so funny, darling—you've got lipstick all over your face.

TEDDY: And your mascara has run all over yours.

DIXIE: That makes us a couple of Elks.

TEDDY: God—you're sweet!

DIXIE: Teddy—honey . . . Let's make a night of it. Whoops!

TEDDY: What'll we do?

DIXIE: Let's go crazy together. Let's get drunk as a coot.

TEDDY: Two coots.

DIXIE: All right. Two coots. And then we'll climb on the wagon.

TEDDY: What's that? Never heard of him.

DIXIE: You will, baby. You're gonna climb right up and sit with me in the rumble seat.

TEDDY: Never heard of him. Hey, garkon: La memy chosey, tooty sweety.

CONTRALTO IN TWEEDS:

"The infusoria in Peoria do it—
And the better classes in Emporia do it—
Let's do it—
Let's fall in love."

CHICAGO
DAILY TRIBUNE
DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK
Offices: Paris
5 Rue Lamartine

AMERICAN PLAYBOY AND SHOW GIRL IN BAD WITH PARIS POLICE

Teddy Page, Park Avenue's pet cut-up, and his young bride, Dixie Dugan, who learned her stuff in Hollywood, threw a party last night in and around, under and over, behind and in front of the staid old Ritz Hotel.

It ended in a free-for-all fight, a mob scene, a police raid, and the flight of Teddy and Dixie for parts unknown.

They were asked by the Ritz to go. They were asked by the police to stay. But whatever they have decided to do, they have the satisfaction of knowing that the Rue Pigalle will miss them, and the Place Vendôme will never look the same.

Piecing together the stories told by various dizzy participants, it seems Teddy Page of the Page millions had just returned from London, where rumor had it he was more than benevolently interested in a certain, or rather uncertain, night-club dancer there. Followed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-seven]

one of those lovers' quarrels, which the newlyweds decided to patch up with a celebration which took the shape of a mad canvass of Montmartre night clubs, starting with Le Fétiche and Chez Florence, and coming to full flower with a taxicab parade, to the Ritz, of guests, invited and otherwise, headed by the band from Brick Top's.

You can imagine the exclusive surprise of the Ritz' exclusive clientele when, at three o'clock in the morning, they heard Brick Top's band blasting away in the sacred foyer.

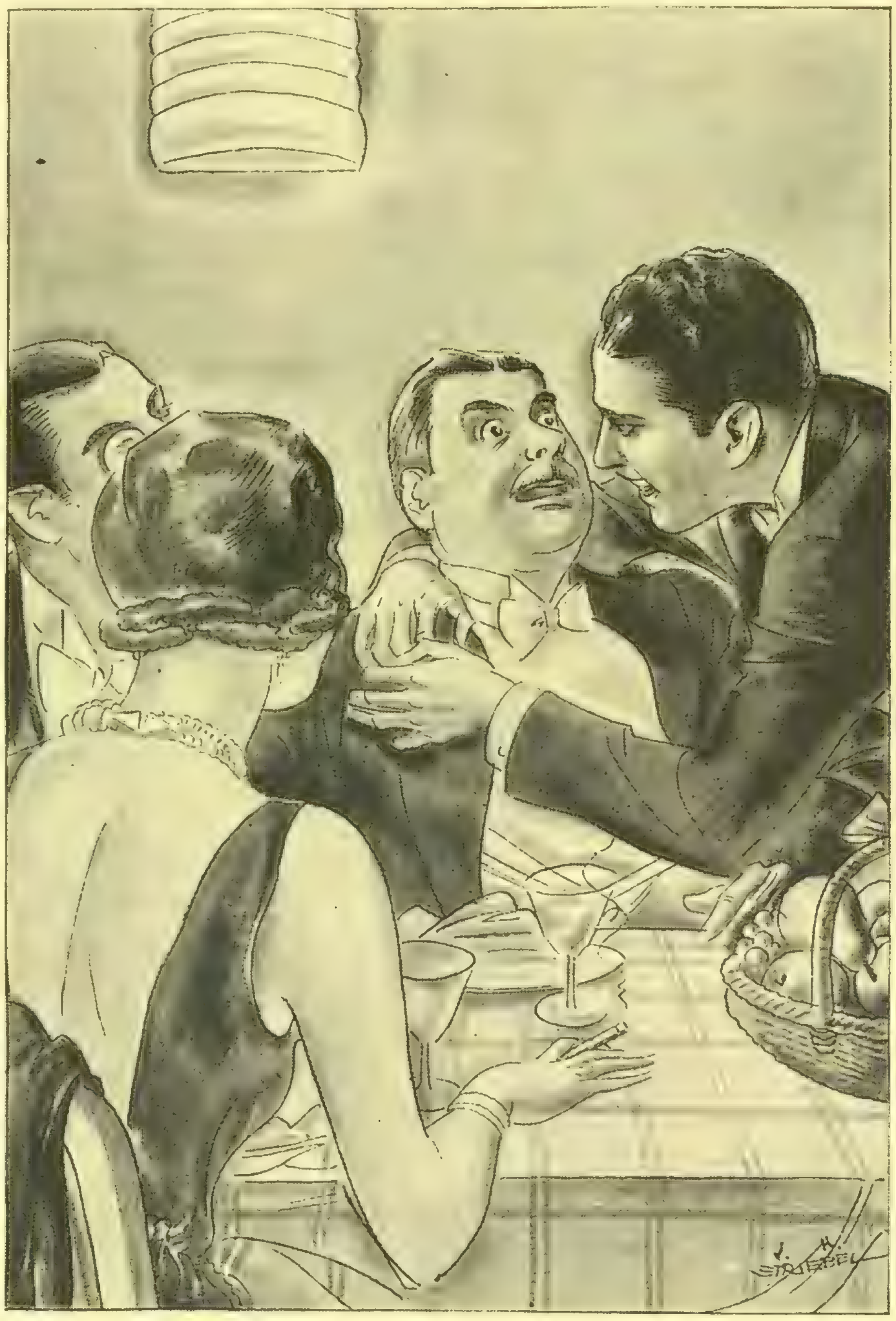
But their surprise was nothing compared to that of the management dashing to the scene in nightshirts, only to discover that Teddy had hired the entire troupe of Can-Can girls from the Bal Tabarin, and they were doing their stuff all over the lobby while Teddy directed them and the band from his perch on the porter's desk.

The whole place seethed with a crowd, variously estimated at from 200 to 500, and composed of some of the snootiest Social Register names on both sides of the water. To the bewildered police, however, summoned to the scene by the hysterical management, one and all gave the name of Smith.

Two college boys who had lost their papers are being held for identification.

One couldn't answer any questions, and the other, when pumped for information, could only reply, "It's the nuts."

The French police are baffled.



I happened to mention that I knew you, whereat this lad jumped clear out of his chair and landed around my neck.

DARLING NITA,

Teddy and I are on the famous Blue Train headed for the Riviera.

And I have a new Reboux hat made on my head by Madame Lucienne herself while the Paris police were hunting for us, and Teddy's crazy about me, and I've decided to have a baby, a real 100 per cent coöperative baby, and the whole thing is going to belong to Teddy and me and it's going to be a boy with blue eyes and play fullback for Notre Dame and Teddy and I are going to sit in the Yale Bowl and cheer while he plows through the team for fourteen touchdowns.

And after the game we're both going to snake-dance on the field and I'm going to throw my new Reboux hat over the goal post.

If this sounds a little bit woozy, blame the party, the hat, my sweet man, and this Riviera sunshine streaming through the windows here in Toulon just a few hours from Cannes, Juan les Pins, Nice, Monte Carlo, and what am I offered.

The party was a couple of nights ago. I'm sending you a clipping.

It was a wow and we had to hide for a couple of days before we could get reservations to go south. While we hid in a cute duplex studio with a private bar in the Rovaro on Rue Brunel we lived entirely on caviar, champagne, and love and decided after many long discussions that we were going to play only a little while more and then we were going to settle down and raise little Teddys and Dixies, two or three or five or eleven, and Teddy was going to work hard and I was going to stay home and knit spats for our brood.

And when he trudged home in his Rolls from Wall Street evenings with a big bond on his shoulder for me and some little stocks in his pockets for the babies we would all jump off our Park Avenue penthouse terrace with parachutes to greet him.

Maybe I'll have a little girl first.

But a boy's better, isn't it?

When he's older he can take her places and dig up boy friends for her.

I'd better hurry up or I'll be forty before she's sixteen and that would never do.

Teddy thinks I'm crazy to want a baby and be tied down to it but I certainly don't want to bat around and make society whoopee all my life. If I never make any more I'll have had my quota.

Me too, says Teddy, but nobody has babies if they can help it, do they, and I says I want one.

And I do, Nita, and I bet Teddy and I would have a little heller.

Hoping you are the same—next stop—Juan les Pins.

DIXIE.

Variety
15 Blvd. des Italiens
Paris

DEAR DIXIE DUGAN TEDDY PAGE:

So you're going to the Côte d'Azur and Juan les Pants, and don't ask me how I know because Variety mugs know everything.

They get it only half right if they're lucky, but who does better? My spies followed you to the Rovaro after the Ritz kicked you and Teddy out for profaning their sacred foyer with jazz bands and Can-Can girls, although I've seen much worse in their foyers paying space rates, and so have you and you, and even you cowering over there in your corner.

And now you're asking is he just a smarty writing to gloat or is there some hidden significance in this? The answer's simple. Your old uncle mug wishes to tip you off to the sights, sounds, and scents of the world's playground (trade-mark registered by the Riviera, Atlantic City, Long Beach, Finger Lakes, and the Dells Wisconsin).

You will take le Train Bleu, of course, which leaves an hour later than a train just as good and costs more and doesn't get you there any sooner, and you will sit around for half the trip wondering what P. L. M. means and why they have those silly doilies on the backs of the seats. And the answer is that one means as much as the other. When you wake up in the morning, you'll see cactus, jack pine, vineyards, a lot of trees that look like they need dusting—those will be olives—oodles of flowers, names sent on request, and one beach after another from Marseilles to Mentone. You'll probably go to Cannes but there are a lot of better places which you won't hear about until you're ready to leave.

San Rafael is one, and Toulon is two, and there's a little hideaway tucked between the two, entirely populated by the most delightful pixies, male and female, but you'll never find it unless you meet one of three people, names inclosed here in sealed envelope. They'll take you there if they like you.

Otherwise you'll go to Cannes and stop at the Miramar, or you'll go to Juan les Pins and stop at le Provençal, or to Cap d'Antibes and stop at the Hôtel du Cap, or if you want to have lots of fun you'll go to Cagnes-sur-Mer and stop at the Hôtel Colonies, or if you want to see a lot of Mr. Cook's friends you'll go to Monte Carlo, or if you want to see a lot of Mr. Mussolini's, you'll go to Mentone.

THESE places are all strung along the Riviera like those red peppers you see hanging up outside of the pueblos in New Mexico. And each has a different kind of crowd on the same kind of beach, though each crowd will tell you the other beach is lousy and they will all tell you that the Normandy coast is a bum, and if you go to the Lido you're crazy.

But now that you are in society you will go to all of these places and in their proper seasons, which is usually the worst time of the year, and instead of switching around to dodge the people who bore you you'll make it a point to go where you know they are going, hoping against hope that they won't bore you this time but knowing in your heart that they will.

You are getting down there about the right time to meet all the American bores, and if you stay a little longer you'll meet all the English ones who are now up in Le Touquet amusing each other but boring everybody else stiff, everybody else being Americans, Argentines, and Greeks, all of whom know it is very top-hole to be seen with the English but can't bear 'em, which makes it mutual. Being your mentor, self-appointed, you should do the Riviera now and dash over to the Lido for not more than a week, then get back to Deauville for Grand Prix week.

When the last race is run you should be on your way to Paris or you will be ostracized for ever, unless, of course, you belong to an old Scotch family who can do what they please and make the English like it, and if it's good enough for the English it's good enough for you, you outlandish Colonial.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Kills Bad Breath
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Tobacco
Onions
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Everywhere

No More Tell-Tale Breath Worries!
The new scientific breath-corrective is not a perfumed confection. Pleasant crystal tablets in the handy vest-pocket or purse-compact.

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. . . *at HALF the cost of the average woman's magazine*

MORE than three million women read Liberty—purchasing agents for ten million consumers. Ten *billion* individual meals is the annual capacity of these Liberty families—two *billion* dollars their annual grocery bill!

HERE is a weekly chance to sell your product to a tremendous, responsive market. Let Liberty carry your sales message—at *half the cost* of the average woman's magazine—to the three million modern food buyers who prefer a modern magazine!

DROP THIS ON CORNS
Pain goes almost instantly, ends corn

ONE drop of this new formula and any corn soon shrivels up and loosens. Just peel it off with your fingers. It is entirely gone. No more dangerous cutting. This way acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic, to deaden most severe pain. Doctors approve its safety.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

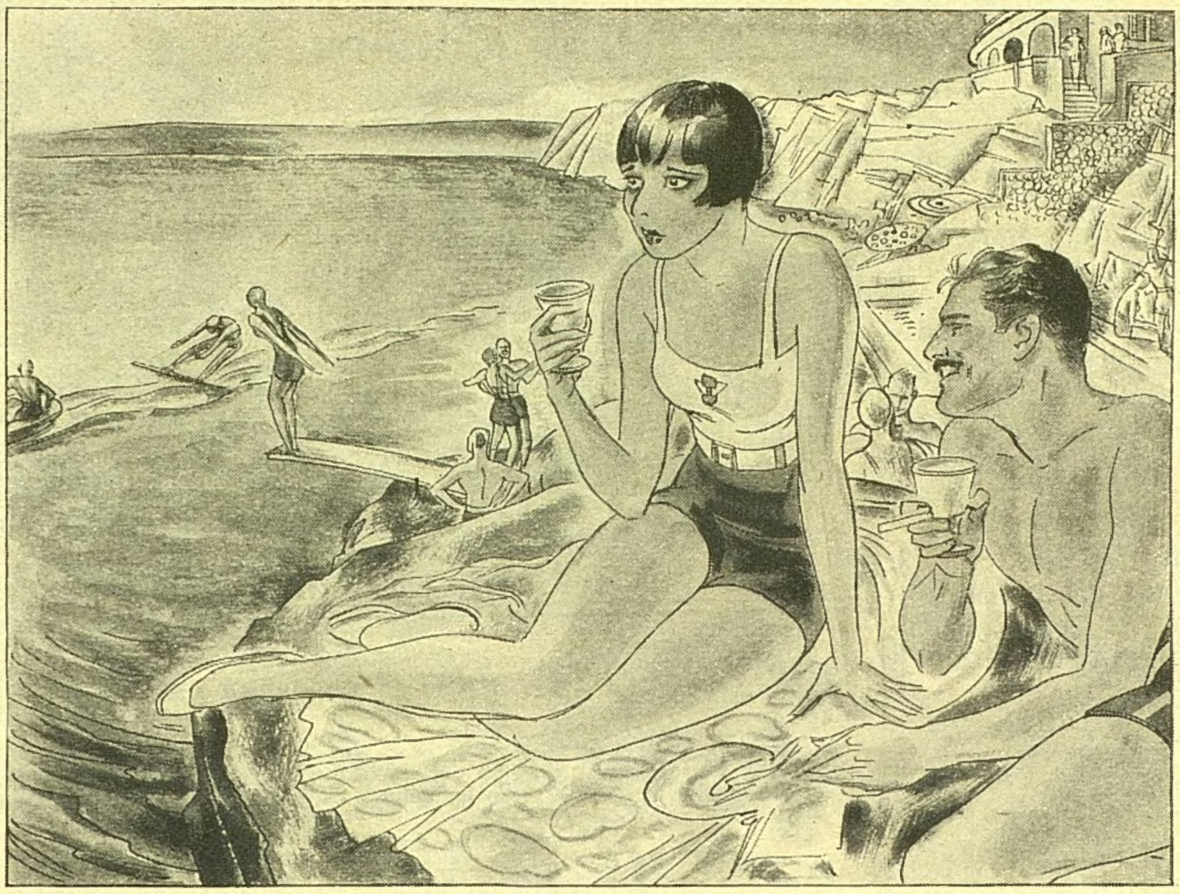
"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-nine

And now for the Riviera and the Promenade des Goddam Anglais, as the French call it privately.

Go to the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes if you want to die of lonesomeness, but elegantly, and go to the Casino in Juan les Pins if you want to see the cream and the scum of all the world mix every night in hilarious bacchanalia.

Go to the Château Madrid on fight nights where you can dance in the ring after they've swept up the fighters, who, being French, are handicapped by not being able to use their feet. After you've been poured out of there, you'll trickle naturally to Le Bœuf sur le Toit, very elegant in crystals and mirrors and onyx like a Frankl interior.



You swim off Eden Roc and lunch on the balcony.

There will be a jazz band of those darling Negroes and they will be playing "I'm crying for the Carolines." It will look like the band from Brick Top's or Florence's band or Fess Williams' from the Savoy (Harlem, not London). And there will be one epileptic dancer, male, and one swell-looking *café-au-lait* moaner doing torch songs like "Go back where you stayed last night," which the French think is one of our national anthems, and wouldn't it be a good one?

You must get up early because only the *poule ordinaire* sleeps late, and you play tennis until noon and swim till one and lunch until three-thirty; and you swim off Eden Roc and lunch on the balcony, where they serve *hors d'œuvres* cafeteria style and the brandy comes in demijohns. Being a lady you pass it, the first time anyway.

AFTER you've passed it the second or third time you take it and you will find it's the old old *fin de maison* but makes the Mediterranean look bluer than ever. You will have had cocktails while you reclined on the rocks, or if not cocktails what they call *champagne quelque-chose,* which gives you the effect of aqua-planing but still keeps you with both feet on the ground, figuratively speaking.

You will have wine with your lunch and *fin* with your coffee and then you will go to a cocktail party and after that to another cocktail party and after that to another cocktail party.

And after that to another one and then you will have cocktails while you dress for dinner and cocktails after you're dressed.

And you will dine at the Casino at Juan les Pins if you want fun, at the Hôtel du Cap if you want good music, at La Tête if you want good *bouillabaisse,* at du Logis du Loup if you want the best food on the Riviera now that the Caramello on Cap Ferrat is closed for the summer.

You will find out about Maxim's when you get there and Chez Frederick's on the island of St. Honorat and Joseph's Duck Bar on the beach and *apéritif* dancing from eleven to thirteen and a half, and what I haven't told you about you'll see, and what you don't see ask for. And you'll get it.

That's where you're going. Too bad, isn't it?

And now a little *soupçon* of news:

Guess who I met last night over at Dagorno's wrapping himself around one of those big steaks for which the place is famous? A New York newspaper man and ex-playwright over here in Europe at great expense for the Colossal Films Corp. and charged with the responsibility of gathering material for a high society movie.

Someone was talking about your farewell party at the Ritz and I happened to mention that I knew you, whereat this lad jumped out of his chair and landed around my neck.

DIXIE — Dixie do you know Dixie says he? And I says sure.

And he says where is she, what's she doing, and I says who might you be, stranger? Me, he says, I'm Jimmy Doyle. And I says not Jimmy Doyle who wrote and produced Get Your Girl, starring said Dixie Dugan? And he says, the same, where is she, what is she doing, how is she getting along?

And I says Whoa and I tells him as near as I can, and then he tells me he's got to make the rounds of all the play-places in Europe like Deauville and Biarritz and the Riviera for a movie he's writing and I says you may run into her because that's just where she is at this moment, arranged tastefully along the Mediterranean, getting a load of that famous infra red for which the sun in them parts is justly noted.

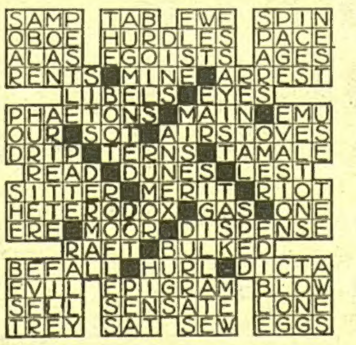
And he says hopefully maybe I'll run into her down there, and I says anybody who's anybody from H. G. Wells to Peggy Joyce, from Stravinsky to the Dolly Sisters, and Frank Harris to Nigger Nate Raymond, will be, have been, or are infesting said coast of pleasure. Not to mention hordes of dukes and shoals of counts and a wilderness of millionaires, dowagers, gigolos, *poules de luxe, demi-luxe,* and *ordinaires,* movie stars, mannequins, women kept or keeping, German tourists with cameras, American school-teachers with repressions, croupiers, blackmailers, a few Frenchmen, a lot of artists, and too many American authors spending American money and giving America hell.

So of course you'll be there too and you can't help but meet Dixie.

And with that I send you a parting benediction and the assurance that no matter what you do down there—and you will—you have full absolution in advance. Ever thine,

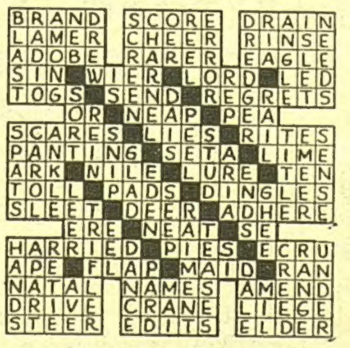
MIKE TOOHEY.

In next week's installment of the story Dixie sees Jimmy, and decides that if Teddy doesn't like the idea, what of it?



SAMP TAB EWE SPIN
OBOE HURDLES PACE
ALAS EGOISTS AGES
RENTS MINE ARREST
LIBELS EYES
PHAETONS MAIN EMU
OUR SOT AIRSTOVES
DRIP TERNS TAMALE
READ DUNES LEST
SITTER MERIT RIOT
HETERODOX GAS ONE
ERE MOOR DISPENSE
RAFT BULKED
BEFALL HURL DICTA
EVIL EPIGRAM BLOW
SELL SENSATE LONE
TREY SAT SEW EGGS

Answer to the puzzle on page 62



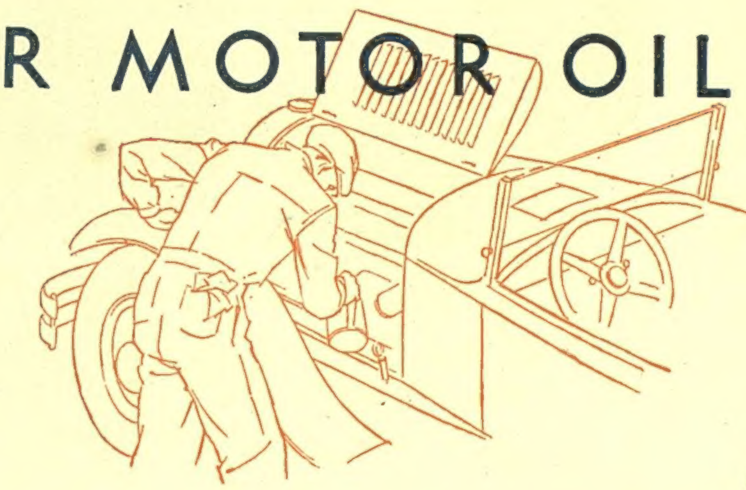
BRAND SCORE DRAIN
LAMER CHEER RINSE
ADOBE RARER EAGLE
SIN WIER LORD LED
TOGS SEND REGRETS
OR NEAP PEA
SCARES LIES RITES
PANTING SETA LIME
ARK NILE LURE TEN
TOLL PADS DINGLES
SLEET DEER ADHERE
ERE NEAT SE
HARRIED PIES ECRU
APE FLAP MAID RAN
NATAL NAMES AMEND
DRIVE CRANE LIEGE
STEER EDITS ELDER

Answer to the puzzle on page 63

WAX...

GOOD FOR JELLY JARS

BUT NOT FOR MOTOR OIL



If you have ever seen home-made jams and jellies sealed, you know how thin and watery paraffin wax becomes with heat. Obviously, wax is no lubricant for the inside of a blistering-hot motor.

Yet, all paraffin-base motor oils contained this same wax—until the introduction of *The New Waxfree Havoline Motor Oil.* Waxfree Havoline is 100% oil—not a mixture of oil and wax.

Free from wax, free from all volatile impurities . . . warm weather grades of Waxfree Havoline possess greater heat resistance—*hold their sturdy oiliness longer* at high motor temperatures. Waxfree Havoline doesn't wilt when you drive hard and fast. It continues to cushion hot, racing bearings. Seals in power—*all of it!*

That full-bodied seal keeps gas vapors from seeping into the crankcase and diluting your oil. You get more gas mileage—you get more oil mileage. For your motor's sake, drain and refill at the Waxfree Havoline sign. *Waxfree means carefree!*

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
General Offices and Refinery: Lawrenceville, Illinois
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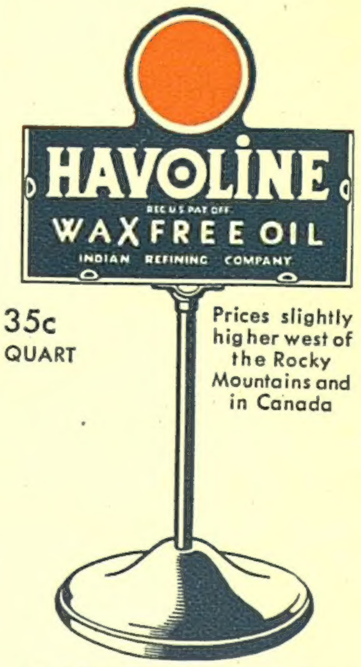

35c
A QUART

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

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WAXFREE HAVOLINE

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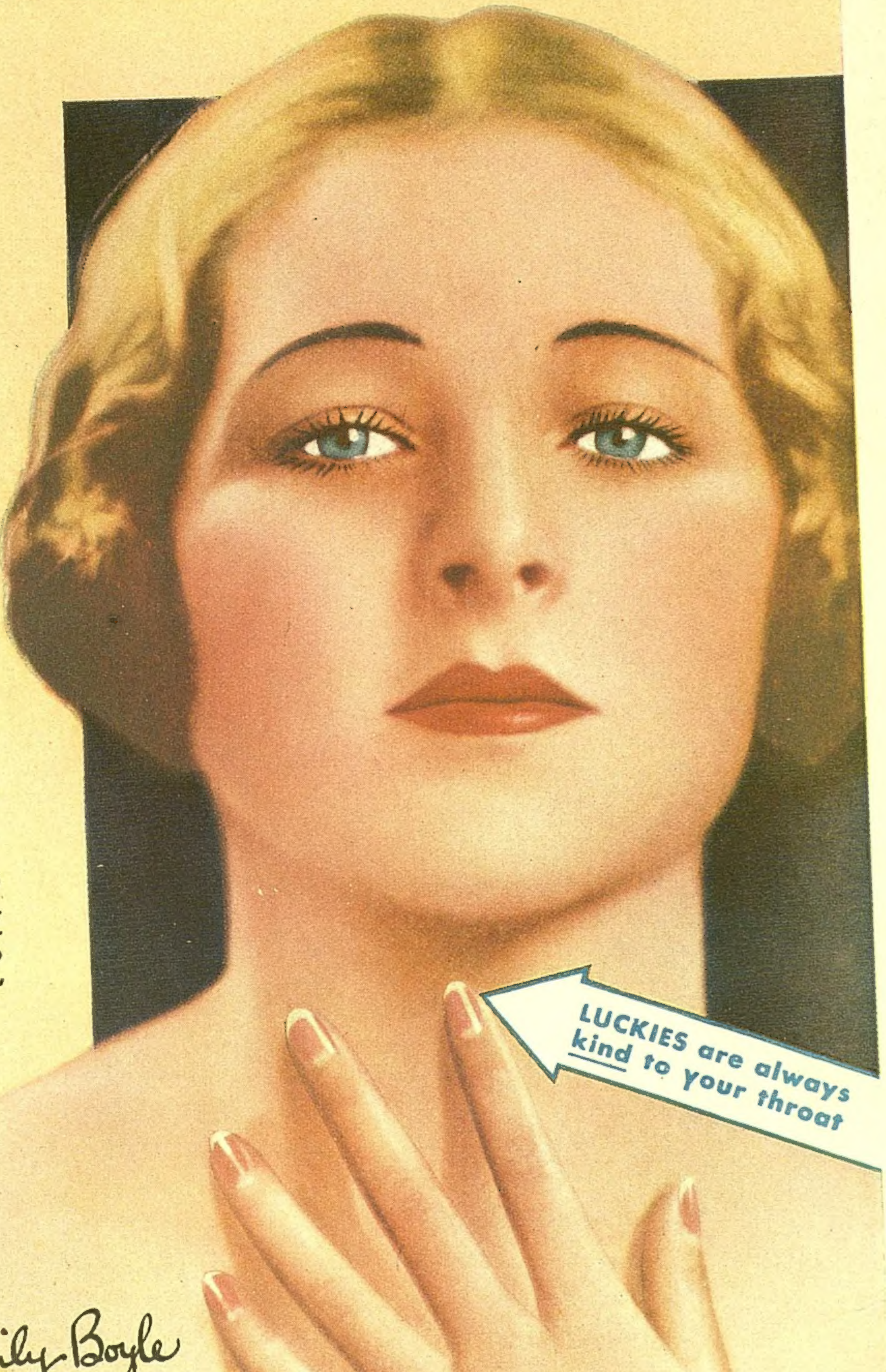
If you want the finest quality in a high-grade *regular oil*, use Blended Havoline. 25c a Quart.

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY *instead*"

Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx?—This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Emily Boyle

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

LUCKY STRIKE
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CIGARETTES

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The A. T. Co
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"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.